TO THE READER

KINDLY use this book very carefully. If the book is disfigured or marked or written on while in your possession the book will have to be replaced by a new copy or paid for. In case the book be a volume of set of which single volumes are not available the price of the whole set will be realized.

AMARSINGH COLLEGE

Checked

Library.

Checked 1976

Class No. 704

Book No. R95A

Acc. No. 1375

CHECKED
2009-10

AMAR SIN

THE ART OF ENGLAND

AND THE

PLEASURES OF ENGLAND

THE ART OF ENGLAND

AND THE

PLEASURES OF ENGLAND

LECTURES GIVEN IN OXFORD IN 1883—1885

BY

JOHN RUSKIN, D.C.L., LL.D.

HONORARY STUDENT OF CHRIST CHURCH, AND HONORARY FELLOW OF CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD

DURING HIS SECOND TENURE OF THE SLADE PROFESSORSHIP

NINTH THOUSAND IN SMALL FORM

GEORGE ALLEN, SUNNYSIDE, ORPINGTON

AND

156, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON

1900

[*All rights reserved*]

[The following lectures on 'The Art of England' and 'The Pleasures of England' were originally published separately.]

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & CO.
At the Ballantyne Press

CONTENTS

THE ART OF ENGLAND

LECTURE I

PAGE

REALISTIC SCHOOLS OF PAINTING 1

D. G. ROSSETTI AND W. HOLMAN HUNT

LECTURE II

MYTHIC SCHOOLS OF PAINTING 32

E. BURNE-JONES AND G. F. WATTS

LECTURE III

CLASSIC SCHOOLS OF PAINTING 62

SIR F. LEIGHTON AND ALMA TADEMA

LECTURE IV

FAIRY LAND 96

MRS. ALLINGHAM AND KATE GREENAWAY

LECTURE V

THE FIRESIDE 133

JOHN LEECH AND JOHN TENNIEL

LECTURE VI

PAGE

THE HILL-SIDE 166

GEORGE ROBSON AND COPLEY FIELDING

APPENDIX 203

INDEX 231

THE PLEASURES OF ENGLAND

LECTURE I

THE PLEASURES OF LEARNING 263

BERTHA TO OSBURGA

LECTURE II

THE PLEASURES OF FAITH 294

ALFRED TO THE CONFESSOR

LECTURE III

THE PLEASURES OF DEED 331

ALFRED TO CŒUR DE LION

LECTURE IV

THE PLEASURES OF FANCY 366

CŒUR DE LION TO ELIZABETH

NOTES 398

INDEX 399

THE ART OF ENGLAND

AMAR SI... LIBR...

THE ART OF ENGLAND

LECTURE I

REALISTIC SCHOOLS OF PAINTING

D. G. ROSSETTI AND W. HOLMAN HUNT

Delivered 9th March 1883

1. I AM well assured that this audience is too kind, and too sympathetic, to wish me to enlarge on the mingled feelings of fear and thankfulness, with which I find myself once again permitted to enter on the duties in which I am conscious that before I fell short in too many ways; and in which I only have ventured to ask, and to accept, your farther trust, in the hope of being able to bring to some of their intended conclusions, things not, in the nature of them, it seems to me, beyond what yet remains of an old man's energy; but,

before, too eagerly begun, and too irregularly followed. And indeed I am partly under the impression, both in gratitude and regret, that Professor Richmond's resignation, however justly motived by his wish to pursue with uninterrupted thought the career opened to him in his profession, had partly also for its reason the courtesy of concession to his father's old friend; and his own feeling that while yet I was able to be of service in advancing the branches of elementary art with which I was specially acquainted, it was best that I should make the attempt on lines already opened, and with the aid of old friends. I am now alike comforted in having left you, and encouraged in return; for on all grounds it was most desirable that to the imperfect, and yet in many points new and untried code of practice which I had instituted, the foundations of higher study should have been added by Mr. Richmond, in connection with the methods of art-education recognized in the Academies of Europe. And although I have not yet been able to consult with him on the subject, I trust that no interruption of the courses of figure study, thus established, may be involved in

the completion, for what it is worth, of the system of subordinate exercise in natural history and landscape, indicated in the schools to which at present, for convenience' sake, my name is attached; but which, if they indeed deserve encouragement, will, I hope, receive it ultimately, as presenting to the beginner the first aspects of art, in the widest, because the humblest, relation to those of divinely organized and animated Nature.

2. The immediate task I propose to myself is to make serviceable, by all the illustration I can give them, the now unequalled collection possessed by the Oxford schools of Turner drawings and sketches, completed as it has been by the kindness of the Trustees of the National Gallery at the intercession of Prince Leopold; and furnishing the means of progress in the study of landscape such as the great painter himself only conceived the scope of toward the closing period of his life. At the opening of next term, I hope, with Mr. Macdonald's assistance, to have drawn up a little synopsis of the elementary exercises which in my earlier books have been recommended for practice in Landscape,—a subject

which, if you look back to the courses of my lectures here, you will find almost affectedly neglected, just because it was my personal province. Other matters under deliberation, till I get them either done, or determined, I have no mind to talk of; but to-day, and in the three lectures which I hope to give in the course of the summer term, I wish to render such account as is possible to me of the vivid phase into which I find our English art in general to have developed since first I knew it: and, though perhaps not without passing deprecation of some of its tendencies, to rejoice with you unqualifiedly in the honour which may most justly be rendered to the leaders, whether passed away or yet present with us, of England's Modern Painters.

3. I may be permitted, in the reverence of sorrow, to speak first of my much loved friend, Gabriel Rossetti. But, in justice, no less than in the kindness due to death, I believe his name should be placed first on the list of men, within my own range of knowledge, who have raised and changed the spirit of modern Art: raised, in absolute attainment; changed, in direction of temper. Rossetti added to the

before accepted systems of colour in painting, one based on the principles of manuscript illumination, which permits his design to rival the most beautiful qualities of painted glass, without losing either the mystery or the dignity of light and shade. And he was, as I believe it is now generally admitted, the chief intellectual force in the establishment of the modern romantic school in England.

4. Those who are acquainted with my former writings must be aware that I use the word 'romantic' always in a noble sense; meaning the habit of regarding the external and real world as a singer of Romaunts would have regarded it in the Middle Ages, and as Scott, Burns, Byron, and Tennyson have regarded it in our own times. But, as Rossetti's colour was based on the former art of illumination, so his romance was based on traditions of earlier and more sacred origin than those which have inspired our highest modern romantic literature. That literature has in all cases remained strongest in dealing with contemporary fact. The genius of Tennyson is at its highest in the poems of 'Maud,' 'In Memoriam,' and the 'Northern Farmer'; but that of Rossetti,

as of his greatest disciple, is seen only when on pilgrimage in Palestine.

5. I trust that Mr. Holman Hunt will not think that in speaking of him as Rossetti's disciple I derogate from the respect due to his own noble and determined genius. In all living schools it chances often that the disciple is greater than his master; and it is always the first sign of a dominant and splendid intellect, that it knows of whom to learn. Rossetti's great poetical genius justified my claiming for him total, and, I believe, earliest, originality in the sternly materialistic,* though deeply reverent, veracity, with which alone, of all schools of painters, this brotherhood of Englishmen has conceived the circumstances of the life of Christ. And if I had to choose one picture which represented in purity and completeness this manner of their thought, it would be Rossetti's 'Virgin in the House of St. John.'

6. But when Holman Hunt, under such impressive influence, quitting virtually for ever the range of worldly subjects, to which belonged the pictures of Valentine and Sylvia, of Claudio and Isabel, and of the 'Awakening

* See § 31.

Conscience,' rose into the spiritual passion which first expressed itself in the 'Light of the World,' an instant and quite final difference was manifested between his method of conception, and that of his forerunner. To Rossetti, the Old and New Testaments were only the greatest poems he knew; and he painted scenes from them with no more actual belief in their relation to the present life and business of men than he gave also to the 'Morte d'Arthur' and the 'Vita Nuova.' But to Holman Hunt, the story of the New Testament, when once his mind entirely fastened on it, became what it was to an old Puritan, or an old Catholic of true blood,—not merely a Reality, not merely the greatest of Realities, but the only Reality. So that there is nothing in the earth for him any more that does not speak of that;—there is no course of thought nor force of skill for him, but it springs from and ends in that.

So absolutely, and so involuntarily—I use the word in its noblest meaning—is this so with him, that in all subjects which fall short in the religious element, his power also is shortened, and he does those things worst which are easiest to other men.

Beyond calculation, greater, beyond comparison, happier, than Rossetti, in this sincerity, he is distinguished also from him by a respect for physical and material truth which renders his work far more generally, far more serenely, exemplary.

7. The specialty of colour-method which I have signalized in Rossetti, as founded on missal painting, is in exactly that degree conventional and unreal. Its light is not the light of sunshine itself, but of sunshine diffused through coloured glass. And in object-painting he not only refused, partly through idleness, partly in the absolute want of opportunity for the study of nature involved in his choice of abode in a garret at Blackfriars,—refused, I say, the natural aid of pure landscape and sky, but wilfully perverted and lacerated his powers of conception with Chinese puzzles and Japanese monsters, until his foliage looked generally fit for nothing but a fire-screen, and his landscape distances like the furniture of a Noah's Ark from the nearest toy-shop. Whereas Holman Hunt, in the very beginning of his career, fixed his mind, as a colourist, on the true

representation of actual sunshine, of growing leafage, of living rock, of heavenly cloud; and his long and resolute exile, deeply on many grounds to be regretted both for himself and us, bound only closer to his heart the mighty forms and hues of God's earth and sky, and the mysteries of its appointed lights of the day and of the night—opening on the foam—"Of desolate seas, in—Sacred—lands forlorn."

8. You have, for the last ten or fifteen years, been accustomed to see among the pictures principally characteristic of the English school, a certain average number of attentive studies, both of sunshine, and the forms of lower nature, whose beauty is meant to be seen by its light. Those of Mr. Brett may be named with especial praise; and you probably will many of you remember with pleasure the study of cattle on a Highland moor in the evening by Mr. Davis, which in last year's Academy carried us out, at the end of the first room, into sudden solitude among the hills. But we forget, in the enjoyment of these new and healthy pleasures connected with painting, to whom we first owe them

all. The apparently unimportant picture by Holman Hunt, 'The Strayed Sheep,' which —painted thirty years ago—you may perhaps have seen last autumn in the rooms of the Art Society in Bond Street, at once achieved all that can ever be done in that kind: it will not be surpassed—it is little likely to be rivalled—by the best efforts of the times to come. It showed to us, for the first time in the history of art, the absolutely faithful balances of colour and shade by which actual sunshine might be transposed into a key in which the harmonies possible with material pigments should yet produce the same impressions upon the mind which were caused by the light itself.

9. And remember, all previous work whatever had been either subdued into narrow truth, or only by convention suggestive of the greater. Claude's sunshine is colourless,—only the golden haze of a quiet afternoon;—so also that of Cuyp: Turner's, so bold in conventionalism that it is credible to few of you, and offensive to many. But the pure natural green and tufted gold of the herbage in the hollow of that little sea-cliff must be recognized

for true merely by a minute's pause of attention. Standing long before the picture, you were soothed by it, and raised into such peace as you are intended to find in the glory and the stillness of summer, possessing all things.

10. I cannot say of this power of true sunshine, the least thing that I would. Often it is said to me by kindly readers, that I have taught them to see what they had not seen: and yet never—in all the many volumes of effort—have I been able to tell them my own feelings about what I myself see. You may suppose that I have been all this time trying to express my personal feelings about Nature. No; not a whit. I soon found I could not, and did not try to. All my writing is only the effort to distinguish what is constantly, and to all men, lovable, and if they will look, lovely, from what is vile or empty,—or, to well trained eyes and hearts, loathsome;—but you will never find me talking about what *I* feel, or what *I* think. I know that fresh air is more wholesome than fog, and that blue sky is more beautiful than black, to people happily born and bred. But you will never find, except of late, and for special reasons, effort of mine to

say how I am myself oppressed or comforted by such things.

11. This is partly my steady principle, and partly it is incapacity. Forms of personal feeling in this kind can only be expressed in poetry; and I am not a poet, nor in any articulate manner could I the least explain to you what a deep element of life, for me, is in the sight merely of pure sunshine on a bank of living grass.

More than any pathetic music,—yet I love music,—more than any artful colour—and yet I love colour,—more than other merely material thing visible to these old eyes, in earth or sky. It is so, I believe, with many of you also,—with many more than know it of themselves; and this picture, were it only the first that cast true sunshine on the grass, would have been in that virtue sacred: but in its deeper meaning, it is, actually, the first of Hunt's sacred paintings—the first in which, for those who can read, the substance of the conviction and the teaching of his after life is written, though not distinctly told till afterwards in the symbolic picture of 'The Scapegoat.' "All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned

every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

12. None of you, who have the least acquaintance with the general tenor of my own teaching, will suspect in me any bias towards the doctrine of vicarious Sacrifice, as it is taught by the modern Evangelical Preacher. But the great mystery of the idea of Sacrifice itself, which has been manifested as one united and solemn instinct by all thoughtful and affectionate races, since the wide world became peopled, is founded on the secret truth of benevolent energy which all men who have tried to gain it have learned—that you cannot save men from death but by facing it for them, nor from sin but by resisting it for them. It is, on the contrary, the favourite, and the worst falsehood of modern infidel morality, that you serve your fellow-creatures best by getting a percentage out of their pockets, and will best provide for starving multitudes by regaling yourselves. Some day or other—probably now very soon—too probably by heavy afflictions of the State, we shall be taught that it is not so; and that all the true good and glory even of this world—not to

speak of any that is to come, must be bought still, as it always has been, with our toil, and with our tears. That is the final doctrine, the inevitable one, not of Christianity only, but of all Heroic Faith and Heroic Being; and the first trial questions of a true soul to itself must always be,—Have I a religion, have I a country, have I a love, that I am ready to die for?

13. That is the Doctrine of Sacrifice; the faith in which Isaac was bound, in which Iphigenia died, in which the great army of martyrs have suffered, and by which all victories in the cause of justice and happiness have been gained by the men who became more than conquerors through Him that loved them.

And yet there is a deeper and stranger sacrifice in the system of this creation than theirs. To resolute self-denial, and to adopted and accepted suffering, the reward is in the conscience sure, and in the gradual advance and predominance of good, practically and to all men visible. But what shall we say of involuntary suffering,—the misery of the poor and the simple, the agony of the helpless and the innocent, and the perishing, as it seems in

vain, and the mother weeping for the children of whom she knows only that they are not?

14. I saw it lately given as one of the incontrovertible discoveries of modern science, that all our present enjoyments were only the outcome of an infinite series of pain. I do not know how far the statement fairly represented—but it announced as incapable of contradiction—this melancholy theory. If such a doctrine is indeed abroad among you, let me comfort some, at least, with its absolute denial. That in past æons, the pain suffered throughout the living universe passes calculation, is true; that it is infinite, is untrue; and that all our enjoyments are based on it, contemptibly untrue. For, on the other hand, the pleasure felt through the living universe during past ages is incalculable also, and in higher magnitudes. Our own talents, enjoyments, and prosperities, are the outcome of that happiness with its energies, not of the death that ended them. So manifestly is this so, that all men of hitherto widest reach in natural science and logical thought have been led to fix their minds only on the innumerable paths of

pleasure, and ideals of beauty, which are traced on the scroll of creation, and are no more tempted to arraign as unjust, or even lament as unfortunate, the essential equivalent of sorrow, than in the sevenfold glories of sunrise to deprecate the mingling of shadow with its light.

15. This, however, though it has always been the sentiment of the healthiest natural philosophy, has never, as you well know, been the doctrine of Christianity. That religion, as it comes to us with the promise of a kingdom in which there shall be no more Death, neither sorrow nor crying, so it has always brought with it the confession of calamity to be at present in patience of mystery endured: and not by us only, but apparently for our sakes, by the lower creatures, for whom it is inconceivable that any good should be the final goal of ill. Towards these, the one lesson we have to learn is that of pity. For all human loss and pain, there is no comfort, no interpretation worth a thought, except only in the doctrine of the Resurrection; of which doctrine, remember, it is an immutable historical

fact that all the beautiful work, and all the happy existence of mankind, hitherto, has depended on, or consisted in, the hope of it.

16. The picture of which I came to-day chiefly to speak, as a symbol of that doctrine, was incomplete when I saw it, and is so still; but enough was done to constitute it the most important work of Hunt's life, as yet; and if health is granted to him for its completion, it will, both in reality and in esteem, be the greatest religious painting of our time.

You know that in the most beautiful former conceptions of the Flight into Egypt, the Holy Family were always represented as watched over, and ministered to, by attendant angels. But only the safety and peace of the Divine Child and its mother are thought of. No sadness or wonder of meditation returns to the desolate homes of Bethlehem.

But in this English picture all the story of the escape, as of the flight, is told, in fulness of peace, and yet of compassion. The travel is in the dead of the night, the way unseen and unknown;—but, partly stooping from the starlight, and partly floating on the

desert mirage, move, with the Holy Family, the glorified souls of the Innocents. Clear in celestial light, and gathered into child-garlands of gladness, they look to the Child in whom they live, and yet, for them to die. Waters of the River of Life flow before on the sands: the Christ stretches out His arms to the nearest of them;—leaning from His mother's breast.

To how many bereaved households may not this happy vision of conquered death bring, in the future, days of peace!

17. I do not care to speak of other virtues in this design than those of its majestic thought,—but you may well imagine for yourselves how the painter's quite separate and, in its skill, better than magical, power of giving effects of intense light, has aided the effort of his imagination, while the passion of his subject has developed in him a swift grace of invention which for my own part I never recognised in his design till now. I can say with deliberation that none even of the most animated groups and processions of children which constitute the loveliest sculpture of the Robbias and Donatello, can more than rival

the freedom and felicity of motion, or the subtlety of harmonious line, in the happy wreath of these angel-children.

18. Of this picture I came to-day chiefly to speak, nor will I disturb the poor impression which my words can give you of it by any immediate reference to other pictures by our leading masters. But it is not, of course, among these men of splendid and isolated imagination that you can learn the modes of regarding common and familiar nature which you must be content to be governed by—in early lessons. I count myself fortunate, in renewing my effort to systematize these, that I can now place in the schools, or at least lend, first one and then another, some exemplary drawings by young people—youths and girls of your own age—clever ones, yes,—but not cleverer than a great many of you :—eminent only, among the young people of the present day whom I chance to know, in being extremely old-fashioned ;—and, —don't be spiteful when I say so,—but really they all are, all the four of them—two lads and two lassies—quite provokingly good.

19. Lads, not exactly lads perhaps—one of them is already master of the works in the

ducal palace at Venice; lassies, to an old man of sixty-four, who is vexed to be beaten by them in his own business—a little older, perhaps, than most of the lassies here, but still brightly young; and, mind you, not artists, but drawing in the joy of their hearts—and the builder at Venice only in his playtime—yet, I believe you will find these, and the other drawings I speak of, more helpful, and as I just said, exemplary, than any I have yet been able to find for you; and of these, little stories are to be told, which bear much on all that I have been most earnestly trying to make you assured of, both in art and in real life.

20. Let me, however, before going farther, say, to relieve your minds from unhappily too well-grounded panic, that I have no intention of making my art lectures any more one-half sermons. All the pieces of theological or other grave talk which seemed to me a necessary part of my teaching here, have been already spoken, and printed; and are, I only fear at too great length, legible. Nor have I any more either strength or passion to spare in matters capable of dispute. I must in silent resignation leave all of you who are led by

your fancy, or induced by the fashion of the time, to follow, without remonstrance on my part, those modes of studying organic beauty for which preparation must be made by depriving the animal under investigation first of its soul within, and secondly of its skin without. But it chances to-day that the merely literal histories of the drawings which I bring with me to show you or to lend, do carry with them certain evidences of the practical force of religious feeling on the imagination, both in artists and races, such as I cannot, if I would, overlook, and such as I think you will yourselves, even those who have least sympathy with them, not without admiration recognize.

21. For a long time I used to say, in all my elementary books, that, except in a graceful and minor way, women could not paint or draw. I am beginning, lately, to bow myself to the much more delightful conviction that nobody else can. How this very serious change of mind was first induced in me it is, if not necessary, I hope pardonable, to delay you by telling.

When I was at Venice in 1876—it is almost the only thing that makes me now content

in having gone there,—two English ladies, mother and daughter, were staying at the same hotel, the Europa. One day the mother sent me a pretty little note asking if I would look at the young lady's drawings. On my somewhat sulky permission, a few were sent, in which I saw there was extremely right-minded and careful work, almost totally without knowledge. I sent back a request that the young lady might be allowed to come out sketching with me. I took her over into the pretty cloister of the church of La Salute, and set her, for the first time in her life, to draw a little piece of grey marble with the sun upon it, rightly. She may have had one lesson, after that—she may have had two; the three, if there were three, seem to me, now, to have been only one! She seemed to learn everything the instant she was shown it—and ever so much more than she was taught. Next year she went away to Norway, on one of these frolics which are now-a-days necessary to girl-existence; and brought back a little pocket-book, which she thought nothing of, and which I begged of her: and have framed half a dozen leaves of it (for a loan to

you, only, mind,) till you have enough copied them.

22. Of the minute drawings themselves, I need not tell you—for you will in examining them, beyond all telling, feel, that they are exactly what we should all like to be able to do; and in the plainest and frankest manner show us how to do it—or, more modestly speaking, how, if heaven help us, it *can* be done. They can only be seen, as you see Bewick Vignettes, with a magnifying glass, and they are patterns to you therefore only of pocket-book work; but what skill is more precious to a traveller than that of minute, instantaneous, and unerring record of the things that are precisely best? For in this, the vignettes upon these leaves differ, widely as the arc of heaven, from the bitter truths of Bewick. Nothing is recorded here but what is lovely and honourable: how much there is of both in the peasant life of Norway, many an English traveller has recognised; but not always looking for the cause or enduring the conclusion, that its serene beauty, its hospitable patriotism, its peaceful courage, and its happy virtue, were dependent on facts little resembling our modern

English institutions;—namely, that the Norwegian peasant "is a free man on a scanty bit of ground which he has inherited from his forefathers; that the Bible is to be found in every hut; that the schoolmaster wanders from farm to farm; that no Norwegian is confirmed who does not know how to read; and no Norwegian is allowed to marry who has not been confirmed." I quote straightforwardly, (missing only some talk of Parliaments; but not caring otherwise how far the sentences are with my own notions, or against,) from Dr. Hartwig's collected descriptions of the Polar world. I am not myself altogether sure of the wisdom of teaching everybody to read: but might be otherwise persuaded if here, as in Norway, every town had its public library, "while in many districts the peasants annually contribute a dollar towards a collection of books, which, under the care of the priest, are lent out to all comers."

23. I observe that the word 'priest' has of late become more than ever offensive to the popular English mind; and pause only to say that in whatever capacity, or authority, the essential function of a public librarian must

in every decent and rational country be educational; and consist in the choosing, for the public, books authoritatively or essentially true, free from vain speculation or evil suggestion: and in noble history or cheerful fancy, to the utmost, entertaining.

One kind of periodical literature, it seems to me as I study these drawings, must at all events in Norway be beautifully forbidden,—the "Journal des Modes." You will see evidence here that the bright fancying alike of maidens' and matrons' dress, capable of prettiest variation in its ornament, is yet ancestral in its form, and the white caps, in their daily purity, have the untroubled constancy of the seashell and the snow.

24. Next to these illustrations of Norwegian economy, I have brought you a drawing of deeper and less imitable power: it is by a girl of quite peculiar gift, whose life has hitherto been spent in quiet and unassuming devotion to her art, and to its subjects. I would fain have said, an English girl, but all my prejudices have lately had the axe laid to their roots one by one,—she is an American! But for twenty years she has lived with her mother

among the peasants of Tuscany—under their olive avenues in summer—receiving them, as they choose to come to chat with her, in her little room by Santa Maria Novella in Florence during winter. They come to her as their loving guide, and friend, and sister in all their work, and pleasure, and—suffering. I lean on the last word.

25. For those of you who have entered into the heart of modern Italy know that there is probably no more oppressed, no more afflicted order of gracious and blessed creatures—God's own poor, who have not yet received their consolation,—than the mountain peasantry of Tuscany and Romagna. What their minds are, and what their state, and what their treatment, those who do not know Italy may best learn, if they can bear the grief of learning it, from Ouida's photographic story of 'A Village Commune'; yet amidst all this, the sweetness of their natural character is undisturbed, their ancestral religious faith unshaken—their purity and simplicity of household life uncorrupted. They may perish, by our neglect or our cruelty, but they cannot be degraded. Among them, as I have

told you, this American girl has lived—from her youth up, with her (now widowed) mother, who is as eagerly, and, which is the chief matter, as sympathizingly benevolent as herself. The peculiar art gift of the younger lady is rooted in this sympathy, the gift of truest expression of feelings serene in their rightness; and a love of beauty—divided almost between the peasants and the flowers that live round Santa Maria del Fiore. This power she has trained by its limitation, severe, and in my experience unexampled, to work in light and shade only, with the pure pen line: but the total strength of her intellect and fancy being concentrated in this engraver's method, it expresses of every subject what she loves best, in simplicity undebased by any accessory of minor emotion.

She has thus drawn in faithfullest portraiture of these peasant Florentines, the loveliness of the young and the majesty of the aged: she has listened to their legends, written down their sacred songs; and illustrated, with the sanctities of mortal life, their traditions of immortality.

26. I have brought you only one drawing

to-day; in the spring I trust you shall have many,—but this is enough, just now. It is drawn from memory only, but the fond memory which is as sure as sight—it is the last sleep from which she waked on this earth, of a young Florentine girl who had brought heaven down to earth, as truly as ever saint of old, while she lived, and of whom even I, who never saw her, cannot believe that she is dead. Her friend, who drew this memorial of her, wrote also the short story of her life, which I trust you will soon be able to read.*

Of this, and of the rest of these drawings, I have much to say to you; but this first and last,—that they are representations of beautiful human nature, such as could only have been found among people living in the pure Christian faith—such as it was, and is, since the twelfth century; and that, although, as I said, I have returned to Oxford only to teach you technical things, this truth must close the first words, as it must be the sum of all that I may be permitted to speak

* See the frontispiece to *The Story of Ida*, by "Francesca." G. Allen, 1883 (Ed. 1898).

to you,—that the history of the art of the Greeks is the eulogy of their virtues; and the history of Art after the fall of Greece, is that of the Obedience and the Faith of Christianity.

27. There are two points of practical importance which I must leave under your consideration. I am confirmed by Mr. Macdonald in my feeling that some kind of accurately testing examination is necessary to give consistency and efficiency to the present drawing-school. I have therefore determined to give simple certificates of merit, annually, to the students who have both passed through the required course, and at the end of three years have produced work satisfactory to Mr. Macdonald and myself. After Easter, I will at once look over such drawings as Mr. Macdonald thinks well to show me, by students who have till now complied with the rules of the school; and give certificates accordingly;—henceforward, if my health is spared, annually: and I trust that the advantage of this simple and uncompetitive examination will be felt by succeeding holders of the Slade Professorship, and in time

commend itself enough to be held as a part of the examination system of the University.

Uncompetitive, always. The drawing certificate will imply no compliment, and convey no distinction. It will mean merely that the student who obtains it knows perspective, with the scientific laws of light and colour in illustrating form, and has attained a certain proficiency in the management of the pencil.

28. The second point is of more importance and more difficulty.

I now see my way to making the collection of examples in the schools, quite representative of all that such a series ought to be. But there is extreme difficulty in finding any books that can be put into the hands of the home student which may supply the place of an academy. I do not mean merely as lessons in drawing, but in the formation of taste, which, when we analyse it, means of course merely the right direction of feeling.

29. I hope that in many English households there may be found already—I trust some day there may be found wherever there are children who can enjoy them, and especially in country village schools—the three series of

designs by Ludwig Richter, in illustration of the Lord's Prayer, of the Sunday, and of the Seasons. Perfect as types of easy line drawing, exquisite in ornamental composition, and refined to the utmost in ideal grace, they represent all that is simplest, purest, and happiest in human life, all that is most strengthening and comforting in nature and in religion. They are enough, in themselves, to show that whatever its errors, whatever its backslidings, this century of ours has in its heart understood and fostered, more than any former one, the joys of family affection, and of household piety.

For the former fairy of the woods, Richter has brought to you the angel on the threshold; for the former promises of distant Paradise, he has brought the perpetual blessing, "God be with you": amidst all the turmoil and speeding to and fro, and wandering of heart and eyes which perplex our paths, and betray our wills, he speaks to us in unfailing memorial of the message—"My Peace I leave with you."

LECTURE II

MYTHIC SCHOOLS OF PAINTING

E. BURNE-JONES AND G. F. WATTS

Delivered 12th and 16th May 1883

30. IT is my purpose, in the lectures I may be permitted henceforward to give in Oxford, so to arrange them as to dispense with notes in subsequent printing; and, if I am forced for shortness, or in oversight, to leave anything insufficiently explained, to complete the passage in the next following lecture, or in any one, though after an interval, which may naturally recur to the subject. Thus the printed text will always be simply what I have read, or said; and the lectures will be more closely and easily connected than if I went always on without the care of explanatory retrospect.

31. It may have been observed, and perhaps

with question of my meaning, by some readers, that in my last lecture I used the word "materialistic"* of the method of conception common to Rossetti and Hunt, with the greater number of their scholars. I used that expression to denote their peculiar tendency to feel and illustrate the relation of spiritual creatures to the substance and conditions of the visible world; more especially, the familiar, or in a sort humiliating, accidents or employments of their earthly life;—as, for instance, in the picture I referred to, Rossetti's Virgin in the house of St. John, the Madonna's being drawn at the moment when she rises to trim their lamp. In many such cases, the incidents may of course have symbolical meaning, as, in the unfinished drawing by Rossetti of the Passover, which I have so long left with you, the boy Christ is watching the blood struck on the doorpost;—but the peculiar value and character of the treatment is in what I called its *material* veracity, compelling the spectator's belief, if he have the instinct of belief in him at all, in the thing's having verily happened; and not being a mere poetical fancy. If the

* Ante, § 5.

spectator, on the contrary, have no capacity of belief in him, the use of such representation is in making him detect his own incredulity; and recognize, that in his former dreamy acceptance of the story, he had never really asked himself whether these things were so.

32. Thus, in what I believe to have been in actual time the first—though I do not claim for it the slightest lead in suggestive influence, yet the first dated example of such literal and close realization—my own endeavour in the third volume of 'Modern Painters' (iv. 4, § 16) to describe the incidents preceding the charge to Peter, I have fastened on the words, "He girt his fisher's coat about him, and did cast himself into the sea," following them out with, "Then to Peter, all wet and shivering, staring at Christ in the *sun*;" not in the least supposing or intending any symbolism either in the coat or the dripping water, or the morning sunshine; but merely and straitly striving to put the facts before the readers' eyes as positively as if he had seen the thing come to pass on Brighton beach, and an English fisherman dash through the surf of it to the feet of his captain—once dead, and now with the morning brightness on his face.

33. And you will observe farther, that this way of thinking about a thing compels, with a painter, also a certain way of painting it. I do not mean a necessarily close or minute way, but a necessarily complete, substantial, and emphatic one. The thing may be expressed with a few fierce dashes of the pencil; but it will be wholly and bodily there; it may be in the broadest and simplest terms, but nothing will be hazy or hidden, nothing clouded round, or melted away: and all that is told will be as explanatory and lucid as may be—as of a thing examined in daylight, not dreamt of in moonlight.

34. I must delay you a little, though perhaps tiresomely, to make myself well understood on this point; for the first celebrated pictures of the pre-Raphaelite school having been extremely minute in finish, you might easily take minuteness for a speciality of the style,—but it is not so in the least. Minuteness I *do* somewhat claim, for a quality insisted upon by myself, and required in the work of my own pupils; it is—at least in landscape—Turnerian and Ruskinian—not pre-Raphaelite at all:—the pre-Raphaelism common to us all is in the

frankness and honesty of the touch, not in its dimensions.

35. I think I may, once for all, explain this to you, and convince you of it, by asking you, when you next go up to London, to look at a sketch by Vandyke in the National Gallery, No. 680, purporting to represent this very scene I have been speaking of,—the miraculous draught of fishes. It is one of the too numerous brown sketches in the manner of the Flemish School, which seem to me always rather done for the sake of wiping the brush clean than of painting anything. There is no colour in it, and no light and shade;—but a certain quantity of bitumen is rubbed about so as to slip more or less greasily into the shape of figures; and one of St. John's (or St. James's) legs is suddenly terminated by a wriggle of white across it, to signify that he is standing in the sea. Now that was the kind of work of the Dutch School, which I spent so many pages in vituperating throughout the first volume of 'Modern Painters'—pages, seemingly, vain to this day; for still, the brown daubs are hung in the best rooms of the National Gallery, and the loveliest

Turner drawings are nailed to the wall of its cellar,—and might as well be buried at Pompeii for any use they are to the British public;—but, vain or effectless as the said chapters may be, they are altogether true in that firm statement, that these brown flourishes of the Dutch brush are by men who lived, virtually, the gentle, at court,—the simple, in the pothouse: and could indeed paint, according to their habitation, a nobleman or a boor; but were not only incapable of conceiving, but wholly unwishful to conceive, anything, natural or supernatural, beyond the precincts of the Presence and the tavern. So that they especially failed in giving the life and beauty of little things in lower nature; and if, by good hap, they may sometimes more or less succeed in painting St. Peter the Fisher's face, never by any chance realize for you the green wave dashing over his feet.

36. Now, therefore, understand of the opposite so called 'Pre-Raphaelite,' and, much more, pre-Rubensite, society, that its primary virtue is the trying to conceive things as they are, and thinking and feeling them quite out:—believing joyfully if we may, doubting bravely,

if we must,—but never mystifying, or shrinking from, or choosing for argument's sake, this or that fact; but giving every fact its own full power, and every incident and accessory its own true place,—so that, still keeping to our illustrations from Brighton or Yarmouth beach, in that most noble picture by Millais which probably most of you saw last autumn in London, the 'Caller Herrin','—picture which, as a piece of art, I should myself put highest of all yet produced by the Pre-Raphaelite school;—in that most noble picture, I say, the herrings were painted just as well as the girl, and the master was not the least afraid that, for all he could do to them, you would look at the herrings first.

37. Now then, I think I have got the manner of Pre-Raphaelite 'Realization'—'Verification'—'Materialization'—or whatever else you choose to call it, positively enough asserted and defined: and hence you will see that it follows, as a necessary consequence, that Pre-Raphaelite subjects must usually be of real persons in a solid world—not of personifications in a vaporescent one.

The persons may be spiritual, but they are

individual,—St. George, himself, not the vague idea of Fortitude; St. Cecily herself, not the mere power of music. And, although spiritual, there is no attempt whatever made by this school to indicate their immortal nature by any evanescence or obscurity of aspect. All transparent ghosts and unoutlined spectra are the work of failing imagination,—rest you sure of that. Botticelli indeed paints the Favonian breeze transparent, but never the Angel Gabriel; and in the picture I was telling you of in last lecture,*—if there *be* a fault which may jar for a moment on your feelings when you first see it, I am afraid it will be that the souls of the Innocents are a little too chubby, and one or two of them, I should say, just a dimple too fat.

38. And here I must branch for a moment from the direct course of my subject, to answer another question which may by this time have occurred to some of my hearers, how, if this school be so obstinately realistic, it can also be characterized as romantic.

When we have concluded our review of the present state of English art, we will collect the general evidence of its romance; meantime, I

* Ante, § 16, *seq.*

will say only this much, for you to think out at your leisure, that romance does not consist in the manner of representing or relating things, but in the kind of passions appealed to by the things related. The three romantic passions are those by which you are told, in Wordsworth's aphoristic line, that the life of the soul is fed.

"We live by Admiration, Hope, and Love." Admiration, meaning primarily all the forms of Hero Worship, and secondarily, the kind of feeling towards the beauty of nature, which I have attempted too feebly to analyze in the second volume of 'Modern Painters';—Hope, meaning primarily the habit of mind in which we take present pain for the sake of future pleasure, and expanding into the hope of another world;—and Love, meaning of course whatever is happiest or noblest in the life either of that world or this.

39. Indicating, thus briefly, what, though not always consciously, we mean by Romance, I proceed with our present subject of enquiry, from which I branched at the point where it had been observed that the realistic school could only develope its complete force in representing

persons, and could not happily rest in personifications. Nevertheless, we find one of the artists whose close friendship with Rossetti, and fellowship with other members of the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, have more or less identified his work with theirs, yet differing from them all diametrically in this, that his essential gift and habit of thought is *in* personification, and that,—for sharp and brief instance,—had both Rossetti and he been set to illustrate the first chapter of Genesis, Rossetti would have painted either Adam or Eve; but Edward Burne-Jones, a Day of Creation.

And in this gift, he becomes a painter, neither of Divine History, nor of Divine Natural History, but of Mythology, accepted as such, and understood by its symbolic figures to represent only general truths, or abstract ideas.

40. And here I must at once pray you, as I have prayed you to remove all associations of falsehood from the word romance, so also to clear them out of your faith, when you begin the study of mythology. Never confuse a Myth with a lie,—nay, you must even be cautious how far you even permit it to be called a fable.

Take the frequentest and simplest of myths for instance—that of Fortune and her wheel. Enid does not herself conceive, or in the least intend the hearers of her song to conceive, that there stands anywhere in the universe a real woman, turning an adamantine wheel whose revolutions have power over human destiny. She means only to assert, under that image, more clearly the law of Heaven's continual dealing with man,—"He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble and meek."

41. But in the imagined symbol, or rather let me say, the visiting and visible dream, of this law, other ideas variously conducive to its clearness are gathered;—those of gradual and irresistible motion of rise and fall,—the *tide* of Fortune, as distinguished from instant change or catastrophe;—those of the connection of the fates of men with each other, the yielding and occupation of high place, the alternately appointed and inevitable humiliation:—and the fastening, in the sight of the Ruler of Destiny, of all to the mighty axle which moves only as the axle of the world. These things are told or hinted to you, in the mythic picture,

not with the impertinence and the narrowness of words, nor in any order compelling a monotonous succession of thought,—but each as you choose or chance to read it, to be rested in, or proceeded with, as you will.

42. Here then is the ground on which the Dramatic, or personal, and Mythic, or personifying, schools of our young painters, whether we find for them a general name or not, must be thought of as absolutely one—that, as the dramatic painters seek to show you the substantial truth of persons, so the mythic school seeks to teach you the spiritual truth of myths.

Truth is the vital power of the entire school,—Truth its armour—Truth its war-word; and the grotesque and wild forms of imagination which, at first sight, seem to be the reaction of a desperate fancy, and a terrified faith, against the incisive scepticism of recent science, so far from being so, are a part of that science itself: they are the results of infinitely more accurate scholarship, of infinitely more detective examination, of infinitely more just and scrupulous integrity of thought, than was possible to any

artist during the two preceding centuries; and exactly as the eager and sympathetic passion of the dramatic designer now assures you of the way in which an event happened, so the scholarly and sympathetic thought of the mythic designer now assures you of the meaning, in what a fable said.

43. Much attention has lately been paid by archæologists to what they are pleased to call the development of myths: but, for the most part, with these two erroneous ideas to begin with—the first, that mythology is a temporary form of human folly, from which they are about in their own perfect wisdom to achieve our final deliverance; the second, that you may conclusively ascertain the nature of these much-to-be-lamented misapprehensions, by the types which early art presents of them! You will find in the first section of my 'Queen of the Air,' contradiction enough of the first supercilious theory;—though not with enough clearness the counter statement, that the thoughts of all the greatest and wisest men hitherto, since the world was made, have been expressed through mythology.

44. You may find a piece of most convincing

evidence on this point by noticing that whenever, by Plato, you are extricated from the play of logic, and from the debate of points dubitable or trivial; and are to be told somewhat of his inner thought, and highest moral conviction,—that instant you are cast free in the elements of phantasy, and delighted by a beautiful myth. And I believe that every master here who is interested, not merely in the history, but in the *substance*, of moral philosophy, will confirm me in saying that the direct maxims of the greatest sages of Greece, do not, in the sum of them, contain a code of ethics either so pure, or so practical, as that which may be gathered by the attentive interpretation of the myths of Pindar and Aristophanes.

45. Of the folly of the second notion above-named, held by the majority of our students of 'development' in fable,—that they can estimate the dignity of ideas by the symbols used for them, in early art; and trace the succession of thought in the human mind by the tradition of ornament in its manufactures, I have no time to-day to give any farther illustration than that long since instanced to you, the difference between the ideas conveyed by

Homer's description of the shield of Achilles, (much more, Hesiod's of that of Herakles,) and the impression which we should receive from any actually contemporary Greek art. You may with confidence receive the restoration of the Homeric shield, given by Mr. A. Murray in his history of Greek sculpture, as authoritatively representing the utmost graphic skill which could at the time have been employed in the decoration of a hero's armour. But the poet describes the rude imagery as producing the effect of reality, and might praise in the same words the sculpture of Donatello or Ghiberti. And you may rest entirely satisfied that when the surrounding realities are beautiful, the imaginations, in all distinguished human intellect, are beautiful also, and that the forms of gods and heroes were entirely noble in dream, and in contemplation, long before the clay became ductile to the hand of the potter, or the likeness of a living body possible in ivory and gold.

46. And herein you see with what a deeply interesting function the modern painter of mythology is invested. He is to place, at the service of former imagination, the art which

it had not—and to realize for us, with a truth then impossible, the visions described by the wisest of men as embodying their most pious thoughts and their most exalted doctrines: not indeed attempting with any literal exactitude to follow the words of the visionary, for no man can enter literally into the mind of another, neither can any great designer refuse to obey the suggestions of his own: but only bringing the resources of accomplished art to unveil the hidden splendour of old imagination; and showing us that the forms of gods and angels which appeared in fancy to the prophets and saints of antiquity, were indeed more natural and beautiful than the black and red shadows on a Greek vase, or the dogmatic outlines of a Byzantine fresco.

47. It should be a ground of just pride to all of us here in Oxford, that out of this University came the painter whose indefatigable scholarship and exhaustless fancy have together fitted him for this task, in a degree far distinguishing him above all contemporary European designers. It is impossible for the general public to estimate the quantity of

careful and investigatory reading, and the fine tact of literary discrimination, which are signified by the command now possessed by Mr. Burne-Jones over the entire range both of Northern and Greek Mythology, or the tenderness at once, and largeness, of sympathy which have enabled him to harmonize these with the loveliest traditions of Christian legend. Hitherto, there has been adversity between the schools of classic and Christian art, only in part conquered by the most liberal-minded of artists and poets: Nicholas of Pisa accepts indeed the technical aid of antiquity, but with much loss to his Christian sentiment; Dante uses the imagery of Æschylus for the more terrible picturing of the Hell to which, in common with the theologians of his age, he condemned his instructor; but while Minos and the Furies are represented by him as still existent in Hades, there is no place in Paradise for Diana or Athena. Contrariwise, the later revival of the legends of antiquity meant scorn of those of Christendom. It is but fifty years ago that the value of the latter was again perceived and represented to us by Lord Lindsay: and it is only

within the time which may be looked back to by the greater number even of my younger auditors, that the transition of Athenian mythology, through Byzantine, into Christian, has been first felt, and then traced and proved, by the penetrative scholarship of the men belonging to this Pre-Raphaelite school, chiefly Mr. Burne-Jones and Mr. William Morris, —noble collaborateurs, of whom, may I be forgiven, in passing, for betraying to you a pretty little sacredness of their private life,— that they solemnly and jovially have breakfasted together every Sunday, for many and many a year.

48. Thus far, then, I am able with security to allege to you the peculiar function of this greatly gifted and highly trained English painter; and with security also, the function of any noble myth, in the teaching, even of this practical and positive British race. But now, when for purposes of direct criticism I proceed to ask farther in what manner or with what precision of art any given myth should be presented—instantly we find ourselves involved in a group of questions and difficulties which I feel to be quite beyond the proper

sphere of this Professorship. So long as we have only to deal with living creatures, or solid substances, I am able to tell you—and to show—that they are to be painted under certain optical laws which prevail in our present atmosphere; and with due respect to laws of gravity and movement which cannot be evaded in our terrestrial constitution. But when we have only an idea to paint, or a symbol, I do not feel authorized to insist any longer upon these vulgar appearances, or mortal and temporal limitations. I cannot arrogantly or demonstratively define to you how the light should fall on the two sides of the nose of a Day of Creation; nor obstinately demand botanical accuracy in the graining of the wood employed for the spokes of a Wheel of Fortune. Indeed, so far from feeling justified in any such vexatious and vulgar requirements, I am under an instinctive impression that some kind of strangeness or quaintness, or even violation of probability, would be not merely admissible, but even desirable, in the delineation of a figure intended neither to represent a body, nor a spirit, neither an animal, nor a vegetable, but only an idea, or an aphorism. Let me,

however, before venturing one step forward amidst the insecure snows and cloudy wreaths of the Imagination, secure your confidence in my guidance, so far as I may gain it by the assertion of one general rule of proper safeguard; that no mystery or majesty of intention can be alleged by a painter to justify him in careless or erroneous drawing of any object —so far as he chooses to represent it at all. The more licence we grant to the audacity of his conception, the more careful he should be to give us no causeless ground of complaint or offence: while, in the degree of importance and didactic value which he attaches to his parable, will be the strictness of his duty to allow no faults, by any care avoidable, to disturb the spectator's attention, or provoke his criticism.

49. I cannot but to this day remember, partly with amusement, partly in vexed humiliation, the simplicity with which I brought out, one evening when the sculptor Marochetti was dining with us at Denmark Hill, some of the then but little known drawings of Rossetti, for his instruction in the beauties of Pre-Raphaelitism.

You may see with the slightest glance at the statue of Cœur de Lion, (the only really interesting piece of historical sculpture we have hitherto given to our City populace), that Marochetti was not only trained to perfectness of knowledge and perception in the structure of the human body, but had also peculiar delight in the harmonies of line which express its easy and powerful motion. Knowing a little more, both of men and things, now, than I did on the evening in question, I too clearly apprehend that the violently variegated segments and angular anatomies of Lancelot and Guenevere at the grave of King Arthur must have produced on the bronze-minded sculptor simply the effect of a knave of Clubs and Queen of Diamonds; and that the Italian master, in his polite confession of inability to recognize the virtues of Rossetti, cannot but have greatly suspected the sincerity of his entertainer, in the profession of sympathy with his own.

50. No faults, then, that we can help,—this we lay down for certain law to start with; therefore, especially, no ignoble faults, of mere measurement, proportion, perspective, and the

like, may be allowed to art which is by claim, learned and magistral; therefore bound to be, in terms, grammatical. And yet we are not only to allow, but even to accept gratefully, any kind of strangeness and deliberate difference from merely realistic painting, which may raise the work, not only above vulgarity, but above incredulity. For it is often by realizing it most positively that we shall render it least credible.

51. For instance, in the prettiest design of the series, by Richter, illustrating the Lord's Prayer, which I asked you in my last lecture to use for household lessons;—that of the mother giving her young children their dinner in the field which their father is sowing,—one of the pieces of the enclosing arabesque represents a little winged cherub emergent from a flower, holding out a pitcher to a bee, who stoops to drink. The species of bee is not scientifically determinable; the wings of the tiny servitor terminate rather in petals than plumes; and the unpretentious jug suggests nothing of the clay of Dresden, Sèvres, or Chelsea. You would not, I think, find your children understand the lesson in divinity

better, or believe it more frankly, if the hymenopterous insect were painted so accurately that, (to use the old method of eulogium on painting,) you could hear it buzz; and the cherub completed into the living likeness of a little boy with blue eyes and red cheeks, but of the size of a humming-bird. In this and in myriads of similar cases, it is possible to imagine from an outline what a finished picture would only provoke us to deny in contempt.

52. Again, in my opening lecture on Light and Shade, the sixth of those given in the year 1870, I traced in some completeness the range of ideas which a Greek vase-painter was in the habit of conveying by the mere opposition of dark and light in the figures and background, with the occasional use of a modifying purple. It has always been matter of surprise to me that the Greeks rested in colours so severe, and I have in several places formerly ventured to state my conviction that their sense of colour was inferior to that of other races. Nevertheless, you will find that the conceptions of moral and physical truth which they were able with these narrow means to convey, are far loftier than the utmost that can be gathered

from the iridescent delicacy of Chinese design, or the literally imitative dexterities of Japan.

53. Now, in both these methods, Mr. Burne-Jones has developed their applicable powers to their highest extent. His outline is the purest and quietest that is possible to the pencil; nearly all other masters accentuate falsely, or in some places, as Richter, add shadows which are more or less conventional. But an outline by Burne-Jones is as pure as the lines of engraving on an Etruscan mirror; and I placed the series of drawings from the story of Psyche in your school as faultlessly exemplary in this kind. Whether pleasing or displeasing to your taste, they are entirely masterful; and it is only by trying to copy these or other such outlines, that you will fully feel the grandeur of action in the moving hand, tranquil and swift as a hawk's flight, and never allowing a vulgar tremor, or a momentary impulse, to impair its precision, or disturb its serenity.

54. Again, though Mr. Jones has a sense of colour, in its kind, perfect, he is essentially a chiaroscurist. Diametrically opposed to Rossetti, who could conceive in colour only,

he prefers subjects which can be divested of superficial attractiveness; appeal first to the intellect and the heart; and convey their lesson either through intricacies of delicate line, or in the dimness or coruscation of ominous light.

The heads of Medea and of Danae, which I placed in your schools long ago, are representative of all that you need aim at in chiaroscuro; and lately a third type of his best work, in subdued pencil light and shade, has been placed within your reach in Dr. Acland's drawing-room,—the portrait of Miss Gladstone, in which you will see the painter's best powers stimulated to their utmost, and reaching a serene depth of expression unattainable by photography, and nearly certain to be lost in finished painting.

55. For there is this perpetually increasing difficulty towards the completion of any work, that the added forces of colour destroy the value of the pale and subtle tints or shades which give the nobleness to expression; so that the most powerful masters in oil painting rarely aim at expression, but only at general character: and I believe the great artist whose name I have

associated with that of Burne-Jones as representing the mythic schools, Mr. G. F. Watts, has been partly restrained, and partly oppressed, by the very earnestness and extent of the study through which he has sought to make his work on all sides perfect. His constant reference to the highest examples of Greek art in form, and his sensitiveness to the qualities at once of tenderness and breadth in pencil and chalk drawing, have virtually ranked him among the painters of the great Athenian days, of whom, in the sixth book of the Laws, Plato wrote:—"You know how the intently accurate toil of a painter seems never to reach a term that satisfies him; but he must either farther touch, or soften the touches laid already, and never seems to reach a point where he has not yet some power to do more, so as to make the things he has drawn more beautiful, and more apparent. *καλλίω τε καὶ φανερώτερα.*"

56. Of course within the limits of this lecture there is no possibility of entering on the description of separate pictures; but I trust it may be hereafter my privilege to carry you back to the beginning of English historical art,

when Mr. Watts first showed victorious powers of design in the competition for the frescoes of the Houses of Parliament—and thence to trace for you, in some completeness, the code of mythic and heroic story which these two artists, Mr. Watts and Mr. Burne-Jones, have gathered, and in the most deep sense written, for us.

To-day I have only brought with me a few designs by Mr. Burne-Jones, of a kind which may be to some extent well represented in photograph, and to which I shall have occasion to refer in subsequent lectures. They are not to be copied, but delighted in, by those of you who care for them,—and, under Mr. Fisher's care, I shall recommend them to be kept out of the way of those who do *not*. They include the Days of Creation; three outlines from Solomon's Song; two from the Romance of the Rose; the great one of Athena inspiring Humanity; and the story of St. George and Sabra. They will be placed in a cabinet in the upper gallery, and will by no means be intruded on your attention, but made easily accessible to your wish.

57. To justify this monastic treatment of them, I must say a few words, in conclusion, of the dislike which these designs, in common with those of Carpaccio, excite in the minds of most English people of a practical turn. A few words only, both because this lecture is already long enough, and besides, because the point in question is an extremely curious one, and by no means to be rightly given account of in a concluding sentence. The point is, that in the case of ordinary painters, however peculiar their manner, people either like them, or pass them by with a merciful contempt or condemnation, calling them stupid, or weak, or foolish, but without any expression of real disgust or dislike. But in the case of painters of the mythic schools, people either greatly like them, or they dislike in a sort of frightened and angry way, as if they had been personally aggrieved. And the persons who feel this antipathy most strongly, are often extremely sensible and good, and of the kind one is extremely unwilling to offend; but either they are not fond of art at all, or else they admire, naturally, pictures from real life only, such as, to name an extremely characteristic

example, those of the Swiss painter, Vautier, of whom I shall have much, in another place, to say in praise, but of whom, with the total school he leads, I must peremptorily assure my hearers that their manner of painting is merely part of our general modern system of scientific illustration aided by photography, and has no claim to rank with works of creative art at all: and farther, that it is essentially illiterate, and can teach you nothing but what you can easily see without the painter's trouble. Here, for instance, is a very charming little picture of a school girl going to her class, and telling her doll to be good till she comes back;—you like it, and ought to like it, because you see the same kind of incident in your own children every day; but I should say, on the whole, you had better look at the real children than the picture. Whereas, you can't every day at home see the Goddess Athena telling you yourselves to be good,—and perhaps you wouldn't altogether like to, if you could.

58. Without venturing on the rudeness of hinting that any such feeling underlies the English dislike of didactic art, I will pray

you at once to check the habit of carelessly blaming the things that repel you in early or existing religious artists, and to observe, for the sum of what is to be noted respecting the four of whom I have thus far ventured to speak—Mr. Rossetti, Mr. Hunt, Mr. Jones, and Mr. Watts,—that they are, in the most solemn sense, Hero-worshippers; and that, whatever may be their faults or shortcomings, their aim has always been the brightest and the noblest possible. The more you can admire them, and the longer you read, the more your minds and hearts will be filled with the best knowledge accessible in history, and the loftiest associations conveyable by the passionate and reverent skill, of which I have told you in the 'Laws of Fesole,' that "All great Art is Praise."

LECTURE III

CLASSIC SCHOOLS OF PAINTING

SIR F. LEIGHTON AND ALMA TADEMA

Delivered 19th and 23rd May 1883

59. I HAD originally intended this lecture to be merely the exposition, with direct reference to painting and literature, of the single line of Horace which sums the conditions of a gentleman's education, be he rich or poor, learned or unlearned:

"Est animus tibi,—sunt mores et lingua,—fidesque,"

'animus' being that part of him in which he differs from an ox or an ape; 'mores,' the difference in him from the 'malignum vulgus'; 'lingua,' eloquence, the power of expression; and 'fides,' fidelity, to the Master, or Mistress, or Law, that he loves. But since I came to London and saw the exhibitions, I have thought good to address my discourse more

pertinently to what must at this moment chiefly interest you in them. And I must at once, and before everything, tell you the delight given me by the quite beautiful work in portraiture, with which my brother-professor Richmond leads and crowns the general splendour of the Grosvenor Gallery. I am doubly thankful that his release from labour in Oxford has enabled him to develope his special powers so nobly, and that my own return grants me the privilege of publicly expressing to him the admiration we all must feel.

60. And now in this following lecture, you must please understand at once that I use the word 'classic,' first in its own sense of senatorial, academic, and authoritative; but, as a necessary consequence of that first meaning, also in the sense, more proper to our immediate subject, of Anti-Gothic; antagonist, that is to say, to the temper in which Gothic architecture was built: and not only antagonist to that form of art, but contemptuous of it; unforgiving to its faults, cold to its enthusiasms, and impatient of its absurdities. In which contempt the classic mind is certainly illiberal; and narrower than

the mind of an equitable art student should be in these enlightened days:—for instance, in the British Museum, it is quite right that the British public should see the Elgin marbles to the best advantage; but not that they should be unable to see any example of the sculpture of Chartres or Wells, unless they go to the miscellaneous collection at Kensington, where Gothic saints and sinners are confounded alike among steam thrashing-machines and dynamite-proof ships of war; or to the Crystal Palace, where they are mixed up with Rimmel's perfumery.

61. For this hostility, in our present English schools, between the votaries of classic and Gothic art, there is no ground in past history, and no excuse in the nature of those arts themselves. Briefly, to-day, I would sum for you the statement of their historical continuity which you will find expanded and illustrated in my former lectures.

Only observe, for the present, you must please put Oriental Art entirely out of your heads. I shall allow myself no allusion to China, Japan, India, Assyria, or Arabia: though this restraint on myself will be all the

more difficult, because, only a few weeks since, I had a delightful audience of Sir Frederick Leighton beside his Arabian fountain, and beneath his Aladdin's palace glass. Yet I shall not allude, in what I say of his designs, to any points in which they may perchance have been influenced by those enchantments. Similarly there were some charming Zobeides and Cleopatras among the variegated colour fancies of Mr. Alma Tadema in the last Grosvenor; but I have nothing yet to say of *them*: it is only as a careful and learned interpreter of certain phases of Greek and Roman life, and as himself a most accomplished painter, on long-established principles, that I name him as representatively 'classic.'

62. The summary, therefore, which I have to give you of the course of Pagan and Gothic Art must be understood as kept wholly on this side of the Bosphorus, and recognizing no farther shore beyond the Mediterranean. Thus fixing our termini, you find from the earliest times, in Greece and Italy, a multitude of artists gradually perfecting the knowledge and representation of the human body, glorified by the exercises of war. And you have, north of

Greece and Italy, innumerably and incorrigibly savage nations, representing, with rude and irregular efforts, on huge stones and ice-borne boulders, on cave-bones and forest-stocks and logs, with any manner of innocent tinting or scratching possible to them, sometimes beasts, sometimes hobgoblins—sometimes, heaven only knows what; but never attaining any skill in figure-drawing, until, whether invading or invaded, Greece and Italy teach them what a human being is like; and with that help they dream and blunder on through the centuries, achieving many fantastic and amusing things, more especially the art of rhyming, whereby they usually express their notions of things far better than by painting. Nevertheless, in due course we get a Holbein out of them; and, in the end, for best product hitherto, Sir Joshua, and the supremely Gothic Gainsborough, whose last words we may take for a beautiful reconciliation of all schools and souls who have done their work to the best of their knowledge and conscience,—"We are all going to Heaven, and Vandyke is of the company."

63. "We are all going to Heaven." Either that is true of men and nations, or else that

they are going the other way; and the question of questions for them is—not how far from heaven they are, but whether they are going to it. Whether in Gothic or Classic Art, it is not the wisdom or the barbarism that you have to estimate—not the skill nor the rudeness;—but the *tendency*. For instance, just before coming to Oxford this time, I received by happy chance from Florence the noble book just published at Monte Cassino, giving facsimiles of the Benedictine manuscripts there, between the tenth and thirteenth centuries. Out of it I have chosen these four magnificent letters to place in your schools—magnificent I call them, as pieces of Gothic writing; but they are still, you will find on close examination, extremely limited in range of imaginative subject. For these, and all the other letters of the alphabet in that central Benedictine school at the period in question, were composed of nothing else but packs of white dogs, jumping, with more contortion of themselves than has been contrived even by modern stage athletes, through any quantity of hoops. But I place these chosen examples in our series of lessons, not as patterns of dog-drawing, but

as distinctly progressive Gothic art, leading infallibly forward—though the good monks had no notion how far,—to the Benedictine collie, in Landseer's 'Shepherd's Chief Mourner,' and the Benedictine bulldog, in Mr. Britton Riviére's 'Sympathy.'

64. On the other hand, here is an enlargement, made to about the proper scale, from a small engraving which I brought with me from Naples, of a piece of the Classic Pompeian art which has lately been so much the admiration of the æsthetic cliques of Paris and London. It purports to represent a sublimely classic cat, catching a sublimely classic chicken; and is perhaps quite as much like a cat as the white spectra of Monte Cassino are like dogs. But at a glance I can tell you,—nor will you, surely, doubt the truth of the telling, —that it is art in precipitate decadence; that no bettering or even far dragging on of its existence is possible for it; that it is the work of a nation already in the jaws of death, and of a school which is passing away in shame.

65. Remember, therefore, and write it on the very tables of your heart, that you must

never, when you have to judge of character in national styles, regard them in their decadence, but always in their spring and youth. Greek art is to be studied from Homeric days to those of Marathon; Gothic, from Alfred to the Black Prince in England, from Clovis to St. Louis in France; and the combination of both, which occurs first with absolute balance in the pulpit by Nicholas of Pisa in her baptistery, thenceforward up to Perugino and Sandro Botticelli. A period of decadence follows among all the nations of Europe, out of the ashes and embers of which the flame leaps again in Rubens and Vandyke; and so gradually glows and coruscates into the intermittent corona of indescribably various modern mind, of which in England you may, as I said, take Sir Joshua and Gainsborough for not only the topmost, but the hitherto total, representatives; total, that is to say, out of the range of landscape, and above that of satire and caricature. All that the rest can do partially, they can do perfectly. They do it, not only perfectly, but nationally; they are at once the greatest, and the Englishest, of all our school.

The Englishest—and observe also, *therefore*

the greatest: take that for an universal, exceptionless law;—the largest soul of any country is altogether *its own*. Not the citizen of the world, but of his own city,—nay, for the best men, you may say, of his own village. Patriot always, provincial always, of his own crag or field always. A Liddesdale man, or a Tynedale; Angelico from the Rock of Fesole, or Virgil from the Mantuan marsh. You dream of National unity!—you might as well strive to melt the stars down into one nugget, and stamp them small into coin with one Cæsar's face.

66. What mental qualities, especially English, you find in the painted heroes and beauties of Reynolds and Gainsborough, I can only discuss with you hereafter. But what external and corporeal qualities these masters of our masters love to paint, I must ask you to-day to consider for a few moments, under Mr. Carlyle's guidance, as well as mine, and with the analysis of 'Sartor Resartus.' Take, as types of the best work ever laid on British canvas,—types which I am sure you will without demur accept,—Sir Joshua's Age of Innocence, and Mrs. Pelham feeding chickens;

Gainsborough's Mrs. Graham, divinely doing nothing, and Blue Boy similarly occupied; and, finally, Reynolds' Lord Heathfield magnanimously and irrevocably locking up Gibraltar. Suppose, now, under the instigation of Mr. Carlyle and 'Sartor,' and under the counsel of Zeuxis and Parrhasius, we had it really in our power to bid Sir Joshua and Gainsborough paint all these over again, in the classic manner. Would you really insist on having her white frock taken off the Age of Innocence; on the Blue Boy's divesting himself of his blue; on—we may not dream of anything more classic — Mrs. Graham's taking the feathers out of her hat; and on Lord Heathfield's parting,—I dare not suggest, with his regimentals, but his orders of the Bath, or what else?

67. I own that I cannot, even myself, as I propose the alternatives, answer absolutely as a Goth, nor without some wistful leanings towards classic principle. Nevertheless, I feel confident in your general admission that the charm of all these pictures is in great degree dependent on toilette; that the fond and graceful flatteries of each master do in no

small measure consist in his management of frillings and trimmings, cuffs and collarettes; and on beautiful flingings or fastenings of investiture, which can only here and there be called a *drapery*, but insists on the perfectness of the forms it conceals, and deepens their harmony by its contradiction. And although now and then, when great ladies wish to be painted as sibyls or goddesses, Sir Joshua does his best to bethink himself of Michael Angelo, and Guido, and the Lightnings, and the Auroras, and all the rest of it,—you will, I think, admit that the culminating sweetness and rightness of him are in some little Lady So-and-so, with round hat and strong shoes; and that a final separation from the Greek art which can be proud in a torso without a head, is achieved by the master who paints for you five little girls' heads, without ever a torso!

68. Thus, then, we arrive at a clearly intelligible distinction between the Gothic and Classic schools, and a clear notion also of their dependence on one another. All jesting apart,—I think you may safely take Luca della Robbia with his scholars for an exponent

of their unity, to all nations. Luca is brightly Tuscan, with the dignity of a Greek; he has English simplicity, French grace, Italian devotion,—and is, I think, delightful to the truest lovers of art in all nations, and of all ranks. The Florentine Contadina rejoices to see him above her fruit-stall in the Mercato Vecchio; and, having by chance the other day a little Nativity by him on the floor of my study (one of his frequentest designs of the Infant Christ laid on the ground, and the Madonna kneeling to Him)—having it, I say, by chance on the floor, when a fashionable little girl with her mother came to see me, the child about three years old—though there were many pretty and glittering things about the room which might have caught her eye or her fancy, the first thing, nevertheless, my little lady does, is to totter quietly up to the white Infant Christ, and kiss it.

69. Taking, then, Luca, for central between Classic and Gothic in sculpture, for central art of Florence, in painting, I show you the copies made for the St. George's Guild, of the two frescoes by Sandro Botticelli, lately bought by the French Government for the Louvre.

These copies, made under the direction of Mr. C. F. Murray, while the frescoes were still untouched, are of singular value now. For in their transference to canvas for carriage much violent damage was sustained by the originals; and as, even before, they were not presentable to the satisfaction of the French public, the backgrounds were filled in with black, the broken edges cut away; and, thus repainted and maimed, they are now, disgraced and glassless, let into the wall of a stair-landing on the outside of the Louvre galleries.

You will judge for yourselves of their deservings; but for my own part I can assure you of their being quite central and classic Florentine painting, and types of the manner in which, so far as you follow the instructions given in the 'Laws of Fesole,' you will be guided to paint. Their subjects should be of special interest to us in Oxford and Cambridge, as bearing on institutions of colleges for maidens no less than bachelors. For these frescoes represent the Florentine ideal of education for maid and bachelor,—the one baptized by the Graces for her marriage, and

the other brought to the tutelage of the Great Powers of Knowledge, under a great presiding Muse, whose name you must help me to interpret; and with good help, both from maid and bachelor, I hope we shall soon be able to name, and honour, all their graces and virtues rightly.

Five out of the six Sciences and Powers on her right hand and left, I know. They are, on her left—geometry, astronomy, and music; on her right—logic and rhetoric. The third, nearest her, I do not know, and will not guess. She herself bears a mighty bow, and I could give you conjectural interpretations of her, if I chose, to any extent; but will wait until I hear what you think of her yourselves. I must leave you also to discover by whom the youth is introduced to the great conclave; but observe, that, as in the frescoes of the Spanish Chapel, before he can approach that presence he has passed through the 'Strait Gate,' of which the bar has fallen, and the valve is thrown outwards. This portion of the fresco, on which the most important significance of the whole depended, was cut away in the French restoration.

70. Taking now Luca and Sandro for standards of sweet consent in the feelings of either school, falling aside from them according to their likings or knowledge, you have the two evermore adverse parties, of whom Lord Lindsay speaks, as one studying the spirit, and the other the flesh: but you will find it more simply true to say that the one studies the head, and the other the body. And I think I am almost alone among recent tutors or professors, in recommending you to study both, at their best, and neither the skull of the one, nor skeleton of the other.

71. I had a special lesson, leading me to this balance, when I was in Venice, in 1880. The authorities of the Academy did me the grace of taking down my two pet pictures of St. Ursula, and putting them into a quiet room for me to copy. Now in this quiet room where I was allowed to paint, there were a series of casts from the Ægina marbles, which I never had seen conveniently before; and so, on my right hand and left, I had, all day long, the best pre-Praxitelite Classic art, and the best Pre-Raphaelite Gothic art: and could turn to this side, or that, in an instant, to enjoy either;

—which I could do, in each case, with my whole heart; only on this condition, that if I was to admire St. Ursula, it was necessary on the whole to be content with her face, and not to be too critical or curious about her elbows; but, in the Ægina marbles, one's principal attention had to be given to the knees and elbows, while no ardent sympathies were excited by the fixed smile upon the face.

72. Without pressing our northern cherubic principle to an extreme, it is really a true and extremely important consequence that all portraiture is essentially Gothic. You will find it stated—and with completely illustrative proof, in 'Aratra Pentelici,'—that portraiture was the destruction of *Greek* design; certain exceptions being pointed out which I do not wish you now to be encumbered with. You may understand broadly that we Goths claim portraiture altogether for our own, and contentedly leave the classic people to round their chins by rule, and fix their smiles by precedent: *we* like a little irregularity in feature, and a little caprice in humour—and with the condition of dramatic truth in passion, necessarily accept dramatic difference in feature.

73. Our English masters of portraiture must not therefore think that I have treated them with disrespect, in not naming them, in these lectures, separately from others. Portraiture is simply a necessary function of good Gothic painting, nor can any man claim pre-eminence in epic or historic art who does not first excel in that. Nevertheless, be it said in passing, that the number of excellent portraits given daily in our illustrated papers prove the skill of mere likeness-taking to be no unfrequent or particularly admirable one; and that it is to be somewhat desired that our professed portrait-painters should render their work valuable in all respects, and exemplary in its art, no less than delightful in its resemblance. The public, who are naturally in the habit of requiring rather the felicity and swiftness of likeness than abstract excellence in painting, are always ready to forgive the impetuosity which resembles force; and the interests connected with rate of production tend also towards the encouragement of superficial execution. Whereas in a truly great school, for the reasons given in my last lecture,* it may often be inevitable,

* Ante, § 33.

and sometimes desirable, that works of high imaginative range and faculty should be slightly traced, and without minuteness finished; but there is no excuse for imperfection in a portrait, or failure of attention to its minor accessories. I have long ago given, for one instance of perfect portraiture, Holbein's George Guysen, at Berlin, quite one of the most accomplished pictures in the world; and in my last visit to Florence none of the pictures before known in the Uffizii retained their power over me so completely as a portrait of a lady in the Tribune, which is placed as a pendant to Raphael's Fornarina, and has always been attributed to Raphael, being without doubt by some earlier and more laborious master; and, by whomsoever it may be, unrivalled in European galleries for its faultless and unaffected finish.

74. I may be permitted in this place to express my admiration of the kind of portraiture, which, without supporting its claim to public attention by the celebrity of its subjects, renders the pictures of Mr. Stacy Marks so valuable as epitomes and types of English life. No portrait of any recognized master

in science could be more interesting than the gentle Professor in this year's Academy, from whom even a rebelliously superficial person like myself might be content to receive instruction in the mysteries of anatomy. Many an old traveller's remembrances were quite pathetically touched by his monumental record of the 'Three Jolly Postboys'; and that he scarcely paints for us but in play, is our own fault. Among all the endeavours in English historical painting exhibited in recent years, quite the most conscientious, vivid, and instructive, was Mr. Marks' rendering of the interview between Lord Say and Jack Cade; and its quiet sincerity was only the cause of its being passed without attention.

75. In turning now from these subjects of Gothic art to consider the classic ideal, though I do so in painful sense of transgressing the limits of my accurate knowledge, I do not feel entirely out of my element, because in some degree I claim even Sir Frederick Leighton as a kindred Goth. For, if you will overpass quickly in your minds what you remember of the treasures of Greek antiquity, you will find that, among them all,

you can get no notion of what a Greek little girl was like. Matronly Junos, and tremendous Demeters, and Gorgonian Minervas, as many as you please; but for my own part, always speaking as a Goth, I had much rather have had some idea of the Spartan Helen dabbling with Castor and Pollux in the Eurotas,—none of them over ten years old. And it is with extreme gratitude, therefore, and unqualified admiration, that I find Sir Frederick condescending from the majesties of Olympus to the worship of these unappalling powers, which, heaven be thanked, are as brightly Anglo-Saxon as Hellenic; and painting for us, with a soft charm peculiarly his own, the witchcraft and the wonderfulness of childhood.

76. I have no right whatever to speak of the works of higher effort and claim, which have been the result of his acutely observant and enthusiastic study of the organism of the human body. I am indeed able to recognize his skill; but have no sympathy with the subjects that admit of its display. I am enabled, however, to show you with what integrity of application it has been gained,

by his kindness in lending me for the Ruskin school two perfect early drawings, one of a lemon tree,—and another, of the same date, of a Byzantine well, which determine for you without appeal, the question respecting necessity of delineation as the first skill of a painter. Of all our present masters, Sir Frederick Leighton delights most in softly-blended colours, and his ideal of beauty is more nearly that of Correggio than any seen since Correggio's time. But you see by what precision of terminal outline he at first restrained, and exalted, his gift of beautiful vaghezza.

77. Nor is the lesson one whit less sternly conveyed to you by the work of M. Alma Tadema, who differs from all the artists I have ever known, except John Lewis, in the gradual increase of technical accuracy, which attends and enhances together the expanding range of his dramatic invention; while every year he displays more varied and complex powers of minute draughtsmanship, more especially in architectural detail, wherein, somewhat priding myself as a specialty, I nevertheless receive continual lessons from him; except only in this one point,—that,

with me, the translucency and glow of marble is the principal character of its substance, while with M. Tadema it is chiefly the superficial lustre and veining which seem to attract him; and these, also, seen, not in the strength of southern sun, but in the cool twilight of luxurious chambers. With which insufficient, not to say degrading, choice of architectural colour and shade, there is a fallacy in his classic idealism, against which, while I respectfully acknowledge his scholarship and his earnestness, it is necessary that you should be gravely and conclusively warned.

78. I said that the Greeks studied the *body* glorified by war; but much more, remember, they studied the *mind* glorified by it. It is the *μηνις 'Αχιλῆος*, not the muscular force, which the good beauty of the body itself signifies; and you may most strictly take the Homeric words describing the aspect of Achilles showing himself on the Greek rampart as representative of the total Greek ideal. Learn by heart, unforgettably, the seven lines—

Αὐτὰρ 'Αχιλλεὺς ὦρτο Διὶ φίλος· ἀμφὶ δ' Αθήνη
Ωμοις ἰφθίμοισι βάλ' Αἰγίδα θυσσανόεσσαν·

Αμφὶ δέ οἱ κεφαλῇ νέφος ἔστεφε δῖα θεάων
Χρύσεον, ἐκ δ' αὐτοῦ δαῖε φλόγα παμφανόωσαν.
Ἡνίοχοι δ' ἔκπληγεν, ἐπεὶ ἴδον 'ακαματον πῦρ
Δεινον ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς μεγαθύμου Πηλέιωνος
Δαιόμενον· τὸ δ' ἔδαιε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη;

which are enough to remind you of the whole context, and to assure you of the association of light and cloud, in their terrible mystery, with the truth and majesty of human form, in the Greek conception; light and cloud, whether appointed either to show or to conceal, both given by a divine spirit, according to the bearing of your own university shield, "Dominus illuminatio." In all ancient heroic subjects, you will find these two ideas of light and mystery combined; and these with height of standing—the Goddess central and high in the pediment of her temple, the hero on his chariot, or the Egyptian king colossal above his captives.

79. Now observe, that whether of Greek or Roman life, M. Alma Tadema's pictures are always in twilight — interiors, *ὑπὸ συμμιγεῖ σκιᾷ*. I don't know if you saw the collection of them last year at the Grosvenor, but with that universal twilight there was also universal

crouching or lolling posture,—either in fear or laziness. And the most gloomy, the most crouching, the most dastardly of all these representations of classic life, was the little picture called the Pyrrhic Dance, of which the general effect was exactly like a microscopic view of a small detachment of black-beetles, in search of a dead rat.

80. I have named to you the Achillean splendour as primary type of Greek war; but you need only glance, in your memory, for a few instants, over the habitual expressions of all the great poets, to recognize the magnificence of light, terrible or hopeful; the radiance of armour, over all the field of battle, or flaming at every gate of the city; as in the blazoned heraldry of the seven against Thebes, — or beautiful, as in the golden armour of Glaucus, down to the baser brightness for which Camilla died: remember also that the ancient Doric dance was strictly the dance of Apollo; seized again by your own mightiest poet for the chief remnant of the past in the Greece of to-day—

"You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?"

And *this* is just the piece of classic life

which your nineteenth century fancy sets forth under its fuliginous and cantharoid disfigurement and disgrace.

I say, *your* nineteenth century fancy, for M. Alma Tadema does but represent — or rather, has haplessly got himself entangled in, —the vast vortex of recent Italian and French revolutionary rage against all that resists, or ever did resist, its licence; in a word, against all priesthood and knighthood.

The Roman state, observe, in the strength of it expresses both these; the orders of chivalry do not rise out of the disciplining of the hordes of Tartar horsemen, but by the Christianizing of the Roman eques; and the noble priesthood of Western Christendom is not, in the heart of it, hieratic, but pontifical. And it is the last corruption of this Roman state, and its Bacchanalian phrenzy, which M. Alma Tadema seems to hold it his heavenly mission to pourtray.

81. I have no mind, as I told you, to darken the healthy work I hope to lead you into by any frequent reference to antagonist influences. But it is absolutely necessary for me to-day to distinguish, once for all, what it is above

everything your duty, as scholars in Oxford, to know and love—the perpetual laws of classic literature and art, the laws of the Muses, from what has of late again infected the schools of Europe under the pretence of classic study, being indeed only the continuing poison of the Renaissance, and ruled, not by the choir of the Muses, but by the spawn of the Python. And this I have been long minded to do; but am only now enabled to do completely and clearly, and beyond your doubt, by having obtained for you the evidence, unmistakable, of what remains classic from the ancient life of Italy—the ancient Etruscan life, down to this day; which is the perfection of humility, modesty, and serviceableness, as opposed to the character which remains in my mind as the total impression of the Academy and Grosvenor,—that the young people of this day desire to be painted first as proud, saying, How grand I am; next as immodest, saying, How beautiful I am; lastly as idle, saying, I am able to pay for flunkeys, and never did a stroke of work in my life.

82. Since the day of the opening of the great Manchester exhibition in 1857, every

Englishman, desiring to express interest in the arts, considers it his duty to assert with Keats, that a thing of beauty is a *joy* for ever. I do not know in what sense the saying was understood by the Manchester school. But this I know, that what joy may remain still for you and for your children—in the fields, the homes, and the churches of England—you must win by otherwise reading the fallacious line. A beautiful thing may exist but for a moment, as a reality;—it exists for ever as a testimony. To the law and to the witness of it the nations must appeal, "in secula seculorum"; and in very deed and very truth, a thing of beauty is a *law* for ever.

That is the true meaning of classic art and of classic literature;—not the licence of pleasure, but the law of goodness; and if, of the two words, *καλὸς κ'ἀγαθός*, one can be left unspoken, as implied by the other, it is the first, not the last. It is written that the Creator of all things beheld them—not in that they were beautiful, but in that they were good.

83. This law of beauty may be one, for aught we know, fulfilling itself more perfectly as the years roll on; but at least it is one from which

no jot shall pass. The beauty of Greece depended on the laws of Lycurgus; the beauty of Rome, on those of Numa; our own, on the laws of Christ. On all the beautiful features of men and women, throughout the ages, are written the solemnities and majesty of the law they knew, with the charity and meekness of their obedience; on all unbeautiful features are written either ignorance of the law, or the malice and insolence of their disobedience.

84. I showed you, on the occasion of my first address, a drawing of the death of a Tuscan girl,—a saint, in the full sense of that word, such as there have been, and still are among the Christian women of all nations. I bring you to-day the portrait of a Tuscan Sibyl,*—such as there have been, and still are. She herself is still living; her portrait is the first drawing illustrating the book of the legends of the peasantry of Val d'Arno, which I obtained possession of in Florence last year; of which book I will now read you part of the preface, in which the authoress gives you the story of the life of this Etrurian Sibyl.

* See frontispiece to the *Roadside Songs of Tuscany* (Ed. 1898).

"Beatrice was the daughter of a stonemason at Melo, a little village of not very easy access on the mountain-side above Cutigliano; and her mother having died in Beatrice's infancy, she became, from early childhood, the companion and assistant of her father, accompanying him to his winter labours in the Maremma, and as she grew stronger, helping him at his work by bringing him stones for the walls and bridges which he built — carrying them balanced on her head. She had no education, in the common sense of the word, never learning even the alphabet; but she had a wonderful memory, and could sing or recite long pieces of poetry. As a girl, she used in summer to follow the sheep, with her distaff at her waist, and would fill up her hours of solitude by singing such ballads as 'The War of St. Michael and the Dragon,' 'The Creation of the World, and the Fall of Man,' or, 'The History of San Pelegrino, son of Romano, King of Scotland:' and now, in her old age, she knows nearly all the New Testament history, and much of the Old, in a poetical form. She was very beautiful then, they say; with curling black hair and wonderful inspired-looking eyes,

and there must always have been a great charm in her voice and smile; so it is no great wonder that Matteo Bernardi, much older than herself, and owner of a fine farm at Pian degli Ontani, and of many cattle, chose rather to marry the shepherd girl who could sing so sweetly than another woman whom his family liked better, and who might perhaps have brought him more increase of worldly prosperity. On Beatrice's wedding day, according to the old custom of the country, one or two poets improvised verses suitable to the occasion; and as she listened to them, suddenly she felt in herself a new power, and began to sing the poetry which was then born in her mind, and having once begun, found it impossible to stop, and kept on singing a great while, so that all were astonished, and her uncle, who was present, said—'Beatrice, you have deceived me! if I had known what you were, I would have put you in a convent.' From that time forth she was the great poetess of all that part of the country; and was sent for to sing and recite at weddings, and other festivals, for many miles around: and perhaps she might have been happy, but her husband's

sister, Barbara, who lived in the house, and who had not approved of the marriage, tried very wickedly to set her brother against his wife, and to some extent succeeded. He tried to stop her singing, which seemed to him a sort of madness, and at times he treated her with great unkindness; but sing she must, and sing she did, for it was what the Lord made her for, and she lived down all their dislike; her husband loved her in his old age, and Barbara, whom she nursed with motherly kindness through a long and most distressing illness, was her friend before she died. Beatrice is still living, at a great age now, but still retaining much of her old beauty and brilliancy, and is waited on and cared for with much affection by a pretty granddaughter bearing the same name as herself."

85. There are just one or two points I want you to note in this biography, specially.

The girl is put, in her youth, to three kinds of noble work. She is a shepherdess, like St. Genevieve; a spinner and knitter, like Queen Bertha; chiefly and most singularly, she is put to help her father in the pontifical art of bridge-building. Gymnastic to purpose,

you observe. In the last, or last but one, number of your favourite English chronicle, the proud mother says of her well-trained daughters, that there is not one who could not knock down her own father: here is a strong daughter who can *help* her father—a Grace Darling of the rivers instead of the sea.

These are the first three things to be noted of her. Next, the material of her education,—not in words, but in thoughts, and the greatest of thoughts. You continually hear that Roman Catholics are not allowed to read the Bible. Here is a little shepherdess who has it in her heart.

Next, the time of her inspiration,—at her wedding feast; as in the beginning of her Master's ministry, at Cana. Here is right honour put upon marriage; and, in spite of the efforts made to disturb her household peace, it was entirely blessed to her in her children: nor to her alone, but to us, and to myriads with us; for her second son, Angelo, is the original of the four drawings of St. Christopher which illustrate the central poem in Miss Alexander's book;* and which

* See the *Roadside Songs of Tuscany* (Ed. 1898).

are, to the best of my knowledge, the most beautiful renderings of the legend hitherto attained by religious imagination.

86. And as you dwell on these portraits of a noble Tuscan peasant, the son of a noble Christian mother—learn this farther and final distinction between the greatest art of past time, and that which has become possible now and in future.

The Greek, I said, pourtrayed the body and the mind of man, glorified in mortal war. But to us is given the task of holier portraiture, of the countenance and the heart of man, glorified by the peace of God.

87. Whether Francesca's book is to be eventually kept together or distributed I do not yet know. But if distributed, the drawings of St. Christopher must remain in Oxford, being, as I have said, the noblest statements I have ever seen of the unchangeable meaning of this Ford of ours, for all who pass it honestly, and do not contrive false traverse for themselves over a widened Magdalen Bridge. That ford, gentlemen, for ever,—know what you may,—hope what you may,—believe or deny what you may, — you have to pass

barefoot. For it is a baptism as well as a ford, and the waves of it, as the sands, are holy. Your youthful days in this place are to you the dipping of your feet in the brim of the river, which is to be manfully stemmed by you all your days; not drifted with,—nor toyed upon. Fallen leaves enough it is strewn with, of the flowers of the forest; moraine enough it bears, of the ruin of the brave. Your task is to *cross* it; your doom may be to go down with it, to the depths out of which there is no crying. Traverse it, staff in hand, and with loins girded, and with whatsoever law of Heaven you know, for your light. On the other side is the Promised Land, the Land of the Leal.

LECTURE IV

FAIRY LAND

MRS. ALLINGHAM AND KATE GREENAWAY

Delivered 26th and 30th May 1883

88. WE have hitherto been considering the uses of legendary art to grown persons, and to the most learned and powerful minds. To-day I will endeavour to note with you some of the least controvertible facts respecting its uses to children; and to obtain your consent to the main general principles on which I believe it should be offered to them.

Here, however, I enter on ground where I must guard carefully against being misled by my own predilections, and in which also the questions at issue are extremely difficult, because most of them new. It is only in recent times that pictures have become familiar means of household pleasure and education:

only in our own days—nay, even within the last ten years of those,—that the means of illustration by colour-printing have been brought to perfection, and art as exquisite as we need desire to see it, placed, if our school-boards choose to have it so, within the command of every nursery governess.

89. Having then the colour-print, the magic-lantern, the electric-light, and the—to any row of ciphers—magnifying, lens, it becomes surely very interesting to consider what we may most wisely represent to children by means so potent, so dazzling, and, if we will, so faithful. I said just now that I must guard carefully against being misled by my own predilections, because having been myself brought up principally on fairy legends, my first impulse would be to insist upon every story we tell to a child being untrue, and every scene we paint for it, impossible. But I have been led, as often before confessed, gravely to doubt the expediency of some parts of my early training; and perhaps some day may try to divest myself wholly, for an hour, of these dangerous recollections; and prepare a lecture for you in which I will take Mr. Gradgrind

on his own terms, and consider how far, making it a rule that we exhibit nothing but facts, we could decorate our pages of history, and illuminate the slides of our lantern, in a manner still sufficiently attractive to childish taste. For indeed poor Louise and her brother, kneeling to peep under the fringes of the circus-tent, are as much in search after facts as the most scientific of us all! A circus-rider, with his hoop, is as much a fact as the planet Saturn and his ring, and exemplifies a great many more laws of motion, both moral and physical; nor are any descriptions of the Valley of Diamonds, or the Lake of the Black Islands, in the 'Arabian Nights,' anything like so wonderful as the scenes of California and the Rocky Mountains which you may find described in the April Number of the 'Cornhill Magazine,' under the heading of 'Early Spring in California'; and may see represented with most sincere and passionate enthusiasm by the American landscape painter, Mr. Moran, in a survey lately published by the Government of the United States.

90. Scenes majestic as these, pourtrayed with mere and pure fidelity by such scientific

means as I have referred to, would form a code of geographic instruction beyond all the former grasp of young people; and a source of entertainment,—I had nearly said, and most people who had not watched the minds of children carefully, might think,—inexhaustible. Much, indeed, I should myself hope from it, but by no means an infinitude of entertainment. For it is quite an inexorable law of this poor human nature of ours, that in the development of its healthy infancy, it is put by Heaven under the absolute necessity of using its imagination as well as its lungs and its legs;—that it is forced to develope its power of invention, as a bird its feathers of flight; that no toy you can bestow will supersede the pleasure it has in fancying something that isn't there; and the most instructive histories you can compile for it of the wonders of the world will never conquer the interest of the tale which a clever child can tell itself, concerning the shipwreck of a rose-leaf in the shallows of a rivulet.

91. One of the most curious proofs of the need to children of this exercise of the inventive and believing power,—the *besoin de*

croire, which precedes the *besoin d'aimer*,—you will find in the way you destroy the vitality of a toy to them, by bringing it too near the imitation of life. You never find a child make a pet of a mechanical mouse that runs about the floor—of a poodle that yelps—of a tumbler who jumps upon wires. The child falls in love with a quiet thing, with an ugly one—nay, it may be, with one, to us, totally devoid of meaning. My little—ever-so-many-times-grand—cousin, Lily, took a bit of stick with a round knob at the end of it for her doll one day;—nursed it through any number of illnesses with the most tender solicitude; and, on the deeply-important occasion of its having a new night-gown made for it, bent down her mother's head to receive the confidential and timid whisper—"Mamma, perhaps it had better have no sleeves, because, as Bibsey has no arms, she mightn't like it."

92. I must take notice here, but only in passing,—the subject being one to be followed out afterwards in studying more grave branches of art,—that the human mind in its full energy having thus the power of believing simply

what it likes, the responsibilities and the fatalities attached to the effort of Faith are greater than those belonging to bodily deed, precisely in the degree of their voluntariness. A man can't always *do* what he likes, but he can always *fancy* what he likes; and he may be forced to do what he doesn't like, but he can't be forced to fancy what he doesn't like.

93. I use for the moment, the word 'to fancy' instead of 'to believe,' because the whole subject of Fidelity and Infidelity has been made a mere mess of quarrels and blunders by our habitually forgetting that the proper power of Faith is to trust *without* evidence, not *with* evidence. You perpetually hear people say, 'I won't believe this or that unless you give me evidence of it.' Why, if you give them evidence of it, they *know* it,—they don't believe, any more. A man doesn't believe there's any danger in nitro-glycerine; at last he gets his parlour-door blown into the next street. He is then better informed on the subject, but the time for belief is past.

94. Only, observe, I don't say that you can fancy what you like, to the degree of receiving it for truth. Heaven forbid we should have

a power such as that, for it would be one of voluntary madness. But we are, in the most natural and rational health, able to foster the fancy, up to the point of influencing our feelings and character in the strongest way; and for the strength of that healthy imaginative faculty, and all the blending of the good and grace, "richiesto al vero ed al trastullo," * we are wholly responsible. We may cultivate it to what brightness we choose, merely by living in a quiet relation with natural objects and great and good people, past or present; and we may extinguish it to the last snuff, merely by living in town, and reading the 'Times' every morning.

"We are scarcely sufficiently conscious," says Mr. Kinglake, with his delicate precision of serenity in satire, "scarcely sufficiently conscious in England, of the great debt we owe to the *wise and watchful press which presides over the formation of our opinions;* and which brings about this splendid result, namely, that in matters of belief, the humblest of us are lifted up to the level of the most sagacious, so that really a simple Cornet in

* Dante, Purg. xiv. 93.

the Blues is no more likely to entertain a foolish belief about ghosts, or witchcraft, or any other supernatural topic, than the Lord High Chancellor, or the Leader of the House of Commons."

95. And thus, at the present day, for the education or the extinction of the Fancy, we are absolutely left to our choice. For its occupation, not wholly so, yet in a far greater measure than we know. Mr. Wordsworth speaks of it as only impossible to "have sight of Proteus rising from the sea," because the world is too much with us; also Mr. Kinglake, though, in another place, he calls it "a vain and heathenish longing to be fed with divine counsels from the lips of Pallas Athene,"—yet is far happier than the most scientific traveller could be in a trigonometric measurement, when he discovers that Neptune could really have seen Troy from the top of Samothrace: and I believe that we should many of us find it an extremely wholesome and useful method of treating our ordinary affairs, if before deciding, even upon very minor points of conduct admitting of prudential and conscientious debate, we were in the habit of

imagining that Pallas Athene was actually in the room with us, or at least outside the window in the form of a swallow, and permitted us, on the condition always of instant obedience, to ask her advice upon the matter.

96. Here ends my necessary parenthesis, with its suspicion of preachment, for which I crave pardon, and I return to my proper subject of to-day,—the art which intends to address only childish imagination, and whose object is primarily to entertain with grace.

With grace:—I insist much on this latter word. We may allow the advocates of a material philosophy to insist that every wild-weed tradition of fairies, gnomes, and sylphs should be well ploughed out of a child's mind to prepare it for the good seed of the Gospel of—*Dis*grace: but no defence can be offered for the presentation of these ideas to its mind in a form so vulgarized as to defame and pollute the masterpieces of former literature. It is perfectly easy to convince the young proselyte of science that a cobweb on the top of a thistle cannot be commanded to catch a honey-bee for him, without introducing a dance of ungainly fairies on the site of the

cabstand under the Westminster clock tower, or making the Queen of them fall in love with the sentry on guard.

97. With grace, then, assuredly,—and I think we may add also, with as much seriousness as an entirely fictitious subject may admit of, —seeing that it touches the border of that higher world which is not fictitious. We are all perhaps too much in the habit of thinking the scenes of burlesque in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' exemplary of Shakespeare's general treatment of fairy character: we should always remember that he places the most beautiful words descriptive of virgin purity which English poetry possesses, in the mouth of the Fairy King, and that to the Lord of Fancies he entrusts the praise of the conquest of Fancy,—

"In maiden meditation,—Fancy free."

Still less should we forget the function of household benediction, attributed to them always by happy national superstition, and summed in the closing lines of the same play,—

"With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace."

98. With seriousness then,—but only, I repeat, such as entirely fictitious elements properly admit of. The general grace and sweetness of Scott's moorland fairy, 'The White Lady,' failed of appeal to the general justice of public taste, because in two places he fell into the exactly opposite errors of unbecoming jest, and too far-venturing solemnity. The ducking of the Sacristan offended even his most loving readers; but it offended them chiefly for a reason of which they were in great part unconscious, that the jest is carried out in the course of the charge with which the fairy is too gravely entrusted, to protect, for Mary of Avenel, her mother's Bible.

99. It is of course impossible, in studying questions of this kind, to avoid confusion between what is fit in literature and in art; the leading principles are the same in both, but of course much may be allowed to the narrator which is impossible or forbidden to the draughtsman. And I necessarily take examples chiefly from literature, because the greatest masters of story have never disdained the playfully supernatural elements of fairy-tale, while it is extremely rare to find a good

painter condescending to them,—or, I should rather say, contending with them, the task being indeed one of extreme difficulty. I believe Sir Noel Paton's pictures of the Court of Titania, and Fairy Raid, are all we possess in which the accomplished skill of painting has been devoted to fairy-subject; and my impression when I saw the former picture—the latter I grieve not yet to have seen—was that the artist intended rather to obtain leave by the closeness of ocular distance to display the exquisite power of minute delineation, which he felt in historical painting to be inapplicable, than to arrest, either in his own mind or the spectator's, even a momentary credence in the enchantment of fairy-wand and fairy-ring.

100. And within the range of other art which I can call to mind, touching on the same ground,—or rather, breathing in the same air,—it seems to me a sorrowful and somewhat unaccountable law that only grotesque or terrible fancies present themselves forcibly enough, in these admittedly fabling states of the imagination, to be noted with the pencil. For instance, without rating too highly the inventive powers

of the old German outline-draughtsman, Retsch, we cannot but attribute to him a very real gift of making visibly terrible such legend as that of the ballad of Leonora, and interpreting, with a wild aspect of veracity, the passages of sorcery in 'Faust.' But the drawing which I possess by his hand, of the Genius of Poetry riding upon a swan, could not be placed in my school with any hope of deepening your impression either of the beauty of swans, or the dignity of genii.

101. You must, however, always carefully distinguish these states of gloomy fantasy, natural, though too often fatal, to men of real imagination,—the spectra which appear, whether they desire it or not,—to men like Orcagna, Durer, Blake, and Alfred Rethel,—and dwelt upon by them, in the hope of producing some moral impression of salutary awe by their record—as in Blake's Book of Job, in Durer's Apocalypse, in Rethel's Death the Avenger and Death the Friend,—and more nobly in his grand design of Barbarossa entering the grave of Charlemagne;—carefully, I say, you must distinguish this natural and lofty phase of visionary terror, from the coarse delight in

mere pain and crisis of danger, which, in our infidel art and literature for the young, fills our books of travel with pictures of alligators swallowing children, hippopotami upsetting canoes full of savages, bears on their hind-legs doing battle with northern navigators, avalanches burying Alpine villages, and the like, as the principal attractions of the volume; not, in the plurality of cases, without vileness of exaggeration which amounts to misleading falsehood—unless happily pushed to the point where mischief is extinguished by absurdity. In Strahan's 'Magazine for the Youth of all Ages,' for June 1879, at page 328, you will find it related, in a story proposed for instruction in scientific natural history, that "the fugitives saw an enormous elephant cross the clearing, surrounded by ten tigers, some clinging to its back, and others keeping alongside."

102. I may in this place, I think, best introduce—though again parenthetically—the suggestion of a healthy field for the labouring scientific fancy which remains yet unexhausted, and I believe inexhaustible,—that of the fable, expanded into narrative, which gives a true

account of the life of animals, supposing them to be endowed with human intelligence, directed to the interests of their animal life. I said just now that I had been brought up upon fairy legends, but I must gratefully include, under the general title of these, the stories in 'Evenings at Home' of The Transmigrations of Indur, The Discontented Squirrel, The Travelled Ant, The Cat and her Children, and Little Fido; and with these, one now quite lost, but which I am minded soon to reprint for my younger pupils—The History of a Field-Mouse, which in its pretty detail is no less amusing, and much more natural, than the town and country mice of Horace and Pope,—classic, in the best sense, though these will always be.

103. There is the more need that some true and pure examples of fable in this kind should be put within the reach of children, because the wild efforts of weak writers to increase their incomes at Christmas, and the unscrupulous encouragement of them by competing booksellers, fill our nurseries with forms of rubbish which are on the one side destructive of the meaning of all ancient tradition, and

on the other, reckless of every really interesting truth in exact natural history. Only the other day, in examining the mixed contents of a somewhat capacious nursery bookcase, the first volume I opened was a fairy tale in which the benevolent and moral fairy drove a "matchless pair of white cockatrices." I might take up all the time yet left for this lecture in exposing to you the mingled folly and mischief in those few words;—the pandering to the first notion of vulgar children that all glory consists in driving a matchless pair of something or other,—and the implied ignorance in which only such a book could be presented to *any* children, of the most solemn of scriptural promises to them,—"the weaned child shall lay his hand on the cockatrice' den."

104. And the next book I examined was a series of stories imported from Japan,* most of them simply sanguinary and loathsome, but one or two pretending to be zoological—as, for instance, that of the Battle of the Ape and the Crab, of which it is said in the introduction that "men should lay it up in

* Macmillan, 1871.

their hearts, and teach it as a profitable lesson to their children." In the opening of this profitable story, the crab plants a "persimmon seed in his garden" (the reader is not informed what manner of fruit the persimmon may be), and watches the growth of the tree which springs from it with great delight; being, we are told in another paragraph, "a simple-minded creature."

105. I do not know whether this conception of character in the great zodiacal crustacean is supposed to be scientific or æsthetic,—but I hope that British children at the seaside are capable of inventing somewhat better stories of crabs for themselves; and if they would farther know the foreign manners of the side-long-pacing people, let me ask them to look at the account given by Lord George Campbell, in his 'Log Letters from the Challenger,' of his landing on the island of St. Paul, and of the manner in which the quite unsophisticated crabs of that locality succeeded first in stealing his fish-bait, and then making him lose his temper, to a degree extremely unbecoming in a British nobleman. They will not, after the perusal of that piquant—or perhaps I should

rather say, pinçant,—narrative, be disposed, whatever other virtues they may possess, to ascribe to the obliquitous nation that of simplicity of mind.

106. I have no time to dwell longer on the existing fallacies in the representation either of the fairy or the animal kingdoms. I must pass to the happier duty of returning thanks for the truth with which our living painters have drawn for us the lovely dynasty of little creatures, about whose reality there can be no doubt; and who are at once the most powerful of fairies, and the most amusing, if not always the most sagacious, of animals.

In my last lecture, I noted to you, though only parenthetically, the singular defect in Greek art, that it never gives you any conception of Greek children. Neither—up to the thirteenth century—does Gothic art give you any conception of Gothic children; for, until the thirteenth century, the Goth was not perfectly Christianized, and still thought only of the strength of humanity as admirable in battle or venerable in judgment, but not as dutiful in peace, nor happy in simplicity.

But from the moment when the spirit of

Christianity had been entirely interpreted to the Western races, the sanctity of womanhood worshipped in the Madonna, and the sanctity of childhood in unity with that of Christ, became the light of every honest hearth, and the joy of every pure and chastened soul. Yet the traditions of art-subject, and the vices of luxury which developed themselves in the following (fourteenth) century, prevented the manifestation of this new force in domestic life for two centuries more; and then at last in the child angels of Luca, Mino of Fesole, Luini, Angelico, Perugino, and the first days of Raphael, it expressed itself as the one pure and sacred passion which protected Christendom from the ruin of the Renaissance.

107. Nor has it since failed; and whatever disgrace or blame obscured the conception of the later Flemish and incipient English schools, the children, whether in the pictures of Rubens, Rembrandt, Vandyke, or Sir Joshua, were always beautiful. An extremely dark period indeed follows, leading to and persisting in the French Revolution, and issuing in the merciless manufacturing fury, which to-day grinds children to dust between millstones,

and tears them to pieces on engine-wheels, —against which rises round us, Heaven be thanked, again the protest and the power of Christianity, restoring the fields of the quiet earth to the steps of her infancy.

108. In Germany, this protest, I believe, began with—it is at all events perfectly represented by—the Ludwig Richter I have so often named; in France, with Edward Frere, whose pictures of children are of quite immortal beauty. But in England it was long repressed by the terrible action of our wealth, compelling our painters to represent the children of the poor as in wickedness or misery. It is one of the most terrific facts in all the history of British art that Bewick never draws children but in mischief.

109. I am not able to say with whom, in Britain, the reaction first begins,—but certainly not in painting until after Wilkie, in all whose works there is not a single example of a beautiful Scottish boy or girl. I imagine in literature, we may take the 'Cottar's Saturday Night' and the 'toddlin' wee things' as the real beginning of child benediction; and I am disposed to assign in England much value to the widely felt, though little acknowledged,

influence of an authoress now forgotten—Mary Russell Mitford. Her village children in the Lowlands—in the Highlands, the Lucy Grays and Alice Fells of Wordsworth—brought back to us the hues of Fairy Land; and although long by Academic art denied or resisted, at last the charm is felt in London itself,—on pilgrimage in whose suburbs you find the Little Nells and boy David Copperfields; and in the heart of it, Kit's baby brother at Astley's, indenting his cheek with an oyster-shell to the admiration of all beholders; till at last, bursting out like one of the sweet Surrey fountains, all dazzling and pure, you have the radiance and innocence of reinstated infant divinity showered again among the flowers of English meadows by Mrs. Allingham and Kate Greenaway.

110. It has chanced strangely, that every one of the artists to whom in these lectures I wished chiefly to direct your thoughts, has been insufficiently, or even disadvantageously, represented by his work in the exhibitions of the season. But chiefly I have been disappointed in finding no drawing of the least interest by Mrs. Allingham in the room of the

Old Water-colour Society. And let me say in passing, that none of these new splendours and spaces of show galleries, with attached restaurants to support the cockney constitution under the trial of getting from one end of them to the other, will in the least make up to the real art-loving public for the loss of the good fellowship of our old societies, every member of which sent everything he had done best in the year into the room, for the May meetings: shone with his debited measure of admiration in his accustomed corner; supported his associates without eclipsing them; supplied his customers without impoverishing them; and was permitted to sell a picture to his patron or his friend, without paying fifty guineas commission on the business to a dealer.

III. Howsoever it may have chanced, Mrs. Allingham has nothing of importance in the water-colour room; and I am even sorrowfully compelled to express my regret that she should have spent unavailing pains in finishing single heads, which are at the best uninteresting miniatures, instead of fulfilling her true gift, and doing what (in Miss Alexander's words)

'the Lord made her for'—in representing the gesture, character, and humour of charming children in country landscapes. Her 'Tea Party,' in last year's exhibition, with the little girl giving her doll its bread and milk, and taking care that she supped it with propriety, may be named as a most lovely example of her feeling and her art; and the drawing which some years ago riveted, and ever since has retained, the public admiration,—the two deliberate housewives in their village toyshop, bent on domestic utilities and economies, and proud in the acquisition of two flat irons for a farthing,—has become, and rightly, a classic picture, which will have its place among the memorable things in the art of our time, when many of its loudly trumpeted magnificences are remembered no more.

112. I must not in this place omit mention, with sincere gratitude, of the like motives in the paintings of Mr. Birkett Foster; but with regret that in too equal, yet incomplete, realization of them, mistaking, in many instances, mere spotty execution for finish, he has never taken the high position that was open to him as an illustrator of rustic life.

And I am grieved to omit the names of many other artists who have protested, with consistent feeling, against the misery entailed on the poor children of our great cities,—by painting the real inheritance of childhood in the meadows and fresh air. But the graciousness and sentiment of them all is enough represented by the hitherto undreamt-of, and, in its range, unrivalled, fancy, which is now re-establishing throughout gentle Europe, the manners and customs of fairyland.

113. I may best indicate to you the grasp which the genius of Miss Kate Greenaway has taken upon the spirit of foreign lands, no less than her own, by translating the last paragraph of the entirely candid, and intimately observant, review of modern English art, given by Monsieur Ernest Chesneau, in his small volume, 'La Peinture Anglaise,' of which I will only at present say, that any of my pupils who read French with practice enough to recognize the finesse of it in exact expression, may not only accept his criticism as my own, but will find it often more careful than mine, and nearly always better expressed; because French is essentially a critical language, and can say

things in a sentence which it would take half a page of English to explain.

114. He gives first a quite lovely passage (too long to introduce now) upon the gentleness of the satire of John Leech, as opposed to the bitter malignity of former caricature. Then he goes on: "The great softening of the English mind, so manifest already in John Leech, shows itself in a decisive manner by the enthusiasm with which the public have lately received the designs of Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Caldecott, and Miss Kate Greenaway. The two first named artists began by addressing to children the stories of Perrault and of the Arabian Nights, translated and adorned for them in a dazzling manner; and, in the works of all these three artists, landscape plays an important part;—familiar landscape, very English, interpreted with a 'bonhomie savante'" (no translating that), "spiritual, decorative in the rarest taste,—strange and precious adaptation of Etruscan art, Flemish and Japanese, reaching, together with the perfect interpretation of nature, to incomparable chords of colour harmony. These powers are found in the work of the three, but Miss Greenaway, with

a profound sentiment of love for children, puts the child alone on the scene, companions him in his own solitudes, and shows the infantine nature in all its naiveté, its gaucherie, its touching grace, its shy alarm, its discoveries, ravishments, embarrassments, and victories; the stumblings of it in wintry ways, the enchanted smiles of its spring time, and all the history of its fond heart and guiltless egoism.

"From the honest but fierce laugh of the coarse Saxon, William Hogarth, to the delicious smile of Kate Greenaway, there has past a century and a half. Is it the same people which applauds to-day the sweet genius and tender malices of the one, and which applauded the bitter genius and slaughterous satire of the other? After all, that is possible,—the hatred of vice is only another manifestation of the love of innocence."

Thus far M. Chesneau—and I venture only to take up the admirable passage at a question I did not translate: "Ira-t-on au dela, fera-t-on mieux encore?"—and to answer joyfully, Yes, if you choose; you, the British public, to encourage the artist in doing the best she can

for you. She will, if you will receive it when she does.

115. I have brought with me to-day in the first place some examples of her pencil sketches in primary design. These in general the public cannot see, and these, as is always the case with the finest imaginative work, contain the best essence of it, — qualities never afterwards to be recovered, and expressed with the best of all sensitive instruments, the pencil point.

You have here, for consummate example, a dance of fairies under a mushroom, which she did under challenge to show me what fairies were like. "They'll be very like children," she said; I answered that I didn't mind, and should like to see them, all the same;—so here they are, with a dance, also of two girlies, outside of a mushroom; and I don't know whether the elfins or girls are fairyfootedest: and one or two more subjects, which you may find out;—but, in all, you will see that the line is ineffably tender and delicate, and can't in the least be represented by the lines of a woodcut. But I have long since shown you the power of line engraving

as it was first used in Florence; and if you choose, you may far recover the declining energies of line engraving in England, by encouraging its use in the multiplication, whether of these, or of Turner outlines, or of old Florentine silver point outlines, no otherwise to be possessed by you. I have given you one example of what is possible in Mr. Roffe's engraving of Ida; and, if all goes well, before the autumn fairy rings are traced, you shall see some fairy Idas caught flying.

116. So far of pure outline. Next, for the enrichment of it by colour. Monsieur Chesneau doubts if the charm of Miss Greenaway's work can be carried farther. I answer, with security,—yes, very much farther, and that in two directions: first, in her own method of design; and secondly, the manner of its representation in printing.

First, her own design has been greatly restricted by being too ornamental, or, in your modern phrase, decorative;—contracted into any corner of a Christmas card, or stretched like an elastic band round the edges of an almanack. Now, her art is much

too good to be used merely for illumination; it is essentially and perfectly that of true colour-picture, and that the most naïve and delightful manner of picture, because, on the simplest terms, it comes nearest reality. No end of mischief has been done to modern art by the habit of running semi-pictorial illustration round the margins of ornamental volumes, and Miss Greenaway has been wasting her strength too sorrowfully in making the edges of her little birthday books, and the like, glitter with unregarded gold, whereas her power should be concentrated in the direct illustration of connected story, and her pictures should be made complete on the page, and far more realistic than decorative. There is no charm so enduring as that of the real representation of any given scene; her present designs are like living flowers flattened to go into an herbarium, and sometimes too pretty to be believed. We must ask her for more descriptive reality, for more convincing simplicity, and we must get her to organize a school of colourists by hand, who can absolutely facsimile her own first drawing.

117. This is the second matter on which I have to insist. I bring with me to-day twelve of her original drawings, and have mounted beside them, good impressions of the published prints.

I may heartily congratulate both the publishers and possessors of the book on the excellence of these; yet if you examine them closely, you will find that the colour blocks of the print sometimes slip a little aside, so as to lose the precision of the drawing in important places; and in many other respects better can be done, in at least a certain number of chosen copies. I must not, however, detain you to-day by entering into particulars in this matter. I am content to ask your sympathy in the endeavour, if I can prevail on the artist to undertake it.

Only with respect to this and every other question of method in engraving, observe farther that *all* the drawings I bring you to-day agree in one thing,—minuteness and delicacy of touch carried to its utmost limit, visible in its perfectness to the eyes of youth, but neither executed with a magnifying glass,

nor, except to aged eyes, needing one. Even I, at sixty-four, can see the essential qualities of the work without spectacles; though only the youngest of my friends here can see, for instance, Kate's fairy dance, perfectly, but *they* can, with their own bright eyes.

118. And now please note this, for an entirely general law, again and again reiterated by me for many a year. *All great art is delicate*, and fine to the uttermost. Wherever there is blotting, or daubing, or dashing, there is weakness, at least; probably, affectation; certainly, bluntness of feeling. But, all delicacy which is rightly pleasing to the human mind is addressed to the *unaided human sight*, not to microscopic help or mediation.

And now generalize that law farther. As all noble sight is with the eyes that God has given you, so all noble motion is with the limbs God has balanced for you, and all noble strength with the arms He has knit. Though you should put electric coils into your high heels, and make spring-heeled Jacks and Gills of yourselves, you will never dance, so, as you could barefoot. Though you could have machines that would swing a

ship of war into the sea, and drive a railway train through a rock, all divine strength is still the strength of Herakles, a man's wrestle, and a man's blow.

119. There are two other points I must try to enforce in closing, very clearly. "Landscape," says M. Chesneau, "takes great part in these lovely designs." He does not say of what kind; may I ask you to look, for yourselves, and think?

There are no railroads in it, to carry the children away with, are there? no tunnel or pit mouths to swallow them up, no league-long viaducts — no blinkered iron bridges? There are only winding brooks, wooden foot-bridges, and grassy hills without any holes cut into them!

Again—there are no parks, no gentlemen's seats with attached stables and offices!—no rows of model lodging houses! no charitable institutions!! It seems as if none of these things which the English mind now rages after, possess any attraction whatever for this unimpressionable person. She is a graceful Gallio — Gallia gratia plena, — and cares for none of those things.

And more wonderful still, — there are no gasworks! no waterworks, no mowing machines, no sewing machines, no telegraph poles, no vestige, in fact, of science, civilization, economical arrangements, or commercial enterprise!!!

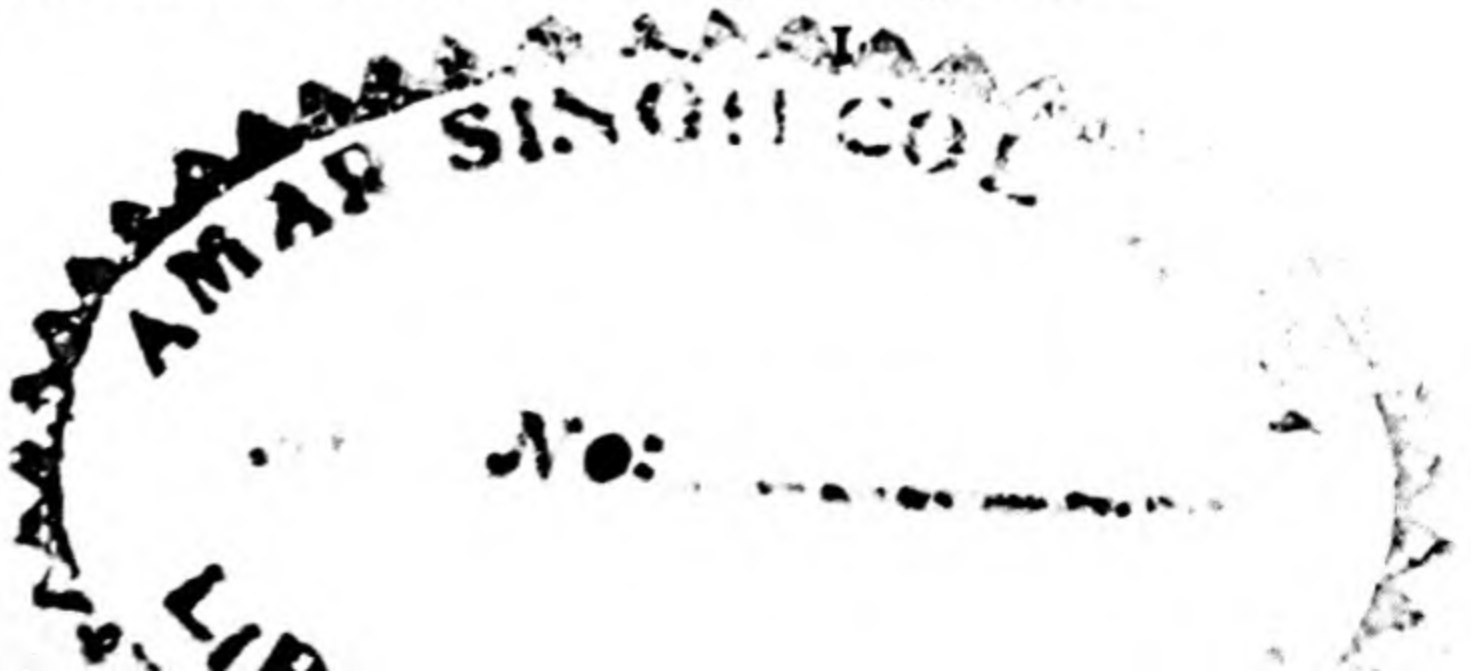
120. Would you wish me, with professorial authority, to advise her that her conceptions belong to the dark ages, and must be reared on a new foundation? Or is it, on the other hand, recommendably conceivable by *you*, that perhaps the world we truly live in may not be quite so changeable as you have thought it;—that all the gold and silver you can dig out of the earth are not worth the kingcups and the daisies she gave you of her grace; and that all the fury, and the flutter, and the wonder, and the wistfulness, of your lives, will never discover for you any other than the ancient blessing: "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters, He restoreth my soul"?

121. Yet one word more. Observe that what this unimpressionable person *does* draw, she draws as like it as she can. It is true

that the combination or composition of things is not what you can see every day. You can't every day, for instance, see a baby thrown into a basket of roses; but when she has once pleasantly invented that arrangement for you, baby is as like baby, and rose as like rose, as she can possibly draw them. And the beauty of them is in *being* like. They are blissful, just in the degree that they are natural; and the fairy land she creates for you is not beyond the sky nor beneath the sea, but nigh you, even at your doors. She does but show you how to see it, and how to cherish.

Long since I told you this great law of noble imagination. It does not create, it does not even adorn, it does but *reveal*, the treasures to be possessed by the spirit. I told you this of the work of the great painter whom, in that day, everyone accused of representing only the fantastic and the impossible. I said forty years ago, and say at this instant, more solemnly, All his magic is in his truth.

122. I show you, to-day, a beautiful copy made for me by Mr. Macdonald, of the drawing which, of all the Turners I gave you, I



miss the most. I never thought it could have been copied at all, and have received from Mr. Macdonald, in this lovely rendering of it, as much a lesson as a consolation. For my purpose to-day it is just as good as if I had brought the drawing itself.

It is one of the Loire series, which the engravers could not attempt, because it was too lovely; or would not attempt, because there was, to their notion, nothing in it. It is only a coteau, scarce a hundred feet above the river, nothing like so high as the Thames banks between here and Reading, only a coteau, and a recess of calm water, and a breath of mist, and a ray of sunset. The simplest things, the frequentest, the dearest; things that you may see any summer evening by a thousand thousand streams among the low hills of old familiar lands. Love them, and see them rightly, — Andes and Caucasus, Amazon and Indus, can give you no more.

123. The danger imminent on you is the destruction of what you *have*. I walked yesterday afternoon round St. John's gardens, and found them, as they always are in spring

time, almost an ideal of earthly Paradise,—the St. John's students also disporting themselves therein in games preparatory to the advent of the true fairies of Commemoration. But, the afternoon before, I had walked down St. John's *Road*, and, on emerging therefrom to cross the railway, found on my left hand a piece of waste ground, extremely characteristic of that with which we now always adorn the suburbs of our cities, and of which it can only be said that no demons could contrive, under the earth, a more uncomfortable and abominable place of misery for the condemned soul of dirty people, than Oxford thus allows the western light to shine upon—'nel aer dolce, che dal sol s'allegra.' For many a year I have now been telling you, and in the final words of this first course of lectures in which I have been permitted again to resume work among you, let me tell you yet once more, and if possible, more vehemently, that neither sound art, policy, nor religion, can exist in England, until, neglecting, if it must be, your own pleasure gardens and pleasure chambers, you resolve that the streets which are the habitation of the poor, and the fields which are the

playgrounds of their children, shall be again restored to the rule of the spirits, whosoever they are in earth, and heaven, that ordain, and reward, with constant and conscious felicity, all that is decent and orderly, beautiful and pure.

LECTURE V

THE FIRESIDE

JOHN LEECH AND JOHN TENNIEL

Delivered 7th and 10th November 1883

124. THE outlines of the schools of our National Art which I attempted in the four lectures given last spring, had led us to the point where the, to us chiefly important, and, it may perhaps be said, temporarily, all important questions respecting the uses of art in popular education, were introduced to us by the beautiful drawings of Miss Alexander and Miss Greenaway. But these drawings, in their dignified and delicate, often reserved, and sometimes severe characters, address themselves to a circle, which however large,—or even (I say it with thankfulness) practically infinite, yet consists exclusively of persons of already cultivated sensibilities, and more or less gentle and serious temper. The interests

of general education compel our reference to a class entirely beneath these, or at least distinct from them; and our consideration of art-methods to which the conditions of cheapness, and rapidity of multiplication, are absolutely essential.

125. I have stated, and it is one of the paradoxes of my political economy which you will find on examination to be the expression of a final truth, that there is no such thing as a just or real cheapness, but that all things have their necessary price: and that you can no more obtain them for less than that price, than you can alter the course of the earth. When you obtain anything yourself for half-price, somebody else must always have paid the other half. But, in the sense either of having cost less labour, or of being the productions of less rare genius, there are, of course, some kinds of art more generally attainable than others; and, of these, the kinds which depend on the use of the simplest means are also those which are calculated to have most influence over the simplest minds. The disciplined qualities of line-engraving will scarcely be relished, and often must even pass unperceived, by an

uneducated or careless observer; but the attention of a child may be excited, and the apathy of a clown overcome, by the blunt lines of a vigorous woodcut.

126. To my own mind, there is no more beautiful proof of benevolent design in the creation of the earth, than the exact adaptation of its materials to the art-power of man. The plasticity and constancy under fire of clay; the ductility and fusibility of gold and iron; the consistent softness of marble; and the fibrous toughness of wood, are in each material carried to the exact degree which renders them provocative of skill by their resistance, and full of reward for it by their compliance: so that the delight with which, after sufficiently intimate study of the methods of manual work, the student ought to regard the excellence of a masterpiece, is never merely the admiration of difficulties overcome, but the sympathy, in a certain sense, both with the enjoyment of the workman in managing a substance so pliable to his will, and with the worthiness, fitness, and obedience of the material itself, which at once invites his authority, and rewards his concessions.

127. But of all the various instruments of his life and genius, none are so manifold in their service to him as that which the forest leaves gather every summer out of the air he breathes. Think of the use of it in house and furniture alone. I have lived in marble palaces, and under frescoed loggie, but have never been so comfortable in either as in the clean room of an old Swiss inn, whose walls and floor were of plain deal. You will find also, in the long run, that none of your modern æsthetic upholstery can match, for comfort, good old English oak wainscot; and that the crystalline magnificence of the marbles of Genoa and the macigno of Florence can give no more pleasure to daily life than the carved brackets and trefoiled gables which once shaded the busy and merry streets, and lifted the chiming carillons above them, in Kent and Picardy.

128. As a material of sculpture, wood has hitherto been employed chiefly by the less cultivated races of Europe; and we cannot know what Orcagna would have made of his shrine, or Ghiberti of his gates, if they had worked in olive wood instead of marble and bronze.

But even as matters now stand, the carving of the pinnacled stalls in our northern cathedrals, and that of the foliage on the horizontal beams of domestic architecture, gave rise to a school of ornament of which the proudest edifices of the sixteenth century are only the translation into stone; and to which our somewhat dull respect for the zigzags and dog-teeth of a sterner time has made us alike neglectful and unjust.*

129. But it is above all as a medium of engraving that the easy submission of wood to the edge of the chisel,—I will use this plain word, if you please, instead of burin,—and the tough durability of its grain, have made it so widely serviceable to us for popular pleasure in art; but mischievous also, in the degree in which it encourages the cheapest and vilest modes of design. The coarsest scrawl with a blunt pen can be reproduced on a wood-block with perfect ease by the clumsiest engraver; and there are tens of thousands of vulgar artists who can scrawl with a blunt pen, and with no trouble to themselves, something that will

* Compare 'Bible of Amiens,' p. 14, "aisles of aspen, orchards of apple, clusters of vine."

amuse, as I said, a child or a clown. But there is not one artist in ten thousand who can draw even simple objects rightly with a perfectly pure line; when such a line is drawn, only an extremely skilful engraver can reproduce it on wood; when reproduced, it is liable to be broken at the second or third printing; and supposing it permanent, not one spectator in ten thousand would care for it.

130. There is, however, another temptation, constant in the practice of woodcutting, which has been peculiarly harmful to us in the present day. The action of the chisel on wood, as you doubtless are aware, is to produce a white touch on a black ground; and if a few white touches can be so distributed as to produce any kind of effect, all the black ground becomes part of the imagined picture, with no trouble whatever to the workman: so that you buy in your cheap magazine a picture,—say four inches square, or sixteen square inches of surface,—in the whole of which there may only be half an inch of work. Whereas, in line engraving, every atom of the shade has to be worked for, and that with extreme care, evenness and dexterity of hand; while even

in etching, though a great quantity of the shade is mere burr and scrabble and blotch, a certain quantity of real care and skill *must* be spent in covering the surface at first. Whereas the common woodcut requires scarcely more trouble than a schoolboy takes with a scrawl on his slate, and you might order such pictures by the cartload from Coniston quarries, with only a clever urchin or two to put the chalk on.

131. But the mischief of the woodcut, considered simply as a means in the publisher's hands of imposing cheap work on the purchaser, is trebled by its morbid power of expressing ideas of ugliness or terror. While no entirely beautiful thing can be represented in a woodcut, every form of vulgarity or unpleasantness can be given to the life; and the result is, that, especially in our popular scientific books, the mere effort to be amusing and attractive leads to the publication of every species of the abominable. No microscope can teach the beauty of a statue, nor can any woodcut represent that of a nobly bred human form; but only last term we saw the whole Ashmolean Society held in a trance of rapture by the

inexplicable decoration of the posteriors of a flea; and I have framed for you here, around a page of the scientific journal which styles itself 'Knowledge,' a collection of woodcuts out of a scientific survey of South America, presenting collectively to you, in designs ignorantly drawn and vilely engraved, yet with the peculiar advantage belonging to the cheap woodcut, whatever, through that fourth part of the round world, from Mexico to Patagonia, can be found of savage, sordid, vicious, or ridiculous in humanity, without so much as one exceptional indication of a graceful form, a true instinct, or a cultivable capacity.

132. The second frame is of French scientific art, and still more curiously horrible. I have cut these examples, not by any means the ugliest, out of 'Les Pourquoi de Mademoiselle Suzanne,' a book in which it is proposed to instruct a young lady of eleven or twelve years old, amusingly, in the elements of science.

In the course of the lively initiation, the young lady has the advantage of seeing a garde champêtre struck dead by lightning; she is par parenthèse entertained with the

history and picture of the suicide of the cook Vatel; somebody's heart, liver, and forearm are dissected for her; all the phenomena of nightmare are described and pourtrayed; and whatever spectres of monstrosity can be conjured into the sun, the moon, the stars, the sky, the sea, the railway, and the telegraph, are collected into black company by the cheap engraver. *Black* company is a mild word: you will find the right phrase now instinctively adopted by the very persons who are most charmed by these new modes of sensation. In the 'Century' magazine for this month, the reviewer of some American landscape of this class tells us that Mr. ——, whoever he is, by a series of bands of black and red paint, has succeeded in entirely reproducing the '*Demoniac*' beauty of the sunset.

133. I have framed these French cuts, however, chiefly for purposes of illustration in my last lecture of this year, for they show you in perfect abstract all the wrong,—*wrong* unquestionably, whether you call it Demoniac, Diabolic, or Æsthetic,—against which my entire teaching, from its first syllable to this day, has been straight antagonist. Of this, as I have

said, in my terminal address: the first frame is for to-day enough representation of ordinary English cheap-trade woodcutting in its necessary limitation to ugly subject, and its disrespect for the very quality of the material on which its value depends, elasticity. There is this great difference between the respect for his material proper to a workman in metal or marble, and to one working in clay or wood, that the former has to exhibit the actual beauty of the substance itself, but the latter only its special capacity of answering his purpose. A sculptor in marble is required to show the beauty of marble surface, a sculptor in gold its various lustre, a worker in iron its ductile strength. But the woodcutter has not to exhibit his block, nor the engraver his copper-plate. They have only to use the relative softness and rigidity of those substances to receive and multiply the lines drawn by the human hand; and it is not the least an admirable quality in wood that it is capable of printing a large blot; but an entirely admirable one that by its tough elasticity it can preserve through any number of impressions the distinctness of a well cut line.

134. Not admirable, I say, to print a blot; but to print a pure line unbroken, and an intentionally widened space or spot of darkness, of the exact shape wanted. In my former lectures on Wood Engraving* I did not enough explain this quite separate virtue of the material. Neither in pencil nor pen drawing, neither in engraving nor etching, can a line be widened arbitrarily, or a spot enlarged at ease. The action of the moving point is continuous; you can increase or diminish the line's thickness gradually, but not by starts; you must drive your plough-furrow, or let your pen glide, at a fixed rate of motion; nor can you afterwards give more breadth to the pen line without overcharging the ink, nor by any labour of etching tool dig out a cavity of shadow such as the wood engraver leaves in an instant.

135. Hence, the methods of design which depend on irregularly expressive shapes of black touch, belong to wood exclusively; and the examples placed formerly in your school from Bewick's cuts of speckled plumage, and Burgmaier's heraldry of barred helmets and black eagles, were intended to direct your

* Ariadne Florentina (Ed.).

attention to this especially intellectual manner of work, as opposed to modern scribbling and hatching. But I have now removed these old-fashioned prints, (placing them, however, in always accessible reserve,) because I found they possessed no attraction for inexperienced students, and I think it better to explain the qualities of execution of a similar kind, though otherwise directed, which are to be found in the designs of our living masters,—addressed to existing tastes,—and occupied with familiar scenes.

136. Although I have headed my lecture only with the names of Leech and Tenniel, as being the real founders of 'Punch,' and by far the greatest of its illustrators, both in force of art and range of thought, yet in the precision of the use of his means, and the subtle boldness to which he has educated the interpreters of his design, Mr. Du Maurier is more exemplary than either; and I have therefore had enlarged by photography,—your thanks are due to the brother of Miss Greenaway for the skill with which the proofs have been produced,—for first example of fine woodcutting, the heads of two of Mr. Du Maurier's chief heroines,

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns, and Lady Midas, in the great scene where Mrs. Ponsonby takes on herself the administration of Lady Midas's at home.

You see at once how the effect in both depends on the coagulation and concretion of the black touches into masses relieved only by interspersed sparkling grains of incised light, presenting the realistic and vital portraiture of both ladies with no more labour than would occupy the draughtsman but a few minutes, and the engraver perhaps an hour or two. It is true that the features of the elder of the two friends might be supposed to yield themselves without difficulty to the effect of the irregular and blunt lines which are employed to reproduce them; but it is a matter of no small wonderment to see the delicate profile and softly rounded features of the younger lady suggested by an outline which must have been drawn in the course of a few seconds, and by some eight or ten firmly swept parallel penstrokes right across the cheek.

137. I must ask you especially to note the successful result of this easy method of obtaining an even tint, because it is the

proper, and the inexorably required, method of shade in classic wood-engraving. Recently, very remarkable and admirable efforts have been made by American artists to represent flesh tints with fine textures of crossed white lines and spots. But all such attempts are futile; it is an optical law that transparency in shadows can only be obtained by dark lines with white spaces, not white lines with dark spaces. For what we feel to be transparency in any colour or any atmosphere, consists in the penetration of darkness by a more distant light, not in the subduing of light by a more distant darkness. A snowstorm seen white on a dark sky gives us no idea of transparency, but rain between us and a rainbow does; and so throughout all the expedients of chiaroscuro drawing and painting, transparent effects are produced by laying dark over light, and opaque by laying light over dark. It would be tedious in a lecture to press these technical principles farther; it is enough that I should state the general law, and its practical consequence, that no wood engraver need attempt to copy Correggio or Guido; his business is not with complexions,

but with characters; and his fame is to rest, not on the perfection of his work, but on its propriety.

138. I must in the next place ask you to look at the aphorisms given as an art catechism in the second chapter of the 'Laws of Fesole.' One of the principal of these gives the student, as a test by which to recognize good colour, that *all the white in the picture is precious*, and *all the black, conspicuous;* not by the quantity of it, but the impassable difference between it and all the coloured spaces.

The rule is just as true for woodcutting. In fine examples of it, the black is left for local colour only—for dark dresses, or dark patterns on light ones, dark hair, or dark eyes; it is never left for general gloom, out of which the figures emerge like spectres.

139. When, however, a number of Mr. Du Maurier's compositions are seen together, and compared with the natural simplicity and aerial space of Leech's, they will be felt to depend on this principle too absolutely and undisguisedly; so that the quarterings of black and white in them sometimes look more like

a chess board than a picture. But in minor and careful passages, his method is wholly exemplary, and in the next example I enlarge for you, — Alderman Sir Robert admiring the portraits of the Duchess and the Colonel, —he has not only shown you every principle of woodcutting, but abstracted for you also the laws of beauty, whose definite and every year more emphatic assertion in the pages of 'Punch' is the ruling charm and most legitimate pride of the immortal periodical. Day by day the search for grotesque, ludicrous, or loathsome subject which degraded the caricatures in its original, the 'Charivari,' and renders the dismally comic journals of Italy the mere plagues and cancers of the State, became, in our English satirists, an earnest comparison of the things which were graceful and honourable, with those which were graceless and dishonest, in modern life. Gradually the kind and vivid genius of John Leech, capable in its brightness of finding pretty jest in everything, but capable in its tenderness also of rejoicing in the beauty of everything, softened and illumined with its loving wit the entire scope of English social scene; the graver

power of Tenniel brought a steady tone and law of morality into the licence of political contention; and finally the acute, highly trained, and accurately physiologic observation of Du Maurier traced for us, to its true origin in vice or virtue, every order of expression in the mixed circle of metropolitan rank and wealth: and has done so with a closeness of delineation the like of which has not been seen since Holbein, and deserving the most respectful praise in that, whatever power of satire it may reach by the selection and assemblage of telling points of character, it never degenerates into caricature. Nay, the terrific force of blame which he obtains by collecting, as here in the profile of the Knight-Alderman, features separately faultful into the closest focus, depends on the very fact that they are *not* caricatured.

140. Thus far, the justice of the most careful criticism may gratefully ratify the applause with which the works of these three artists have been received by the British public. Rapidly I must now glance at the conditions of defect which must necessarily occur in art primarily intended to amuse the multitude,

and which can therefore only be for moments serious, and by stealth didactic.

In the first place, you must be clear about 'Punch's' politics. He is a polite Whig, with a sentimental respect for the Crown, and a practical respect for property. He steadily flatters Lord Palmerston, from his heart adores Mr. Gladstone; steadily, but not virulently, caricatures Mr. D'Israeli; violently and virulently castigates assault upon property, in any kind, and holds up for the general ideal of perfection, to be aimed at by all the children of heaven and earth, the British Hunting Squire, the British Colonel, and the British Sailor.

141. Primarily, the British Hunting Squire, with his family. The most beautiful sketch by Leech throughout his career, and, on the whole, in all 'Punch,' I take to be Miss Alice on her father's horse;—her, with three or four more young Dians, I had put in one frame for you, but found they ran each other too hard,—being in each case typical of what 'Punch' thinks every young lady ought to be. He has never fairly asked how far every young lady *can* be like them; nor has he in a single instance

endeavoured to represent the beauty of the poor.

On the contrary, his witness to their degradation, as inevitable in the circumstances of their London life, is constant, and for the most part, contemptuous; nor can I more sternly enforce what I have said at various times on that subject than by placing permanently in your schools the cruelly true design of Du Maurier, representing the London mechanic with his family, when Mr. Todeson is asked to amuse 'the dear creatures' at Lady Clara's garden tea.

142. I show you for comparison with it, today, a little painting of a country girl of our Westmoreland type, which I have given to our Coniston children's school, to show our hill and vale-bred lassies that God will take care of their good looks for them, even though He may have appointed for them the toil of the women of Sarepta and Samaria, in being gatherers of wood and drawers of water.

143. I cannot say how far with didactic purpose, or how far in carelessly inevitable satire, 'Punch' contrasts with the disgrace of street poverty the beauties of the London

drawing-room,—the wives and daughters of the great upper middle class, exalted by the wealth of the capital, and of the larger manufacturing towns.

These are, with few exceptions, represented either as receiving company, or reclining on sofas in extremely elegant morning dresses, and surrounded by charming children, with whom they are usually too idle to play. The children are extremely intelligent, and often exquisitely pretty, yet dependent for great part of their charm on the dressing of their back hair, and the fitting of their boots. As they grow up, their girlish beauty is more and more fixed in an expression of more or less self-satisfied pride and practised apathy. There is no example in 'Punch' of a girl in society whose face expresses humility or enthusiasm—except in mistaken directions and foolish degrees. It is true that only in these mistaken feelings can be found palpable material for jest, and that much of 'Punch's' satire is well intended and just.

144. It seems to have been hitherto impossible, when once the zest of satirical humour is felt, even by so kind and genial a heart as

John Leech's, to restrain it, and to elevate it into the playfulness of praise. In the designs of Richter, of which I have so often spoken, among scenes of domestic beauty and pathos, he continually introduces little pieces of play, —such, for instance, as that of the design of the 'Wide, Wide World,' in which the very young puppy, with its paws on its—relatively as young—master's shoulder, looks out with him over the fence of their cottage garden. And it is surely conceivable that some day the rich power of a true humorist may be given to express more vividly the comic side which exists in many beautiful incidents of daily life, and refuse at last to dwell, even with a smile, on its follies.

145. This, however, must clearly be a condition of future human development, for hitherto the perfect power of seizing comic incidents has always been associated with some liking for ugliness, and some exultation in disaster. The law holds—and holds with no relaxation—even in the instance of so wise and benevolent a man as the Swiss schoolmaster, Topffer, whose death, a few years since, left none to succeed him in perfection of pure

linear caricature. He can do more with fewer lines than any draughtsman known to me, and in several plates of his 'Histoire d'Albert,' has succeeded in entirely representing the tenor of conversation with no more than half the profile and one eye of the speaker.

He generally took a walking tour through Switzerland, with his pupils, in the summer holidays, and illustrated his exquisitely humorous diary of their adventures with pen sketches, which show a capacity of appreciating beautiful landscape as great as his grotesque faculty; but his mind is drawn away from the most sublime scene, in a moment, to the difficulties of the halting-place, or the rascalities of the inn; and his power is never so marvellously exerted as in depicting a group of roguish guides, shameless beggars, or hopeless cretins.

146. Nevertheless, with these and such other materials as our European masters of physiognomy have furnished in portraiture of their nations, I can see my way to the arrangement of a very curious series of illustrations of character, if only I could also see my way to some place wherein to exhibit them.

I said in my opening lecture that I hoped the studies of the figure initiated by Mr. Richmond might be found consistent with the slighter practice in my own schools; and I must say, in passing, that the only real hindrance to this, but at present an insuperable one, is want of room. It is a somewhat characteristic fact, expressive of the tendencies of this age, that Oxford thinks nothing of spending £150,000 for the elevation and ornature, in a style as inherently corrupt as it is un-English, of the rooms for the torture and shame of her scholars, which to all practical purposes might just as well have been inflicted on them in her college halls, or her professors' drawing-rooms; but that the only place where her art-workmen can be taught to draw, is the cellar of her old Taylor buildings, and the only place where her art professor can store the cast of a statue, is his own private office in the gallery above.

147. Pending the now indispensable addition of some rude workroom to the Taylor galleries, in which study of the figure may be carried on under a competent master, I have lent, from the drawings belonging to the St. George's

Guild, such studies of Venetian pictures as may form the taste of the figure-student in general composition, and I have presented to the Ruskin schools twelve principal drawings out of Miss Alexander's Tuscan book, which may be standards of method, in drawing from the life, to students capable of as determined industry. But, no less for the better guidance of the separate figure class in the room which I hope one day to see built, than for immediate help in such irregular figure study as may be possible under present conditions, I find myself grievously in want of such a grammar of the laws of harmony in the human form and face as may be consistent with whatever accurate knowledge of elder races may have been obtained by recent anthropology, and at the same time authoritative in its statement of the effect on human expression, of the various mental states and passions. And it seems to me that by arranging in groups capable of easy comparison, the examples of similar expression given by the masters whose work we have been reviewing, we may advance further such a science of physiognomy as will be morally useful, than by any quantity of

measuring of savage crania: and if, therefore, among the rudimentary series in the art schools you find, before I can get the new explanatory catalogues printed, some more or less systematic groups of heads collected out of 'Punch,' you must not think that I am doing this merely for your amusement, or that such examples are beneath the dignity of academical instruction. My own belief is that the difference between the features of a good and a bad servant, of a churl and a gentleman, is a much more useful and interesting subject of inquiry than the gradations of snub nose or flat forehead which became extinct with the Dodo, or the insertions of muscle and articulations of joint which are common to the flesh of all humanity.

148. Returning to our immediate subject, and considering 'Punch' as the expression of the popular voice, which he virtually is, and even somewhat obsequiously, is it not wonderful that he has never a word to say for the British manufacturer, and that the true citizen of his own city is represented by him only under the types, either of Sir Pompey Bedell or of the more tranquil magnate and potentate, the

bulwark of British constitutional principles and initiator of British private enterprise, Mr. John Smith, whose biography is given with becoming reverence by Miss Ingelow, in the last but one of her 'Stories told to a Child'? And is it not also surely some overruling power in the nature of things, quite other than the desire of his readers, which compels Mr. Punch, when the squire, the colonel, and the admiral are to be at once expressed, together with all that they legislate or fight for, in the symbolic figure of the nation, to represent the incarnate John Bull always as a farmer,—never as a manufacturer or shopkeeper, and to conceive and exhibit him rather as paymaster for the faults of his neighbours, than as watching for opportunity of gain out of their follies?

149. It had been well if either under this accepted, though now antiquated, type, or under the more poetical symbols of Britannia, or the British Lion, 'Punch' had ventured oftener to intimate the exact degree in which the nation was following its ideal; and marked the occasions when Britannia's crest began too fatally to lose its resemblance to Athena's, and liken itself to an ordinary cockscomb, — or

when the British lion had—of course only for a moment, and probably in pecuniary difficulties—dropped his tail between his legs.

150. But the aspects under which either British lion, Gallic eagle, or Russian bear have been regarded by our contemplative serial, are unfortunately dependent on the fact that all his three great designers are, in the most narrow sense, London citizens. I have said that every great man belongs not only to his own city, but to his own village.* The artists of 'Punch' have no village to belong to; for *them*, the street corner is the face of the whole earth, and the two only quarters of the heavenly horizon are the east and west—End. And although Leech's conception of the Distinguished Foreigner, Du Maurier's of the Herr Professor, and Tenniel's of La Liberté, or La France, are all extremely true and delightful, —to the superficial extent of the sketch by Dickens in 'Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings,'—they are, effectively, all seen with Mrs. Lirriper's eyes; they virtually represent of the Continent little more than the upper town of Boulogne; nor has anything yet been done by all the

* Ante, § 65.

wit and all the kindness of these great popular designers to deepen the reliance of any European nation on the good qualities of its neighbours.

151. You no doubt have at the Union the most interesting and beautiful series of the Tenniel cartoons which have been collectively published, with the explanation of their motives. If you begin with No. 38, you will find a consecutive series of ten extremely forcible drawings, casting the utmost obloquy in the power of the designer upon the French Emperor, the Pope, and the Italian clergy, and alike discourteous to the head of the nation which had fought side by side with us at Inkerman, and impious in its representation of the Catholic power to which Italy owed, and still owes, whatever has made her glorious among the nations of Christendom, or happy among the families of the earth.

Among them you will find other two, representing our wars with China, and the triumph of our missionary manner of compelling free trade at the point of the bayonet: while, for the close and consummation of the series, you will see the genius and valour of your

country figuratively summed in the tableau, subscribed,—

'John Bull defends his pudding.'

Is this indeed then the final myth of English heroism, into which King Arthur, and St. George, and Britannia, and the British Lion are all collated, concluded, and perfected by Evolution, in the literal words of Carlyle, 'like four whale cubs combined by boiling'? Do you wish your Queen in future to style herself Placentæ, instead of Fidei Defensor? and is it to your pride, to your hope, or even to your pleasure, that this once sacred as well as sceptred island of yours, in whose second capital city Constantine was crowned;—to whose shores St. Augustine and St. Columba brought benediction;—who gave her Lion-hearts to the Tombs of the East,—her Pilgrim Fathers to the Cradle of the West;—who has wrapped the sea round her for her mantle, and breathes with her strong bosom the air of every sign in heaven;—is it to your good pleasure that the Hero-children born to her in these latter days should write no loftier legend on their shields than 'John Bull defends his pudding'?

152. I chanced only the other day on a minor, yet, to my own mind, very frightful proof of the extent to which this caitiff symbol is fastening itself in the popular mind. I was in search of some extremely pastoral musical instrument, whereby to regulate the songs of our Coniston village children, without the requirement of peculiar skill either in master or monitor. But the only means of melody offered to me by the trade of the neighbourhood was this so-called 'harmonicon,'—purchaseable, according to your present notions, cheaply, for a shilling; and with this piece of cheerful mythology on its lid gratis, wherein you see what 'Gradus ad Parnassum' we prepare for the rustic mind, and that the virtue and the jollity of England are vested only in the money-bag in each hand of him. I shall place this harmonicon lid in your schools, among my examples of what we call liberal education,—and, with it, what instances I can find of the way Florence, Siena, or Venice taught their people to regard themselves.

153. For, indeed, in many a past year, it has every now and then been a subject of recurring thought to me, what such a genius as that

of Tenniel would have done for us, had we asked the best of it, and had the feeling of the nation respecting the arts, as a record of its honour, been like that of the Italians in their proud days. To some extent, the memory of our bravest war has been preserved for us by the pathetic force of Mrs. Butler; but her conceptions are realistic only, and rather of thrilling episodes than of great military principle and thought. On the contrary, Tenniel has much of the largeness and symbolic mystery of imagination which belong to the great leaders of classic art: in the shadowy masses and sweeping lines of his great compositions, there are tendencies which might have won his adoption into the school of Tintoret; and his scorn of whatever seems to him dishonest or contemptible in religion, would have translated itself into awe in the presence of its vital power.

I gave you, when first I came to Oxford, Tintoret's picture of the Doge Mocenigo, with his divine spiritual attendants, in the cortile of St. Mark's. It is surely our own fault, more than Mr. Tenniel's, if the best portraits he can give us of the heads of our English

government should be rather on the occasion of their dinner at Greenwich than their devotion at St. Paul's.

154. My time has been too long spent in carping;—but yet the faults which I have pointed out were such as could scarcely occur to you without some such indication, and which gravely need your observance, and, as far as you are accountable for them, your repentance. I can best briefly, in conclusion, define what I would fain have illustrated at length, the charm, in this art of the Fireside, which you tacitly feel, and have every rational ground to rejoice in. With whatever restriction you should receive the flattery, and with whatever caution the guidance, of these great illustrators of your daily life, this at least you may thankfully recognize in the sum of their work, that it contains the evidence of a prevalent and crescent beauty and energy in the youth of our day, which may justify the most discontented 'laudator temporis acti' in leaving the future happily in their hands. The witness of ancient art points often to a general and equal symmetry of body and mind in well trained races; but at no period,

so far as I am able to gather by the most careful comparison of existing portraiture, has there ever been a loveliness so variably refined, so modestly and kindly virtuous, so innocently fantastic, and so daintily pure, as the present girl-beauty of our British Islands: and whatever, for men now entering on the main battle of life, may be the confused temptations or inevitable errors of a period of moral doubt and social change, my own experience of help already received from the younger members of this University, is enough to assure me that there has been no time, in all the pride of the past, when their country might more serenely trust in the glory of her youth;—when her prosperity was more secure in their genius, or her honour in their hearts.

LECTURE VI

THE HILL-SIDE

GEORGE ROBSON AND COPLEY FIELDING

Delivered 17th and 21st November 1883

155. IN the five preceding lectures given this year, I have endeavoured to generalize the most noteworthy facts respecting the religious, legendary, classic, and, in two kinds, domestic, art of England. There remains yet to be defined one, far-away, and, in a manner, outcast, school, which belongs as yet wholly to the present century; and which, if we were to trust to appearances, would exclusively and for ever belong to it, neither having been known before our time, nor surviving afterwards,—the art of landscape.

Not known before,—except as a trick, or a pastime; not surviving afterwards, because we seem straight on the way to pass our lives in cities twenty miles wide, and to travel from

each of them to the next, underground: outcast now, even while it retains some vague hold on old-fashioned people's minds, since the best existing examples of it are placed by the authorities of the National Gallery in a cellar lighted by only two windows, and those at the bottom of a well, blocked by four dead brick walls fifty feet high.

156. Notwithstanding these discouragements, I am still minded to carry out the design in which the so-called Ruskin schools were founded, that of arranging in them a code of elementary practice, which should secure the skill of the student in the department of landscape before he entered on the branches of art requiring higher genius. Nay, I am more than ever minded to fulfil my former purpose now, in the exact degree in which I see the advantages of such a method denied or refused in other academies; and the beauty of natural scenery increasingly in danger of destruction by the gross interests and disquieting pleasures of the citizen. For indeed, as I before stated to you, when first I undertook the duties of this professorship, my own personal liking for landscape made me extremely guarded in

recommending its study. I only gave three lectures on landscape in six years, and I never published them; my hope and endeavour was to connect the study of Nature for you with that of History; to make you interested in Greek legend as well as in Greek lakes and limestone; to acquaint you with the relations of northern hills and rivers to the schools of Christian Theology; and of Renaissance town-life to the rage of its infidelity. But I have done enough,—and more than enough,—according to my time of life, in these directions; and now, justified, I trust, in your judgment, from the charge of weak concession to my own predilections, I shall arrange the exercises required consistently from my drawing-classes, with quite primary reference to landscape art; and teach the early philosophy of beauty, under laws liable to no dispute by human passion, but secure in the grace of Earth, and light of Heaven.

157. And I wish in the present lecture to define to you the nature and meaning of landscape-art, as it arose in England eighty years ago, without reference to the great master whose works have been the principal subject of my

own enthusiasm. I have always stated distinctly that the genius of Turner was exceptional, both in its kind and in its height: and although his elementary modes of work are beyond dispute authoritative, and the best that can be given for example and exercise, the general tenor of his design is entirely beyond the acceptance of common knowledge, and even of safe sympathy. For in his extreme sadness, and in the morbid tones of mind out of which it arose, he is one with Byron and Goethe; and is no more to be held representative of general English landscape art than Childe Harold or Faust are exponents of the total love of Nature expressed in English or German literature. To take a single illustrative instance, there is no foreground of Turner's in which you can find a flower.

158. In some respects, indeed, the vast strength of this unfollowable Eremite of a master was crushing, instead of edifying, to the English schools. All the true and strong men who were his contemporaries shrank from the slightest attempt at rivalry with him on his own lines;—and his own lines were cast far. But for him, Stanfield might have sometimes painted

an Alpine valley, or a Biscay storm; but the moment there was any question of rendering magnitude, or terror, every effort became puny beside Turner, and Stanfield meekly resigned himself to potter all his life round the Isle of Wight, and paint the Needles on one side, and squalls off Cowes on the other. In like manner, Copley Fielding in his young days painted vigorously in oil, and showed promise of attaining considerable dignity in classic composition; but the moment Turner's Garden of Hesperides and Building of Carthage appeared in the Academy, there was an end to ambition in that direction; and thenceforth Fielding settled down to his quiet presidency of the old Water-colour Society, and painted, in unassuming replicas, his passing showers in the Highlands, and sheep on the South Downs.

159. Which are, indeed, for most of us, much more appropriate objects of contemplation; and the old water-colour room at that time, adorned yearly with the complete year's labour of Fielding, Robson, De Wint, Barrett, Prout, and William Hunt, presented an aggregate of unaffected pleasantness and truth, the like of which, if you could now see, after a morning

spent among the enormities of luscious and exotic art which frown or glare along your miles of exhibition wall, would really be felt by you to possess the charm of a bouquet of bluebells and cowslips, amidst a prize show of cactus and orchid from the hothouses of Kew.

The root of this delightfulness was an extremely rare sincerity in the personal pleasure which all these men took, not in their own pictures, but in the *subjects* of them—a form of enthusiasm which, while it was as simple, was also as romantic, in the best sense, as the sentiment of a young girl: and whose nature I can the better both define and certify to you, because it was the impulse to which I owed the best force of my own life, and in sympathy with which I have done or said whatever of saying or doing in it has been useful to others.

160. When I spoke, in this year's first lecture, of Rossetti, as the chief intellectual force in the establishment of the modern Romantic School; and again in the second lecture promised, at the end of our course, the collection of the evidence of Romantic passion in all our good

English art, you will find it explained at the same time that I do not use the word Romantic as opposed to Classic, but as opposed to the prosaic characters of selfishness and stupidity, in all times, and among all nations. I do not think of King Arthur as opposed to Theseus, or to Valerius, but to Alderman Sir Robert, and Mr. John Smith. And therefore I opposed the child-like love of beautiful things, in even the least of our English Modern Painters, from the first page of the book I wrote about them to the last,—in Greek Art, to what seemed to me then (and in a certain sense is demonstrably to me now) too selfish or too formal, —and in Teutonic Art, to what was cold in a far worse sense, either by boorish dulness or educated affectation.

161. I think the two best central types of Non-Romance, of the power of Absolute Vulgarity in selfishness, as distinguished from the eternal dignity of Reverence and Love, are stamped for you on the two most finished issues of your English currency in the portraits of Henry the Eighth and Charles the Second. There is no interfering element in the vulgarity of them, no pardon to be sought

in their poverty, ignorance, or weakness. Both are men of strong powers of mind, and both well informed in all particulars of human knowledge possible to them. But in the one you see the destroyer, according to his power, of English religion; and, in the other, the destroyer, according to his power, of English morality: culminating types to you of whatever in the spirit, or dis-spirit, of succeeding ages, robs God, or dishonours man.

162. I named to you, as an example of the unromantic art which was assailed by the pre-Raphaelites, Vandyke's sketch of the 'Miraculous Draught of Fishes.' Very near it, in the National Gallery, hangs another piscatory subject,* by Teniers, which I will ask you carefully also to examine as a perfect type of the Unromantic Art which was assailed by the gentle enthusiasm of the English School of Landscape. It represents a few ordinary Dutch houses, an ordinary Dutch steeple or two,—some still more ordinary Dutch trees,—

* No. 817, 'Teniers' Château at Perck.' The expressions touching the want of light in it are a little violent, being strictly accurate only of such pictures of the Dutch school as Vanderneer's 'Evening Landscape,' 152, and 'Canal Scene,' 732.

and most ordinary Dutch clouds, assembled in contemplation of an ordinary Dutch duck-pond; or, perhaps, in respect of its size, we may more courteously call it a goose-pond. All these objects are painted either grey or brown, and the atmosphere is of the kind which looks not merely as if the sun had disappeared for the day, but as if he had gone out altogether, and left a stable lantern instead. The total effect having appeared, even to the painter's own mind, at last little exhilatory, he has enlivened it by three figures on the brink of the goose-pond,—two gentlemen and a lady,—standing all three perfectly upright, side by side, in court dress, the gentlemen with expansive boots, and all with conical hats and high feathers. In order to invest these characters with dramatic interest, a rustic fisherman presents to them as a tribute,—or, perhaps, exhibits as a natural curiosity, a large fish, just elicited from the goose-pond by his adventurous companions, who have waded into the middle of it, every one of them, with singular exactitude, up to the calf of his leg. The principles of National Gallery arrangement of course put this picture on the line,

while Tintoret * and Gainsborough are hung out of sight; but in this instance I hold myself fortunate in being able to refer you to an example, so conveniently examinable, of the utmost stoop and densest level of human stupidity yet fallen to by any art in which some degree of manual dexterity is essential.

163. This crisis of degradation, you will observe, takes place at the historical moment when by the concurrent power of avaricious trade on one side, and unrestrained luxury on the other, the idea of any but an earthly interest, and any but proud or carnal pleasures, had been virtually effaced throughout Europe; and men, by their resolute self-seeking, had literally at last ostracised the Spiritual Sun from Heaven, and lived by little more than the *snuff* of the wick of their own mental stable lantern.

164. The forms of romantic art hitherto described in this course of lectures, were all distinctly reactionary against the stupor of this Stygian pool, brooded over by Batavian fog. But the first signs of re-awakening in the

* The large new Tintoret wholly so, and the largest Gainsborough, the best in England known to me, used merely for wall furniture at the top of the room.

vital power of imagination were, long before, seen in landscape art. Not the utmost strength of the great figure painters could break through the bonds of the flesh. Reynolds vainly tried to substitute the age of Innocence for the experience of Religion—the true genius at his side remained always Cupid unbinding the girdle of Venus. Gainsborough knew no goddesses other than Mrs. Graham or Mrs. Siddons; Vandyke and Rubens, than the beauties of the court, or the graces of its corpulent Mythology. But at last there arose, and arose inevitably, a feeling that, if not any more in Heaven, at least in the solitary places of the earth, there was a pleasure to be found based neither on pride nor sensuality.

165. Among the least attractive of the mingled examples in your school-alcove, you will find a quiet pencil-drawing of a sunset at Rome, seen from beneath a deserted arch, whether of Triumph or of Peace. Its modest art-skill is restricted almost exclusively to the expression of warm light in the low harmony of evening; but it differs wholly from the learned compositions and skilled artifices of former painting by its purity of unaffected pleasure and rest

in the little that is given. Here, at last, we feel, is an honest Englishman, who has got away out of all the Camere, and the Loggie, and the Stanze, and the schools, and the Disputas, and the Incendios, and the Battaglias, and busts of this god, and torsos of that, and the chatter of the studio, and the rush of the corso;—and has laid himself down, with his own poor eyes and heart, and the sun casting its light between ruins, —possessor, he, of so much of the evidently blessed peace of things,—he, and the poor lizard in the cranny of the stones beside him.

166. I believe that with the name of Richard Wilson, the history of sincere landscape art, founded on a meditative love of Nature, begins for England: and, I may add, for Europe, without any wide extension of claim; for the only continental landscape work of any sterling merit with which I am acquainted, consists in the old-fashioned drawings, made fifty years ago to meet the demand of the first influx of British travellers into Switzerland after the fall of Napoleon.

With Richard Wilson, at all events, our

own true and modest schools began, an especial direction being presently given to them in the rendering effects of aerial perspective by the skill in water-colour of Girtin and Cousins. The drawings of these two masters, recently bequeathed to the British Museum, and I hope soon to be placed in a well-lighted gallery, contain quite insuperable examples of skill in the management of clear tints, and of the meditative charm consisting in the quiet and unaffected treatment of literally true scenes.

But the impulse to which the new school owed the discovery of its power in *colour* was owing, I believe, to the poetry of Scott and Byron. Both by their vivid passion and accurate description, the painters of their day were taught the true value of natural colour, while the love of mountains, common to both poets, forced their illustrators into reverent pilgrimage to scenes which till then had been thought too desolate for the spectator's interest, or too difficult for the painter's skill.

167. I have endeavoured, in the 92nd number of 'Fors Clavigera,' to give some analysis of the main character of the scenery by which Scott was inspired; but, in endeavouring to

mark with distinctness enough the dependence of all its sentiment on the beauty of its rivers, I have not enough referred to the collateral charm, in a borderer's mind, of the very mists and rain that feed them. In the climates of Greece and Italy, the monotonous sunshine, burning away the deep colours of everything into white and grey, and wasting the strongest mountain-streams into threads among their shingle, alternates with the blue-fiery thunder-cloud, with sheets of flooding rain, and volleying musquetry of hail. But throughout all the wild uplands of the former Saxon kingdom of Northumbria, from Edwin's crag to Hilda's cliff, the wreaths of softly resting mist, and wandering to and fro of capricious shadows of clouds, and drooping swathes, or flying fringes, of the benignant western rain, cherish, on every moorland summit, the deep-fibred moss,—embalm the myrtle,—gild the asphodel, —enchant along the valleys the wild grace of their woods, and the green elf land of their meadows; and passing away, or melting into the translucent calm of mountain air, leave to the open sunshine a world with every creature ready to rejoice in its comfort, and

every rock and flower reflecting new loveliness to its light.

168. Perhaps among the confusedly miscellaneous examples of ancient and modern, tropic or arctic art, with which I have filled the niches of your schools, one, hitherto of the least noticeable or serviceable to you, has been the dark Copley Fielding drawing above the fireplace;—nor am I afraid of trusting your kindness with the confession, that it is placed there more in memory of my old master, than in the hope of its proving of any lively interest or use to you. But it is now some fifty years since it was brought in triumph to Herne Hill, being the first picture my father ever bought, and in so far the foundation of the subsequent collection, some part of which has been permitted to become permanently national at Cambridge and Oxford. The pleasure which that single drawing gave on the morning of its installation in our home was greater than to the purchaser accustomed to these times of limitless demand and supply would be credible, or even conceivable;—and our back parlour for that day was as full of surprise and gratulation as ever Cimabue's joyful Borgo.

The drawing represents, as you will probably—not—remember, only a gleam of sunshine on a peaty moor, bringing out the tartan plaids of two Highland drovers, and relieved against the dark grey of a range of quite featureless and nameless distant mountains, seen through a soft curtain of rapidly drifting rain.

169. Some little time after we had acquired this unobtrusive treasure, one of my fellow students,—it was in my undergraduate days at Christ Church—came to Herne Hill to see what the picture might be which had afforded me so great ravishment. He had himself, as afterwards Kinglake and Curzon, been urged far by the thirst of oriental travel;—the chequer of plaid and bonnet had for him but feeble interest after having worn turban and capote; and the grey of Scottish hill-side still less, to one who had climbed Olympus and Abarim. After gazing blankly for a minute or two at the cheerless district through which lay the drover's journey, he turned to me and said, "But, Ruskin, what is the use of painting such very bad weather?" And I had no answer, except that, for Copley Fielding and

for me, there was no such thing as bad weather, but only different kinds of pleasant weather—some indeed inferring the exercise of a little courage and patience; but all, in every hour of it, exactly what was fittest and best, whether for the hills, the cattle, the drovers—or my master and me.

170. Be the case as it might,—and admitting that in a certain sense the weather *might* be bad in the eyes of a Greek or a Saracen,—there was no question that to us it was not only pleasant, but picturesque; and that we set ourselves to the painting of it, with as sincere desire to represent the—to our minds—beautiful aspect of a mountain shower, as ever Titian a blue sky, or Angelico a golden sphere of Paradise. Nay, in some sort, with a more perfect delight in the thing itself, and less colouring of by our own thoughts or inventions. For that matter, neither Fielding, nor Robson, nor David Cox, nor Peter de Wint, nor any of this school, ever had much thought or invention to disturb them. They were, themselves, a kind of contemplative cattle, and flock of the field, who merely liked being out of doors, and brought as much painted fresh

air as they could, back into the house with them.

171. Neither must you think that this painting of fresh air is an entirely easy or soon managed business. You may paint a modern French emotional landscape with a pail of whitewash and a pot of gas-tar in ten minutes, at the outside. I don't know how long the operator himself takes to it—of course some little more time must be occupied in plastering on the oil-paint so that it will stick, and not run; but the skill of a good plasterer is really all that is required,—the rather that in the modern idea of solemn symmetry you always make the bottom of your picture, as much as you can, like the top. You put seven or eight streaks of the plaster for your sky, to begin with; then you put in a row of bushes with the gas-tar, then you rub the ends of them into the same shapes upside down—you put three or four more streaks of white, to intimate the presence of a pool of water—and if you finish off with a log that looks something like a dead body, your picture will have the credit of being a digest of a whole novel of Gaboriau, and lead the talk of the season.

172. Far other was the kind of labour required of even the least disciple of the old English water-colour school. In the first place, the skill of laying a perfectly even and smooth tint with absolute precision of complex outline was attained to a degree which no amateur draughtsman can have the least conception of. Water-colour, under the ordinary sketcher's mismanagement, drops and dries pretty nearly to its own fancy,—slops over every outline, clots in every shade, seams itself with undesirable edges, speckles itself with inexplicable grit, and is never supposed capable of representing anything it is meant for, till most of it has been washed out. But the great primary masters of the trade could lay, with unerring precision of tone and equality of depth, the absolute tint they wanted without a flaw or a retouch; and there is perhaps no greater marvel of artistic practice and finely accurate intention existing, in a simple kind, greater than the study of a Yorkshire waterfall, by Girtin, now in the British Museum, in which every sparkle, ripple, and current is left in frank light by the steady pencil which is at the same instant, and with the same

touch, drawing the forms of the dark congeries of channelled rocks, while around them it disperses the glitter of their spray.

173. Then further, on such basis of well-laid primary tint, the old water-colour men were wont to obtain their effects of atmosphere by the most delicate washes of transparent colour, reaching subtleties of gradation in misty light, which were wholly unthought of before their time. In this kind the depth of far-distant brightness, freshness, and mystery of morning air with which Copley Fielding used to invest the ridges of the South Downs, as they rose out of the blue Sussex champaign, remains, and I believe must remain, insuperable, while his sense of beauty in the cloud-forms associated with higher mountains, enabled him to invest the comparatively modest scenery of our own island,—out of which he never travelled,—with a charm seldom attained by the most ambitious painters of Alp or Apennine.

174. I vainly tried in writing the last volume of 'Modern Painters' to explain, even to myself, the cause or nature of the pure love of mountains which in boyhood was the ruling passion

of my life, and which is demonstrably the first motive of inspiration with Scott, Wordsworth, and Byron. The more I analyzed, the less I could either understand, or justify, the mysterious pleasure we all of us, great or small, had in the land's being up and down instead of level; and the less I felt able to deny the claim of prosaic and ignobly-minded persons to be allowed to like it level, instead of up and down. In the end I found there was nothing for it but simply to assure those recusant and grovelling persons that they were perfectly wrong, and that nothing could be expected, either in art or literature, from people who liked to live among snipes and widgeons.

175. Assuming it, therefore, for a moral axiom that the love of mountains was a heavenly gift, and the beginning of wisdom, it may be imagined, if we endured for their sakes any number of rainy days with philosophy, with what rapture the old painters were wont to hail the reappearance of their idols, with all their cataracts refreshed, and all their copse and crags respangled, flaming in the forehead of the morning sky. Very certainly and

seriously there are no such emotions to be had out of the hedged field or ditched fen; and I have often charitably paused in my insistances in 'Fors Clavigera' that our squires should live from year's end to year's end on their own estates, when I reflected how many of their acres lay in Leicestershire and Lincolnshire, or even on duller levels, where there was neither good hunting nor duck-shooting.

176. I am only able to show you two drawings in illustration of these sentiments of the mountain school, and one of those is only a copy of a Robson, but one quite good enough to represent his manner of work and tone of feeling. He died young, and there may perhaps be some likeness to the gentle depth of sadness in Keats, traceable in his refusal to paint any of the leaping streams or bright kindling heaths of Scotland, while he dwells with a monotony of affection on the clear repose of the northern twilight, and on the gathering of the shadow in the mountain gorges, till all their forms were folded in one kingly shroud of purple death. But over these hours and colours of the scene his governance was all but complete; and even in this unimportant

and imperfectly rendered example, the warmth of the departing sunlight, and the depth of soft air in the recesses of the glen, are given with harmony more true and more pathetic than you will find in any recent work of even the most accomplished masters.

177. But of the loving labour, and severely disciplined observation, which prepared him for the expression of this feeling for chiaro-scuro, you can only judge by examining at leisure his outlines of Scottish scenery, a work of whose existence I had no knowledge, until the kindness of Mrs. Inge advised me of it, and further, procured for me the loan of the copy of it laid on the table; which you will find has marks placed in it at the views of Byron's Lachin-y-Gair, of Scott's Ben Venue, and of all Scotsmen's Ben Lomond,—plates which you may take for leading types of the most careful delineation ever given to mountain scenery, for the love of it, pure and simple.

178. The last subject has a very special interest to *me*; and—if you knew all I could tell you, did time serve, of the associations connected with it—would be seen gratefully by

you also. In the text descriptive of it, (and the text of this book is quite exceptionally sensible and useful, for a work of the sort), Mr. Robson acknowledges his obligation for the knowledge of this rarely discovered view of Ben Lomond, to Sir Thomas Acland, the father of our own Dr. Henry Acland, the strength of whose whole life hitherto has been passed in the eager and unselfish service of the University of Oxford. His father was, of all amateur artists I ever knew, the best draughtsman of mountains, not with spasmodic force, or lightly indicated feeling, but with firm, exhaustive, and unerring delineation of their crystalline and geologic form. From him the faith in the beauty and truth of natural science in connection with art was learned happily by his physician-son, by whom, almost unaided, the first battles were fought—and fought hard—before any of you eager young physicists were born, in the then despised causes of natural science and industrial art. That cause was in the end sure of victory, but here in Oxford its triumph would have been long deferred, had it not been for the energy and steady devotion of Dr. Acland.

Without him—little as you may think it—the great galleries and laboratories of this building, in which you pursue your physical-science studies so advantageously, and so forgetfully of their first advocate, would not yet have been in existence. Nor, after their erection, (if indeed in this there be any cause for your thanks,) would an expositor of the laws of landscape beauty have had the privilege of addressing you under their roof.

179. I am indebted also to one of my Oxford friends, Miss Symonds, for the privilege of showing you, with entire satisfaction, a perfectly good and characteristic drawing by Copley Fielding, of Cader Idris, seen down the vale of Dolgelly; in which he has expressed with his utmost skill the joy of his heart in the aerial mountain light, and the iridescent wildness of the mountain foreground; nor could you see enforced with any sweeter emphasis the truth on which Mr. Morris dwelt so earnestly in his recent address to you—that the excellence of the work is, cæteris paribus, in proportion to the joy of the workman.

180. There is a singular character in the colouring of Fielding, as he uses it to express

the richness of beautiful vegetation; he makes the sprays of it look partly as if they were strewn with jewels. He is of course not absolutely right in this; to some extent it is a conventional exaggeration—and yet it has a basis of truth which excuses, if it does not justify, this expression of his pleasure; for no colour can possibly represent vividly enough the charm of radiance which you can see by looking closely at dew-sprinkled leaves and flowers.

181. You must ask Professor Clifton to explain to you why it is that a drop of water, while it subdues the hue of a green leaf or blue flower into a soft grey, and shows itself therefore on the grass or the dock-leaf as a lustrous dimness, enhances the force of all warm colours, so that you never can see what the colour of a carnation or a wild rose really is till you get the dew on it. The effect is, of course, only generalized at the distance of a paintable foreground; but it is always in reality part of the emotion of the scene, and justifiably sought in any possible similitude by the means at our disposal.

182. It is with still greater interest and

reverence to be noted as a physical truth that in states of joyful and healthy excitement the eye becomes more highly sensitive to the beauty of colour, and especially to the blue and red rays, while in depression and disease all colour becomes dim to us, and the yellow rays prevail over the rest, even to the extremity of jaundice. But while I direct your attention to these deeply interesting conditions of sight, common to the young and old, I must warn you of the total and most mischievous fallacy of the statements put forward a few years ago by a foreign oculist, respecting the changes of sight in old age. I neither know, nor care, what states of senile disease exist when the organ has been misused or disused; but in all cases of disciplined and healthy sight, the sense of colour and form is absolutely one and the same from childhood to death.

183. When I was a boy of twelve years old, I saw nature with Turner's eyes, he being then sixty; and I should never have asked permission to resume the guidance of your schools, unless now, at sixty-four, I saw the same hues in heaven and earth as when I walked a child by my mother's side.

Neither may you suppose that between Turner's eyes, and yours, there is any difference respecting which it may be disputed whether of the two is right. The sight of a great painter is as authoritative as the lens of a camera lucida; he perceives the form which a photograph will ratify; he is sensitive to the violet or to the golden ray to the last precision and gradation of the chemist's defining light and intervaled line. But the veracity, as the joy, of this sensation,—and the one involves the other,—are dependent, as I have said, first on vigour of health, and secondly on the steady looking for and acceptance of the truth of nature as *she* gives it you, and not as you like to have it—to inflate your own pride, or satisfy your own passion. If pursued in that insolence, or in that concupiscence, the phenomena of all the universe become first gloomy, and then spectral; the sunset becomes demoniac fire to you, and the clouds of heaven as the smoke of Acheron.

184. If there is one part more than another which in my early writing deservedly obtained audience and acceptance, it was that in which I endeavoured to direct the thoughts of my

readers to the colours of the sky, and to the forms of its clouds. But it has been my fate to live and work in direct antagonism to the instincts, and yet more to the interests, of the age; since I wrote that chapter on the pure traceries of the vault of morning, the fury of useless traffic has shut the sight, whether of morning or evening, from more than the third part of England; and the foulness of sensual fantasy has infected the bright beneficence of the life-giving sky with the dull horrors of disease, and the feeble falsehoods of insanity. In the book * professing to initiate a child in the elements of natural science, of which I showed you the average character of illustration at my last lecture, there is one chapter especially given to aerial phenomena—wherein the cumulus cloud is asserted to occur "either under the form of a globe or a half globe," and in such shape to present the most exciting field for the action of imagination. What the French artistic imagination is supposed to produce, under the influence of this excitement, we find represented by a woodcut, of which Mr. Macdonald has reproduced for

* Ante, § 132.

you the most sublime portion. May I, for a minute or two, delay, and prepare you for, its enjoyment by reading the lines in which Wordsworth describes the impression made on a cultivated and pure-hearted spectator, by the sudden opening of the sky after storm ?—

"A single step, that freed me from the skirts
Of the blind vapour, opened to my view
Glory beyond all glory ever seen
By waking sense or by the dreaming soul !
The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty city—boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a boundless depth,
Far-sinking into splendour—without end !
Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
With alabaster domes, and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted ; here, serene pavilions bright,
In avenues disposed ; there, towers begirt
With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars—illumination of all gems !
By earthly nature had the effect been wrought
Upon the dark materials of the storm
Now pacified ; on them, and on the coves
And mountain-steeps and summits, whereunto
The vapours had receded, taking there
Their station under a cerulean sky."

185. I do not mean wholly to ratify this Wordsworthian statement of Arcana Cœlestia,

since, as far as I know clouds myself, they look always like clouds, and are no more walled like castles than backed like weasels. And farther, observe that no great poet ever tells you that he saw something finer than anybody ever saw before. Great poets try to describe what all men see, and to express what all men feel; if they cannot describe it, they let it alone; and what they say, say 'boldly' always, without advising their readers of that fact.

186. Nevertheless, though extremely feeble poetry, this piece of bold Wordsworth is at least a sincere effort to describe what was in truth to the writer a most rapturous vision,—with which we may now compare to our edification the sort of object which the same sort of cloud suggests to the modern French imagination.

It would be surely superfluous to tell you that this representation of cloud is as false as it is monstrous; but the point which I wish principally to enforce on your attention is that all this loathsome and lying defacement of book pages, which looks as if it would end in representing humanity only in its skeleton, and nature only in her ashes, is all of it

founded first on the desire to make the volume saleable at small cost, and attractive to the greatest number, on whatever terms of attraction.

187. The significant change which Mr. Morris made in the title of his recent lecture, from Art and *Democracy*, to Art and *Plutocracy*, strikes at the root of the whole matter; and with wider sweep of blow than he permitted himself to give his words. The changes which he so deeply deplored, and so grandly resented, in this once loveliest city, are due wholly to the deadly fact that her power is now dependent on the Plutocracy of Knowledge, instead of its Divinity. There are indeed many splendid conditions in the new impulses with which we are agitated,—or it may be inspired: but against one of them, I must warn you, in all affection and in all duty.

188. So far as you come to Oxford in order to get your living out of her, you are ruining both Oxford and yourselves. There never has been, there never can be, any other law respecting the wisdom that is from above, than this one precept,—"Buy the Truth, and sell it not." It is to be costly to you—of labour

and patience; and you are never to sell it, but to guard, and to give.

Much of the enlargement, though none of the defacement, of old Oxford is owing to the real life and the honest seeking of extended knowledge. But more is owing to the supposed money value of that knowledge; and exactly so far forth, her enlargement is purely injurious to the University and to her scholars.

189. In the department of her teaching, therefore, which is entrusted to my care, I wish it at once to be known that I will entertain no question of the saleability of this or that manner of art; and that I shall steadily discourage the attendance of students who propose to make their skill a source of income. Not that the true labourer is unworthy of his hire, but that, above all in the beginning and first choice of industry, his heart must not be the heart of an hireling.

You may, and with some measure of truth, ascribe this determination in me to the sense of my own weakness and want of properly so-called artistic gift. That is indeed so: there are hundreds of men better qualified than I to teach practical technique: and,

in their studios, all persons desiring to be artists should place themselves. But I never would have come to Oxford, either before or now, unless in the conviction that I was able to direct her students precisely in that degree and method of application to art which was most consistent with the general and perpetual functions of the University.

190. Now, therefore, to prevent much future disappointment and loss of time both to you and to myself, let me forewarn you that I will not assist out of the schools, nor allow in them, modes of practice taken up at each student's fancy.

In the classes, the modes of study will be entirely fixed; and at your homes I cannot help you, unless you work in accordance with the class rules,—which rules, however, if you do follow, you will soon be able to judge and feel for yourselves, whether you are doing right and getting on, or otherwise. This I tell you with entire confidence, because the illustrations and examples of the modes of practice in question, which I have been showing you in the course of these lectures, have been furnished to me by young people

like yourselves; like, in all things, except only,—so far as they are to be excepted at all,—in the perfect repose of mind, which has been founded on a simply believed, and unconditionally obeyed, religion.

191. On the *repose* of mind, I say; and there is a singular physical truth illustrative of that spiritual life and peace which I must yet detain you by indicating in the subject of our study to-day. You see how this foulness of false imagination represents, in every line, the clouds not only as monstrous,—but *tumultuous*. Now all lovely clouds, remember, are *quiet* clouds,—not merely quiet in appearance, because of their greater height and distance, but quiet actually, fixed for hours, it may be, in the same form and place. I have seen a fair-weather cloud high over Coniston Old Man,—not *on* the hill, observe, but a vertical mile above it,—stand motionless,—changeless,—for twelve hours together. From four o'clock in the afternoon of one day I watched it through the night by the north twilight, till the dawn struck it with full crimson, at four of the following July morning. What is glorious and good in the

heavenly cloud, you can, if you will, bring also into your lives,—which are indeed like it, in their vanishing, but how much more in their *not* vanishing, till the morning take them to itself. As this ghastly phantasy of death is to the mighty clouds of which it is written, 'The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels,' are the fates to which your passion may condemn you,—or your resolution raise. You may drift with the phrenzy of the whirlwind,—or be fastened for your part in the pacified effulgence of the sky. Will you not let your lives be lifted up, in fruitful rain for the earth, in scatheless snow to the sunshine,—so blessing the years to come, when the surest knowledge of England shall be of the will of her heavenly Father, and the purest art of England be the inheritance of her simplest children?

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

192. THE foregoing lectures were written, among other reasons, with the leading object of giving some permanently rational balance between the rhapsodies of praise and blame which idly occupied the sheets of various magazines last year on the occasion of the general exhibition of Rossetti's works; and carrying forward the same temperate estimate of essential value in the cases of other artists —or artistes—of real, though more or less restricted, powers, whose works were immediately interesting to the British public, I have given this balance chiefly in the form of qualified, though not *faint*, praise, which is the real function of just criticism; for the multitude can always see the faults of good work, but never, unaided, its virtues: on the contrary, it is equally quick-sighted to the vulgar merits of bad work, but no tuition

will enable it to condemn the vices with which it has a natural sympathy; and, in general, the blame of them is wasted on its deaf ears.

When the course was completed, I found that my audiences had been pleased by the advisedly courteous tone of comment to which I had restricted myself: and I received not a few congratulations on the supposed improvement of my temper and manners, under the stress of age and experience. The tenor of this terminal lecture may perhaps modify the opinion of my friends in these respects; but the observations it contains are entirely necessary in order to complete the serviceableness, such as it may be, of all the preceding statements.

193. In the first place, may I ask the reader to consider with himself why British painters, great or small, are never right *altogether?* Why their work is always, somehow, flawed, —never in any case, or even in any single picture, thorough? Is it not a strange thing, and a lamentable, that no British artist has ever lived, of whom one can say to a student, "Imitate him—and prosper"; while yet the

great body of minor artists are continually imitating the master who chances to be in fashion; and any popular mistake will carry a large majority of the Britannic mind into laboriously identical blunder, for two or three artistic generations?

194. I had always intended to press this question home on my readers in my concluding lecture; but it was pressed much more painfully home on myself by the recent exhibition of Sir Joshua at Burlington House and the Grosvenor. There is no debate that Sir Joshua is the greatest figure-painter whom England has produced,—Gainsborough being sketchy and monotonous * in comparison, and the rest virtually out of court. But the gathering of any man's work into an unintending mass, enforces his failings in sickening iteration, while it levels his merits in monotony;—and after shrinking, here, from affectation worthy only of the Bath Parade, and mourning, there, over negligence 'fit for a fool to fall by,' I left the rooms, really caring to remember nothing, except the curl of hair over St.

* "How *various* the fellow is!" Gainsborough himself, jealous of Sir Joshua at the 'private view.'

Cecilia's left ear, the lips of Mrs. Abington, and the wink of Mrs. Nesbitt's white cat.*

195. It is true that I was tired, and more or less vexed with myself, as well as with Sir Joshua; but no bad humour of mine alters the fact, that Sir Joshua was always affected, —often negligent,—sometimes vulgar,—and never sublime; and that, in this collective representation of English Art under highest patronage and of utmost value, it was seen, broadly speaking, that neither the painter knew how to paint, the patron to preserve, nor the cleaner to restore.

If this be true of Sir Joshua, and of the public of Lords and Ladies for whom he worked,—what are we to say of the multitude of entirely uneducated painters, competing for the patronage of entirely uneducated people; and filling our annual exhibitions, no more with what Carlyle complains of as the Correggiosities of Correggio, but with what perhaps may be enough described and summed under

* The pictures were Mrs. Sheridan as St. Cecilia (Lord Lansdowne), No. 209 in the R.A.; Mrs. Abington as Miss Prue (Sir C. Miles), and Mrs. Nesbitt as Circe, nos. 7 and 11 in the Grosvenor Gallery.

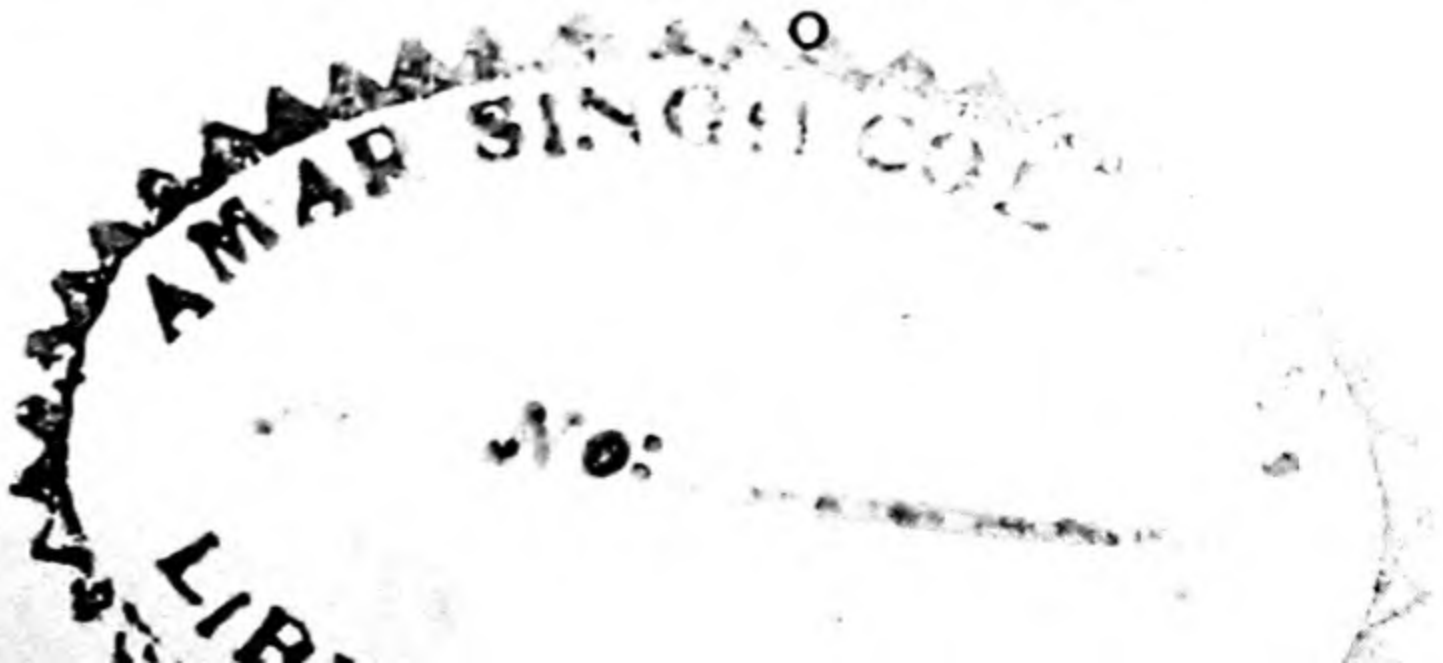
the simply reversed phrase—the Incorreggiosities of Incorreggio?

196. And observe that the gist of this grievous question is that our English errors are those of very amiable and worthy people, conscientious after a sort, working under honourable encouragement, and entirely above the temptations which betray the bulk of the French and Italian schools into sharing or consulting the taste only of the demi-monde.

The French taste in this respect is indeed widely and rapidly corrupting our own, but such corruption is recognizable at once as disease: it does not in the least affect the broad questions concerning all English artists that ever were or are,—why Hunt can paint a flower, but not a cloud; Turner, a cloud, but not a flower;—Bewick, a pig, but not a girl; and Miss Greenaway a girl, but not a pig.

As I so often had to say in my lecture on the inscrutability of Clouds, I leave the question with you, and pass on.

197. But, extending the inquiry beyond England, to the causes of failure in the art of foreign countries, I have especially to signalize


AMAR SINGH COLLEGE
LIBRARY

the French contempt for the 'Art de Province,' and the infectious insanity for centralization, throughout Europe, which collects necessarily all the vicious elements of any country's life into one mephitic cancer in its centre.

All great art, in the great times of art, is *provincial*, showing its energy in the capital, but educated, and chiefly productive, in its own country town. The best works of Correggio are at Parma, but he lived in his patronymic village; the best works of Cagliari at Venice, but he learned to paint at Verona; the best works of Angelico are at Rome, but he lived at Fésole; the best works of Luini at Milan, but he lived at Luino. And, with still greater necessity of moral law, the cities which exercise forming power on style, are themselves provincial. There is no Attic style, but there is a Doric and Corinthian one. There is no Roman style, but there is an Umbrian, Tuscan, Lombard, and Venetian one. There is no Parisian style, but there is a Norman and Burgundian one. There is no London or Edinburgh style, but there is a Kentish and Northumbrian one.

198. Farther,—the tendency to centralization,

which has been fatal to art in all times, is, at *this* time, pernicious in totally unprecedented degree, because the capitals of Europe are all of monstrous and degraded architecture. An artist in former ages might be corrupted by the manners, but he was exalted by the splendour, of the capital; and perished amidst magnificence of palaces: but now—the Board of Works is capable of no higher skill than drainage, and the British artist floats placidly down the maximum current of the National Cloaca, to his Dunciad rest, content, virtually, that his life should be spent at one end of a cigar, and his fame expire at the other.

In literal and fatal instance of fact—think what ruin it is for men of any sensitive faculty to live in such a city as London is now! Take the highest and lowest state of it: you have, typically, Grosvenor Square,—an aggregation of bricks and railings, with not so much architectural faculty expressed in the whole cumber of them as there is in a wasp's nest or a worm-hole;—and you have the rows of houses which you look down into on the south side of the South-Western line, between Vauxhall and Clapham Junction. Between

those two ideals the London artist must seek his own; and in the humanity, or the vermin, of them, worship the aristocratic and scientific gods of living Israel.

199. In the chapter called 'The Two Boyhoods' of 'Modern Painters,' I traced, a quarter of a century ago, the difference between existing London and former Venice, in their effect, as schools of art, on the minds of Turner and Giorgione. I would reprint the passage here: but it needs expansion and comment, which I hope to give, with other elucidatory notes on former texts, in my October lectures. But since that comparison was written, a new element of evil has developed itself against art, which I had not then so much as seen the slightest beginnings of. The description of the school of Giorgione ends ('Modern Painters,' vol. v., p. 291) with this sentence,—

"Ethereal strength of Alps, dreamlike, vanishing in high procession beyond the Torcellan shore; blue islands of Paduan hills, poised in the golden west. Above, free winds and *fiery* clouds ranging at their will; *brightness out of the north, and balm from the south*, and the Stars of the Evening and

Morning clear in the limitless light of arched heaven and circling sea."

Now, if I had written that sentence with foreknowledge of the approach of those malignant aerial phenomena which, beginning ten years afterwards, were to induce an epoch of continual diminution in the depth of the snows of the Alps, and a parallel change in the relations of the sun and sky to organic life, I could not have set the words down with more concentrated precision, to express the beautiful and healthy states of natural cloud and light, to which the plague-cloud and plague-wind of the succeeding æra were to be opposed. Of the physical character of these, some account was rendered in my lectures at the London Institution; of their effect on the artistic power of our time, I have to speak now; and it will be enough illustrated by merely giving an accurate account of the weather yesterday (20th May, 1884).

200. Most people would have called it a fine day; it was, as compared with other days of this spring, exceptionally clear: Helvellyn, at a distance of fifteen miles, showing his grassy sides as if one could reach them in

an hour's walk. The sunshine was warm and full, and I went out at three in the afternoon to superintend the weeding a bed of wild raspberries on the moor. I had put no upper coat on—and the moment I got out of shelter of the wood, found that there was a brisk and extremely cold wind blowing steadily from the south-west—*i.e.*, straight over Black Coomb from the sea. Now, it is perfectly normal to have keen *east* wind with a bright sun in March, but to have keen *south-west* wind with a bright sun on the 20th of May is entirely abnormal, and destructive to the chief beauty and character of the best month in the year.

I have only called the wind keen,—bitter, would have been nearer the truth; even a young and strong man could not have stood inactive in it with safety for a quarter of an hour; and the danger of meeting it full after getting hot in any work under shelter was so great that I had instantly to give up all idea of gardening, and went up to the higher moor to study the general state of colour and light in the hills and sky.

201. The sun was—the reader may find how

high for himself, three o'clock P.M., on 20th May, in latitude 55°: at a guess 40 degrees; and the entire space of sky under him to the horizon—and far above him towards the zenith —say 40 degrees all round him, was a dull pale grey, or dirty white,—very full of light, but totally devoid of colour or sensible gradation. Common flake-white deadened with a little lampblack would give all the colour there was in it,—a mere tinge of yellow ochre near the sun. This lifeless stare of the sky changed gradually towards the zenith into a dim greyish blue, and then into definite blue,—or at least what most people would call blue, opposite the sun answering the ordinary purpose of blue pretty well, though really only a bluish grey. The main point was to ascertain as nearly as possible the depth of it, as compared with other tints and lights.

202. Holding my arm up against it so as to get the shirt sleeve nearly in full sunlight, but with a dark side of about a quarter its breadth, I found the sky quite vigorously dark against the white of the sleeve, yet vigorously also detached in light beyond its dark side. Now the dark side of the shirt

sleeve was pale grey compared to the sun-lighted colour of my coat-sleeve. And that again was luminous compared to its own dark side, and that dark side was still not black. Count the scale thus obtained. You begin at the bottom with a tint of russet not reaching black; you relieve this distinctly against a lighter russet, you relieve that strongly against a pale warm grey, you relieve that against the brightest white you can paint. Then the sky-blue is to be clearly lighter than the pale warm grey, and yet as clearly darker than the white.

203. Any landscape artist will tell you that this opposition cannot be had in painting with its natural force;—and that in all pictorial use of the effect, either the dark side must be exaggerated in depth, or the relief of the blue from it sacrificed. But, though I began the study of such gradation just half a century ago, carrying my "cyanometer" as I called it—(a sheet of paper gradated from deepest blue to white), with me always through a summer's journey on the Continent in 1835, I never till yesterday felt the full difficulty of explaining the enormous power of contrast which the real light possesses in its most

delicate tints. I note this in passing for future inquiry; at present I am concerned only with the main fact that the *darkest part of the sky-blue opposite the sun* was lighter, by much, than pure white in the shade in open air—(that is to say, lighter by much than the margin of the page of this book as you read it)—and that therefore the total effect of the landscape was of diffused cold light, against which the hills rose clear, but monotonously grey or dull green—while the lake, being over the whole space of it agitated by strong wind, took no reflections from the shores, and was nothing but a flat piece of the same grey as the sky, traversed by irregular blackness from more violent squalls. The clouds, considerable in number, were all of them alike shapeless, colourless, and lightless, like dirty bits of wool, without any sort of arrangement or order of action, yet not quiet; —touching none of the hills, yet not high above them; and whatever character they had, enough expressible by a little chance rubbing about of the brush charged with cleanings of the palette.

204. Supposing now an artist in the best

possible frame of mind for work, having his heart set on getting a good Coniston subject; and any quantity of skill, patience, and whatsoever merit you choose to grant him,—set, this day, to make his study; what sort of a study can he get? In the first place, he must have a tent of some sort—he cannot sit in the wind—and the tent will be always unpegging itself and flapping about his ears—(if he tries to sketch quickly, the leaves of his sketch-book will all blow up into his eyes *);—next, he cannot draw a leaf in the foreground, for they are all shaking like aspens; nor the branch of a tree in the middle distance, for they are all bending like switches; nor a cloud, for the clouds have no outline; nor even the effect of waves on the lake surface, for the catspaws and swirls of wind drive the dark spaces over it like feathers. The entire form-value of the reflections, the colour of them and the sentiment, are lost; (were it sea instead of lake, there would be no waves, to call waves, but only dodging and swinging lumps of water—dirty or dull blue according to the nearness to coast). The mountains

* No artist who knows his business ever uses a block book.

have no contrast of colour, nor any positive beauty of it: in the distance they are not blue, and though clear for the present, are sure to be dim in an hour or two, and will probably disappear altogether towards evening in mere grey smoke.

What sort of a study can he make? What sort of a picture? He has got his bread to win, and *must* make his canvas attractive to the public—somehow. What resource has he, but to try by how few splashes he can produce something like hills and water, and put in the vegetables out of his head?—according to the last French fashion.

205. Now, consider what a landscape painter's work used to be, in ordinary spring weather of old times. You put your lunch in your pocket, and set out, any fine morning, sure that, unless by a mischance which needn't be calculated on, the forenoon, and the evening, would be fine too. You chose two subjects handily near each other, one for A.M., the other for P.M.; you sate down on the grass where you liked, worked for three or four hours serenely, with the blue shining through the stems of the trees like

painted glass, and not a leaf stirring; the grasshoppers singing, flies sometimes a little troublesome, ants, also, it might be. Then you ate your lunch—lounged a little after it—perhaps fell asleep in the shade, woke in a dream of whatever you liked best to dream of,—set to work on the afternoon sketch,—did as much as you could before the glow of the sunset began to make everything beautiful beyond painting: you meditated awhile over that impossible, put up your paints and book, and walked home, proud of your day's work, and peaceful for its future, to supper.

This is neither fancy,—nor exaggeration. I have myself spent literally thousands of such days in my forty years of happy work between 1830 and 1870.

206. I say nothing of the gain of time, temper, and steadiness of hand, under such conditions, as opposed to existing ones; but we must, in charity, notice as one inevitable cause of the loose and flimsy tree-drawing of the moderns, as compared with that of Titian or Mantegna, the quite infinite difference between the look of blighted foliage quivering

in confusion against a sky of the colour of a pail of whitewash with a little starch in it; and the motionless strength of olive and laurel leaf, inlaid like the wreaths of a Florentine mosaic on a ground of lapis-lazuli.

I have, above, supposed the effects of these two different kinds of weather on mountain country, and the reader might think the difference of that effect would be greatest in such scenery. But it is in reality greater still in lowlands; and the malignity of climate most felt in common scenes. If the heath of a hill side is blighted,—(or burnt into charcoal by an improving farmer,) the form of the rock remains, and its impression of power. But if the hedges of a country lane are frizzled by the plague wind into black tea,—what have you left? If the reflections in the lake are destroyed by wind, its ripples may yet be graceful,—or its waves sublime;—but if you take the reflections out of a ditch, what remains for you but—ditch-water? Or again, if you take the sunshine from a ravine or a cliff; or flood with rain their torrents or waterfalls, the sublimity of their forms may be increased, and the energy of their passion;

but take the sunshine from a cottage porch, and drench into decay its hollyhock garden, and you have left to you—how much less, how much worse than nothing?

207. Without in the least recognizing the sources of these evils, the entire body of English artists, through the space now of some fifteen years, (quite enough to paralyze, in the young ones, what in their nature was most sensitive,) have been thus afflicted by the deterioration of climate described in my lectures given this last spring in London. But the deteriorations of noble subject induced by the progress of manufactures and engineering are, though also without their knowledge, deadlier still to them.

208. It is continually alleged in Parliament by the railroad, or building, companies, that they propose to render beautiful places more accessible or habitable, and that their 'works' will be, if anything, decorative rather than destructive to the better civilized scene. But in all these cases, admitting, (though there is no ground to admit) that such arguments may be tenable, I observe that the question of sentiment proceeding from association is

always omitted. And in the minds even of the least educated and least spiritual artists, the influence of association is strong beyond all their consciousness, or even belief.

Let me take, for instance, four of the most beautiful and picturesque subjects once existing in Europe,—Furness Abbey, Conway Castle, the Castle of Chillon, and the Falls of Schaffhausen. A railroad station has been set up within a hundred yards of the Abbey,—an iron railroad bridge crosses the Conway in front of its castle; a stone one crosses the Rhine at the top of its cataract, and the great Simplon line passes the end of the drawbridge of Chillon. Since these improvements have taken place, no picture of any of these scenes has appeared by any artist of eminence, nor can any in future appear. Their portraiture by men of sense or feeling has become for ever impossible. Discord of colour may be endured in a picture—discord of sentiment, never. There is no occasion in such matters for the protest of criticism. The artist turns unconsciously—but necessarily—from the disgraced noblesse of the past, to the consistent baseness of the present; and

is content to paint whatever he is in the habit of seeing, in the manner he thinks best calculated to recommend it to his customers.

209. And the perfection of the mischief is that the very few who are strong enough to resist the money temptation, (on the complexity and fatality of which it is not my purpose here to enlarge,) are apt to become satirists and reformers, instead of painters; and to lose the indignant passion of their freedom no less vainly than if they had sold themselves with the rest into slavery. Thus Mr. Herkomer, whose true function was to show us the dancing of Tyrolese peasants to the pipe and zither, spends his best strength in painting a heap of promiscuous emigrants in the agonies of starvation: and Mr. Albert Goodwin, whom I have seen drawing, with Turnerian precision, the cliffs of Orvieto and groves of Vallombrosa, must needs moralize the walls of the Old Water-Colour Exhibition with a scattering of skeletons out of the ugliest scenes of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and a ghastly sunset, illustrating the progress — in the contrary direction—of the manufacturing districts. But in the plurality of cases the metropolitan artist

passively allows himself to be metropolized, and contents his pride with the display of his skill in recommending things ignoble. One of quite the best, and most admired, pieces of painting in the same Old Water-Colour Exhibition was Mr. Marshall's fog effect over the Westminster cab-stand; while, in the Royal Institution, Mr. Severn in like manner spent all his power of rendering sunset light in the glorification of the Westminster clock tower. And although some faint yearnings for the rural or marine are still unextinguished in the breasts of the elder academicians, or condescendingly tolerated in their sitters by the younger ones,—though Mr. Leslie still disports himself occasionally in a punt at Henley, and Mr. Hook takes his summer lodgings, as usual, on the coast, and Mr. Collier admits the suggestion of the squire's young ladies, that they may gracefully be painted in a storm of primroses,—the shade of the Metropolis never for an instant relaxes its grasp on their imagination; Mr. Leslie cannot paint the barmaid at the Angler's Rest, but in a pair of high-heeled shoes; Mr. Hook never lifts a wave which would be formidable

to a trim-built wherry; and although Mr. Fildes brought some agreeable arrangements of vegetables from Venice; and, in imitation of old William Hunt, here and there some primroses in tumblers carried out the sentiment of Mr. Collier's on the floor,—not all the influence of Mr. Matthew Arnold and the Wordsworth Society together obtained, throughout the whole concourse of the Royal or plebeian salons of the town, the painting of so much as one primrose nested in its rock, or one branch of wind-tossed eglantine.

210. As I write, a letter from Miss Alexander is put into my hands, of which, singularly, the closing passage alludes to the picture of Giorgione's, which I had proposed, in terminating this lecture, to give, as an instance of the undisturbed art of a faultless master. It is dated "Bassano Veneto, May 27th," and a few sentences of the preceding context will better present the words I wish to quote.

"I meant to have told you about the delightful old lady whose portrait I am taking. Edwige and I set out early in the morning, and have a delightful walk up to the city, and through the clean little streets with their

low Gothic arcades and little carved balconies full of flowers; meeting nobody but contadini, mostly women, who, if we look at them, bow, and smile, and say 'Serva sua.' The old lady told us she was always ready to begin her sitting by six o'clock, having then finished morning prayers and breakfast: pretty well for eighty-five, I think: (she says that is her age.) I had forgotten until this minute I had promised to tell you about our visit to Castelfranco. We had a beautiful day, and had the good fortune to find a fair going on, and the piazza full of contadini, with fruit, chickens, etc., and many pretty things in wood and basket work. Always a pretty sight; but it troubled me to see so many beggars, who looked like respectable old people. I asked Loredana about it, and she said they *were* contadini, and that the poverty among them was so great, that although a man could live, poorly, by his work, he could never lay by anything for old age, and when they are past work they have to beg. I cannot feel as if that were right, in such a rich and beautiful country, and it is certainly not the case on the estate of Marina and Silvia; but I am

afraid, from what I hear, that our friends are rather exceptional people. Count Alessandro, Marina's husband, always took an almost paternal care of his contadini, but with regard to other contadini in these parts, I have heard some heartbreaking stories, which I will not distress you by repeating. Giorgione's Madonna, whenever I see it, always appears to me more beautiful than the last time, and does not look like the work of a mortal hand. It reminds me of what a poor woman said to me once in Florence, 'What a pity that people are not as large now as they used to be!' and when I asked her what made her suppose that they were larger in old times, she said, looking surprised, 'Surely you cannot think that the people who built the Duomo were no larger than *we* are?'"

Anima Toscana gentillissima, — truly we cannot think it, but larger of heart than you, no;—of thought, yes.

211. It has been held, I believe, an original and valuable discovery of Mr. Taine's that the art of a people is the natural product of its soil and surroundings.

Allowing the art of Giorgione to be the

wild fruitage of Castelfranco, and that of Brunelleschi no more than the exhalation of the marsh of Arno; and perceiving as I do the existing art of England to be the mere effluence of Grosvenor Square and Clapham Junction, — I yet trust to induce in my readers, during hours of future council, some doubt whether Grosvenor Square and Clapham Junction be indeed the natural and divinely appointed produce of the Valley of the Thames.

BRANTWOOD,
Whit-Tuesday, 1884.

INDEX

INDEX

The references are not to the page, but to the numbered paragraphs.

ACHILLES' shield, 45. See *Homer.*
Acland, Dr. Henry, his work at Oxford, 178.
,, Sir Thomas, his art-powers; and Robson, 178.
Admiration defined, 38.
Ægina, marbles of, their enjoyment, 71.
Æschylus, Dante's use of, 47.
Alexander, Miss ('Francesca'), her art-gift, 24–5.
,, ,, ,, ,, to what it appeals, 124.
,, ,, letter to author from, quoted, 210 *seqq.*
,, ,, her life, 24–5.
,, ,, works of:—
'Ida,' 26, 84, 115.
'Roadside Songs of Tuscany,' drawing, from; plans for their use, 87.
twelve given to Oxford, 147.
portrait of Beatrice degli Ontani, 84–5.
portrait of St. Christopher, 87.
preface to, quoted, 84, 111.
Allingham, Mrs., her art-gift, 111.
,, ,, children by, 109.
,, ,, 'Tea-party,' 111.
,, ,, 'Toyshop,' *ib.*
Alma Tadema. See *Tadema.*
America, author's prejudice against, 24.
,, engraving in, 137.
,, government survey of U.S., 89.
,, South, illustrations of, 131.

Angelico, children by, 106.
,, best works of, at Rome, 197.
Animals, fables about, 102.
"Animus" defined, 59.
'Arabian Nights,' the, 119, 89.
Aristophanes, use of myths by, 44.
Arnold, Mr. Matthew, 209.
Art, ancient, its methods inadequate, 45–6.
,, both noble conception and good work are needed for, 50.
,, centralization fatal to, 197–8.
,, for children, to be graceful and serious, 96–7.
,, children and legendary art, 88.
,, Christianity and, 15, 26.
,, creative and realistic, 57.
,, criticism of, 192.
,, decline of, its period, 163.
,, delight of artists in their work, 159.
,, didactic, English dislike of, 58.
,, English, its recent development, 2.
,, European, its rise, 62.
,, ,, and fall, 65.
,, execution, mystery of idea no ground for bad, 48.
,, finish in, 34, 73.
,, great, is delicate, 118.
,, ,, is praise, 58.
,, is provincial, 197.
,, imitation and suggestion in, 51.
,, legendary, and children, 88.
,, masterpiece of, ground of delight in a, 126.
,, materials provided by nature, and the needs of, 126.
,, multiplication of, its methods, 124.
,, national, to be studied in its rise, 65.
,, patronage, 195.
,, the product of a nation's surroundings, 211.
,, public appreciation of, 192.
,, realistic, 57, and see *Realism*.
,, romantic, 160 *seqq*.
,, saleability of, 189.
,, schools of, head and body, 70.
,, ,, are provincial, not metropolitan, 197.

Art, sight, the unaided, and, 118.
,, study of, 65.
,, surroundings of, the, 123.
,, teaching, in Oxford. See *Author.*
Arthur, King, 160.
Artist, no English, *altogether* right, 193.
,, life of, in great cities, 198.
,, effect of modern weather on, 204 *seqq.*
Athena, her presence to be imagined, 95.
Athleticism, useful and useless, 85.
Author, the :—
(1.) *Personal;* (2.) *Teaching of;* (3.) *His Writings*—(*a*) General character; (*b*) Particular works referred to.
(1.) *Personal:*—
his education, books 'Evenings at Home,' 102.
fairy stories, 89.
taught by Copley Fielding, 168.
his feelings, not talked of by him, 10-11.
his friends, young artists among, 18-19.
"laudator temporis acti," 154.
his love of colour, 11.
,, landscape, 156.
,, mountains, 174 (*e.g.* Ben Lomond, 177).
,, music, 11.
,, sunshine, *ib.*
his manners as a critic, 192.
painting, days spent in, 1830-70, 205.
his prejudice against Americans, 24.
his sight, the same in age and youth, 183.
Swiss inns, liked better than Genoese palaces by, 127.
his religion, 12.
at Brantwood, May 20, 1884 (weather described), 200.
at Royal Academy, etc., 1883, 59, 194.
and at Grosvenor Gallery, 194.
in Venice (1876) teaches young lady to draw, 21.
(1880) copies Carpaccio's St. Ursula, 71.
See *Coniston*, *Fielding*, *Leighton*, and *Marochetti.*
(2.) *Teaching of:*—
on art, he teaches what is, not what he thinks, beautiful, 10.

Author, the—(2.) *Teaching of* (*continued*) :—
on landscape, his early works, 2.
later lectures on, unpublished, 156.
likes minute work, 24.
said to teach people to see, 10.
study of head *and* body, 70.
on clouds and sky, his early work, 184. See *Clouds.*
Oxford work: resumes the chair, 1.
,, plans for, 2, 23, 56, 156, 190, 199.
political Economy, paradoxes of his, 125.
pupils, 153.
Tintoret given to, *ib.*
Turners given to, 122.
(3.) *His Writings* :—
(*a*) General character :—
courteous tone of his comments, 192.
cannot express all he sees, 10.
impulse of his best, 159.
romantic love of his subject, *ib.*
serious parts of, 23.
sermons, his art lectures not to be, *ib.*
(*b*) Particular works referred to :—
'Aratra Pentelici,' on portraiture and Greek art, 72.
'Ariadne Florentina,' on Florentine engraving, 115.
,, ,, on methods of wood-cutting, 134.
'Art of England,' notes to, to be avoided, 30.
,, ,, object of, 192.
,, ,, plan of, 155.
,, ,, its style, 192.
'Fors Clavigera,' No. 92; on Scott's scenery, 167.
,, ,, *passim*, squires to live on their lands, 175.
'Laws of Fésole,' general teaching of, 69.
,, ,, great art is praise, 58.
,, ,, tests of good colour, 138.
'Modern Painters,' its aim, 160.
,, ,, on the Dutch school, 35.

Author, the—(*b*) Particular works referred to (*continued*) :—
'Modern Painters,' Vol. II. on admiration, 38.
,, ,, ,, III. on Peter drowning, 32.
,, ,, ,, V. on mountains, 174.
,, ,, on the sky, 184.
,, ,, on the 'Two Boyhoods,' 199 seq.
'Our Fathers have told us' ('Bible of Amiens,' p. 14), 128.
'Queen of the Air,' on myths, 43.
'Storm Cloud of Nineteenth Century,' 196, 199, 207.

BARRETT and the Old Water-colour Society, 159.
Beatrice degli Ontani. See *Alexander*.
Beauty, and goodness, 83.
,, dependent on law, 82–3.
Belief. See *Faith, Fancy*.
Benedictine MS., Monte Cassino, 63.
Berlin, Holbein's 'George Guysen,' 73.
Bertha, Queen, the spinner, 85.
Bewick, draws children in mischief only, 108.
,, magnifying glass needed for his vignettes, 22.
,, can draw a pig, but not a girl, 196.
,, plumage in his woodcuts, 135.
Bible, the, and Roman Catholics, 85.
,, *Quoted*:—

Genesis i. 10.	And God saw that it was good, 83.
Psalm xxiii. 2.	He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, 120.
,, lxviii. 17.	The chariots of God are twenty thousand, 191.
Proverbs xxiii. 23.	Buy the truth and sell it not, 188.
Isaiah xii. 8.	The weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den, 103.
Jeremiah xxxi. 15.	Rachel weeping for her children because they were not, 13.
Luke i. 52.	He hath put down the mighty, 40.
John xiv. 27.	My peace I leave with you, 29.
,, xxi. 7.	Peter girt his fisher's coat unto him, 32.
Acts xviii. 17.	Gallio cared for none of those things, 119.
Romans viii. 37.	More than conquerors through him that loved them, 13.
Revelation xxi. 4.	No death, neither sorrow, nor crying, 15.

Birkett Foster. See *Foster.*
Blake's 'Job,' 101.
Books: on art, rarity of good, 28.
,, cheap, their result, 186.
,, choice of, by public libraries, 23.
,, French, on science for a child, 132, 184.
,, illustrations in modern, 89 *seqq.*, 101.
Botticelli, Sandro, classic and Gothic art united in, 65.
,, frescoes on education, 69.
,, Favonian breeze, 37.
Brantwood, weather at (May 20, 1884), 200 *seqq.*
Brett, John, sunshine in his pictures, 8.
British Museum, Elgin marbles, but no Gothic marbles in the, 60.
,, ,, Girtin's and Cousin's drawings, 166.
Bull, John, the farmer, 149.
,, ,, 'defends his pudding,' 151.
Burgmaier's woodcuts of heraldry, 135.
Burne-Jones, E., chiaroscuro of, 54.
,, ,, colour of, *ib.*
,, ,, educated at Oxford, 47.
,, ,, friend of W. Morris, *ib.*
,, ,, ,, Rossetti, 39.
,, ,, a hero-worshipper, 58.
,, ,, knowledge of mythology, 47.
,, ,, outline perfect, 53.
,, ,, personification, his gift, 39.
,, ,, photographs from his pictures, 56.
,, ,, pictures of:—
'Danae' (Oxford Schools), 54.
'Days of Creation,' 39, 48.
'Miss Gladstone' (portrait of), 54.
'Medea' (Oxford Schools), *ib.*
'Psyche' (Oxford Galleries), 53.
'Wheel of Fortune,' 48.
Burns, on children, 'toddlin' wee things,' 109.
,, romance in, 4.
Butler, Mrs. (Elizabeth Thompson), 153.
Byron, and landscape art, 166.
,, morbid ('Childe Harold'), 157.

Byron, mountains, his love of, 174.
,, romantic, 4.
,, quoted, "You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet" ('Don Juan,' iii. 86. 10), 80.

CAGLIARI, best works of, at Venice, 197.
Caldecott, M. Chesneau on, 114.
Camilla, 80.
Campbell, Lord G., 'Log letters from the "Challenger,"' 105.
Caricature, 139. See '*Punch*.'
Carlyle, T., on the British Lion, 151.
,, on Correggio's correggiosities, 195.
,, 'Sartor Resartus,' 66.
Carpaccio, offensive to practical Englishmen, 57.
,, S. Ursula, 71.
Catholics, old, view of the Bible, 6.
Centralization, fatal to art, 197-8.
'Century Magazine,' on the "demoniac sunset," 132.
Certificates of merit at Oxford, author's plan for art, 27.
Character and faces, 147.
'Charivari,' the, 139.
Charles II., destroys English morality, 161.
,, coins of, vulgar, *ib.*
Cheapness, no such thing as, 125.
Chesneau, M. Ernest, his style and value, 113.
,, ,, quoted on English art, 114.
Chiaroscuro, in engraving, 137.
Children, in art and literature, 106-9.
,, no, in Greek art, or Gothic till 1200, 106.
,, art for, to be graceful and serious, 96-7.
,, and legendary art, 88.
,, imagination and invention to be stimulated, 90-1.
,, and fairy stories,—are they to be told true stories only? 89.
,, 'Punch's,' 143.
,, toys for, 91.
Chillon, the railroad near, 208
Chivalry, rise of, 80.
Christian art and classicism, 47.
,, and the peace of God, 86.

Christianity, imports feeling for womanhood and children, 106.
,, its doctrine of human happiness and pain, 15.
Christmas books, modern 103.
Cimabue's 'Borgo,' 168.
Cities, monstrous architecture of modern, 198.
,, consequent decline of art in them, *ib.*
,, hugeness of, 155.
,, their misery, 112.
Classic, means anti-Gothic, 60.
,, and Gothic art, 47.
,, ,, ,, their continuity, 61.
,, ,, ,, union of, in N. Pisano's pulpit, 65,
,, no portraiture in classic art, 72.
Claude's sunshine colourless, 9.
Clifton, Prof., of Oxford, 180.
Clouds, always look like clouds only, 185.
,, and Greek art, 78.
,, all lovely, are quiet and motionless, 191.
,, in modern weather, 203.
Cockatrice, fairy story about a, 103.
Coins of Henry VIII. and Charles II., 161.
Collier, Mr., primroses by, 209.
Colour, Greek art and, 52.
,, in early landscape, 167.
,, in portraiture, 55.
,, maxim as to, "all white precious, all black conspicuous," 138.
,, our sensitiveness to, and delight in, varies with our moods, 182.
,, our sight for, unchanging in age, *ib.*
,, printing, 88.
,, vivid radiance cannot be given by, 181.
Commerce, John Bull the shopkeeper, 148.
Competition in education, 37.
Completeness of work in art, its difficulty, 55.
Coniston 'Old Man,' clouds over, motionless, 191.
,, school, music for, 151.
Constantine, crowned in England, 151.
Conway, railroad over the, 208.
Copley Fielding. See *Fielding.*

'Cornhill Magazine,' April 1883, 89.
Correctness in drawing, 48.
Correggio, colour-blending of, 76.
,, correggiosities of, 195.
,, best works of, at Parma, 197.
,, cannot be wood-engraved, 137.
Costume. See *Dress*.
Cousins' water-colours, 166.
Cox, David, his inventive power small, 170.
Crabs, stories of, 104–5.
Crane, Walter, M. Ernest Chesneau on, 114.
Criticism, the function of true, is qualified praise, 192.
Crystal Palace, examples of Gothic architecture in, 60.
Curzon's travels in the East, 169.
Cuyp's sunshine colourless, 9.

DANTE, use of Æschylus by, in the 'Inferno,' 47.
,, quoted ('Purgatory,' xiv. 93), 94, 123.
Darling, Grace, 85.
Davis', W. B., 'Highland Moor' (R.A. 1882), 8
De Wint, 159.
,, small inventive power, 170.
Delicacy of great art, 118.
Design in creation, a proof of, 126.
Dew on flowers, effect on their colour, 181.
Dickens on children, 109.
,, 'David Copperfield,' *ib.*
,, 'Hard Times,' 89.
,, 'Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings,' 150.
,, 'Old Curiosity Shop,' 109.
D'Israeli, 'Punch's' treatment of, 140.
Doll, author's cousin and her armless, 91.
Domestic spirit of nineteenth century, 27.
Donatello's children, 17.
Dramatic school in art, its truth, 42.
Drapery of Reynolds and Gainsborough, 67.
Dress, national (in Norway), and the fashion, 23.
,, painting of, in Gothic art, 67.
Du Maurier, does *not* caricature, 139.
,, keen observation of, *ib.*

Du Maurier, his power, 136-9.
,, woodcuts of, their method, *ib.*
,, pictures of :—
'Alderman Sir Robert,' 139.
'London Mechanic,' the, 141.
'Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns,' 136.
'Lady Midas,' *ib.*
'Herr Professor,' 150.
Dürer's Apocalypse, 101.
Dutch school, the, 'Modern Painters' on, 35.
,, ,, picture of, in National Gallery, described, 162 *seqq.*

EDUCATION, choice of books, 23.
,, is every one to learn to read? 22.
,, not a means of livelihood, 189.
Elephant, absurd story of an, 101.
Elgin marbles, 60.
England, artists of, never *altogether* right, 193.
,, engraving in, and its decline, 115.
,, former greatness of, 151.
,, her hope, in her youth, 154.
,, John Bull the farmer, no longer typical, 149.
,, ,, 'defends his pudding,' 151.
,, landscape-art, 8.
,, the youth of, their beauty and energy, 154.
Engraving, chiaroscuro in, 137.
,, decline of modern, 115.
,, English and Florentine, *ib.*
,, line, 125.
,, modern methods of, 136-7.
,, wood and steel engraving, comparative difficulty of, 130.
Etching, labour of, 130.
Etruscan people, character and life of, 81.
Europe, the capitals of, their degraded architecture, 198.
Exhibitions, art, new and old, 110.
,, of only one man's work, a mistake, 194.

FABLES for children, about animals, etc., 102-3.
Fairies, in literature and art, 97 *seqq.*

Fairy-land, Lect. IV. ; fairy stories, 89, 99, 103.
Faith, is to trust *without* evidence, 93.
,, its freedom and responsibility, 92.
Fancy, modern extinction of the, 95.
,, and faith, 92.
,, fostering of the, 93.
Features and character, 147.
'Fides,' defined, 59.
Fielding, Copley, atmospheric effects of, 173.
,, ,, author taught by, 168.
,, ,, and author's father, his first art purchase a picture by, *ib.*
,, ,, inventive power of, limited, 170.
,, ,, Turner's effect on, 158.
,, ,, vegetation of, 180.
,, ,, 'Cader Idris,' 179.
,, ,, in Oxford Galleries, 168.
Figure, drawing of the, and the rise of art, 62.
,, study, at Oxford, 146–7.
Fildes, Mr. Luke, Venetian pictures of, 209.
Fisher, Mr., and the Oxford Galleries, 56.
Flemish school, children of the, 107.
,, ,, manner of the, 35.
'Flight into Egypt,' painting of, by H. Hunt and others, 16.
Florence, palaces of, 127.
,, Spanish Chapel, frescoes, 69.
,, Uffizii, perfect portrait in the, 73.
Fortune's wheel, idea of, 40–1.
Foster, Birkett, children by, 112.
Francesca. See *Alexander*.
French modern art, 196.
,, book on science for a child, 'Les Pourquoi de Mlle. Suzanne,' 132.
,, contempt for provincial art, 197.
,, landscape, modern, 171.
,, language, essentially critical, 113.
,, Revolution, 107.
Frère, E., children by, 108.
Furness Abbey, railroad near, 208.
Furniture, æsthetic, 127.

GABORIAU, 171.
Gainsborough, formal, 164.
,, Gothic, 62.
,, greatness of, 65.
,, and Reynolds, 194.
,, last words of ("Vandyke is of the company"), 62.
,, pictures by :—
'Blue Boy,' 66.
'Mrs. Graham,' *ib.*
'Miss Heathfield,' *ib.*
large work in National Gallery (No. 789, 'Portraits of J. Baillie and his family'), 162 *n.*
Genoa, palaces of, 127.
Gentleman, essentials of a, Horace on the, 59.
Ghiberti, gates of, 128.
Giorgione, his home, Venice, 199.
,, his 'Madonna' (Florence), 210.
Girtin, T., water-colours of, 166.
,, waterfall by (British Museum), 172.
Gladstone, W. E., 'Punch' on, 140.
,, Miss, portrait of, by Burne-Jones, 54.
Glaucus armour, 80.
Goethe, 'Faust,' 157.
,, morbid side of, *ib.*
Good, all, is bought with toil and tears, 12.
Goodness and beauty, 82.
Goodwin, Mr. Albert, pictures of (Old Water-colour Society, 1884), 209.
Gothic art, no children in, till 1200 A.D., 106.
,, ,, and classic, 60.
,, ,, ,, their continuity, 61.
,, ,, ,, and union in N. Pisano's pulpit, 65.
,, ,, portraiture, especially Gothic, 72.
,, ,, period to study—in England up to Black Prince, in France up to S. Louis, 65.
,, ,, writing, 63.
Grace in art, 96.
Great men belong to their own village, 65, 150.
Greek art, bodily beauty and, 78.
,, ,, chiaroscuro in, 52, 78.

Greek art, no children in, 75, 106.
,, ,, colour in, sense of, weak, 52.
,, ,, conception lofty in, *ib.*
,, ,, formalism of, 160.
,, ,, the ideal in (Homer quoted on), 78.
,, ,, period to study, Homer to Marathon, 65.
,, ,, portraiture destroys, 72.
,, ,, is praise of Greek virtues, 26.
,, ,, and the glory of war, 78, 86.
Greenaway, Kate, M. Chesneau on, 114 *seqq.*
,, ,, brother of, his photographs, 136.
,, ,, children of, 109.
,, ,, delicacy of, 117.
,, ,, decorative qualities of, 116.
,, ,, design of, too ornamental, *ib.*
,, ,, fairies, 115.
,, ,, genius of, 113.
,, ,, can draw a girl, but not a pig, 196.
,, ,, landscape of, simple, 119.
,, ,, minuteness of, 115.
,, ,, pencil-work of, *ib.*
,, ,, to paint pictures, not decorate books, 116.
,, ,, public, the, to whom her work appeals, 124.
,, ,, realism in, 121.
,, ,, reproductions of her works might be better, 117 *seqq.*
Guido, cannot be reproduced in woodcutting, 137.

HAPPINESS, doctrine of, 14.
Harmonicon, for Coniston school, legend on, 152.
Hartwig, Dr., on Norway, quoted, 22.
Heaven, the question is, are we *going towards*, 62.
Henry VIII., destroys English religion, 161.
,, ,, coins of, vulgar, *ib.*
Herkomer, Mr., his proper and his actual subjects, 209.
Hero-worship, admiration is mainly, 38.
,, ,, of painters, 58.
Hesiod, on Hercules' shield, 45.
Hogarth, M. Chesneau on, 114.

Holbein, 62.
,, delineation of, 139.
,, 'George Guysen' (Berlin Museum), 73.
Homer, on shield of Achilles, 45.
,, on Achilles on the ramparts (Iliad xviii. 203-6, 225-7), 78.
Hook, Mr., his sea-pictures, 209.
Hope, defined, 38.
Horace, quoted, 59.
Hunt, Holman, and the Bible, his view and Rossetti's, 6.
,, ,, as a colourist, 7.
,, ,, chiaroscuro of, intense light, 17 (see below, "sunshine").
,, ,, children by, 37.
,, ,, hero-worship, 58.
,, ,, invention, swift grace of, 17.
,, ,, material veracity of, 31.
,, ,, Rossetti's disciple, 5.
,, ,, Rossetti compared with him, 6.
,, ,, sunshine of, 9, 11.
,, ,, works by :—
'Awakening Conscience,' 6.
'Claudio and Isabel,' *ib.*
'Flight into Egypt,' 16, 47.
'Light of the World,' 6.
'Scapegoat,' 11.
'Strayed Sheep,' its greatness, marks an era in art, 8.
'Valentine and Sylvia,' 6.
Hunt, William, 159.
,, ,, limited power of, 196.

IDA' 'The Story of. See *Alexander.*
Ideas, painting of, 48.
Illustrations, modern popular, 88 *seqq.* See *Books*, *Newspapers.*
Imagination, of children to be stimulated, 90.
,, conceives beautifully amid beauty, 45.
,, does not *create*, but reveals, 121.
,, of great men, visionary, 101.
,, after the Renaissance, its reawakening, 164.

Imagination, and repose of mind, 191.
Infidelity, modern, 12, 93.
Inge, Mrs., on Robson, 177.
Ingelow, Miss, 'Stories told to a Child,' 148.
Invention, in children, to be stimulated, 90.
'Iolanthe,' allusion to, 96.
Iphigenia, 13.
Isaac, 13.
Italy, art of modern, 196.
,, comic journals of, 139.
,, peasantry and poor of, 24 *seqq.*, 81.

JAPANESE, art, 52
,, book of stories (Macmillan, 1871), 104.
John Bull. See *Bull.*
Jones, E. Burne. See *Burne-Jones.*

KEATS, sadness of, 176.
,, quoted, "A thing of beauty," 82.
Kensington Museum, examples of Gothic architecture at, 60.
Kent, wood-carving of, 127.
Kinglake, on the press, 94-6.
,, his travels in the East, 169.
Knowledge, divinity and value of, 187-8.
'Knowledge,' bad illustrations to, 131.

LABOUR, good, bought with toil and tears, 12.
Lady-artist in Venice, 1876, 21.
Landscape, author's love of, 156.
,, and "unaided nature," 119.
,, art, recent and already declining, 155.
,, art, as influenced by Byron and Scott, 166.
,, especially English, *ib.*
,, French, manner of modern, 171.
,, and the Old Water-colour Society, 159
,, Richard Wilson and, 166 *seqq.*
,, See *Greenaway.*
Landseer's 'Shepherd's Chief Mourner,' 63.
Law, a thing of beauty a *law* for ever, 82.

Leech, John, M. Chesneau on, 114.
,, ,, genius of, 139.
,, ,, kindness of, *ib.*
,, ,, founds 'Punch,' 136.
,, ,, satire of, 144.
,, ,, wood-cutting, 139.
,, ,, pictures of:—
'Miss Alice riding,' his best sketch, 141.
'Distinguished Foreigner,' 154.
Leighton, Sir F., anatomy of, 75.
,, ,, children by, *ib.*
,, ,, Correggio-like 'vaghezza' of, *ib.*
,, ,, figure-study of, 76.
,, ,, Gothic spirit of, 75.
,, ,, his house, 61.
,, ,, drawings of 'Byzantine well,' 76.
,, ,, 'lemon tree,' *ib.*
Leopold, Prince, and the Turner drawings at Oxford, 2.
'Les Pourquoi de Mlle. Suzanne' 132, 184. See *Science.*
Leslie, Mr., Thames pictures by, 209.
Lewis, John, technical accuracy of, 77.
Librarian, proper function of a public, 23. See *Norway.*
Libraries in Norway, 22.
Liebreich, "foreign oculist," on changes of sight, 182.
Light, sense of, in art and poetry, 80.
,, and cloud, in Greek art, 78. See *Sunshine.*
'Light of the World.' See *Hunt, H.*
Lily, author's cousin, and her doll, 91.
Lindsay, Lord, his book on "Christian art," 47.
,, ,, division of Christian art into spiritual (head) and fleshly (body), 70.
Line-drawing, 134.
'Lingua,' defined, 59.
Lion, the British, 151.
Literature. See *Books, Children, Newspapers.*
London, as an art-school, 198.
,, its effect on artists, 209 *seqq.*
,, its misery, 141.
Love, defined, 38.
Luca della Robbia, children of, 17, 106.

Luca della Robbia, 'Nativity' by, story of child kissing, 68.
,, ,, ,, unites Classic and Gothic art, 68.
Luini, children by, 106.
,, his best works at Milan, 197.
Lycurgus, the laws of, and beauty, 83.

MACDONALD, A. (author's assistant at Oxford), 2, 184.
,, copy of Turner by, 122.
Magazines, modern cheap, 130.
Manchester Exhibition, 1857, 82.
Mantegna's tree-drawing, 206.
Manufactures and children, 107.
,, English, 148.
Marks, H. Stacey, his pictures 'The Professor,' 'Three Post-boys,' 'Lord Say and Jack Cade,' 74.
Marochetti, qualities of greatness, 49.
,, his 'Richard Cœur de Lion,' *ib.*
,, sees Rossetti's drawings at Herne Hill, *ib.*
Marriage, honour to, 85.
Marshall, Mr. Herbert, pictures of (Old Water-colour Society, 1884), 209.
Materialistic conception of Rossetti and Hunt, 5, 31. See *Realism.*
Microscope, use of the, in seeing art, 117-8. See *Bewick.*
Millais, J. E., 'Caller Herrin',' a Pre-Raphaelite work, 36.
Mino da Fesolé, children by, 106.
Minuteness of work in art, 35.
Misery, 13.
,, of the poor in London, 141.
Missals, Gothic, 63.
Mist, Scotch, 167.
Mitford, Miss, and feeling for children, 109.
Modernism, selfish greed of, 12. See *Infidelity.*
Monte Cassino, Benedictine MS. at, 63.
Moral philosophy and Greek myths, 44.
Moran (American artist), 89.
'Mores' defined, 59.
Morris, W., lecture on 'Art and Plutocracy,' 187.
,, friendship with Burne-Jones, 47.

Morris, W., maxim that excellence of work depends on our joy in it, 179.
,, ,, on mythology, 47.
Mountains, love of, in Scott, Byron, and Wordsworth, 167, 174-5.
,, ,, author's early, *ib.*, 174.
Mouse, fables of town and country, etc., 102.
Murray, A., on Greek sculpture (Achilles' shield), 45.
,, C. F., his copies of Botticelli's frescoes on education, 69.
Muses, the laws of the, 81.
Musical instrument for Coniston school, 152.
Mystery, idea of, in ancient art, 78.
,, of conception, no excuse for careless treatment, 48.
Mythic art, its teaching and truth, 42.
,, ,, dislike of, by practical people, 57.
Mythology, 40.
,, men's wisest thoughts expressed in, 43.
,, painting of old, by a modern painter, his function, 46.
Myths, in art, with what precision to be given, 48.
,, defined, 40.
,, development of, 43.
,, moral philosophy and, 44.
,, power of noble, 48.
,, how far representative of the ideas they symbolize, 45.

NATIONAL GALLERY, pictures badly hung in the, 35, 162.
,, ,, Turner drawings in its cellars, 155.
,, ,, See *Teniers, Vanderneer, Vandyke.*
National unity, impossible, 65. See *Great Men.*
Nature, author's love of, 10 *seqq.*
,, beauty of untouched, 120, 122.
,, feeling for, 38.
,, materials of, adapted to art, 126.
Newspapers, illustrated, good portraiture in the, 73.
,, ,, influence of, 94.
,, ,, Italian comic, 139.
Niccola Pisano, engrafts classicism on Christian art, 47.
,, ,, unites Classic and Gothic art, *e.g.* his pulpit, 65.

Nineteenth century, domestic spirit of, 29. See *Modernism.*
Nitro-glycerine, compels belief, 93.
Norway, peasant life in, 22.
,, every town has its library, *ib.*
Numa, 83.

OLD-FASHIONED, distinction of being, 18.
Old Water-colour Society, in former years, 159.
,, ,, ,, ,, Exhibition (1884), 209.
Orcagna, 128, 165.
,, imaginative vision of, 101.
Oriental art, 61.
Ouida's 'Village Commune,' 25.
Oxford,—education the ford of life, 87.
,, ,, but not a means of livelihood, 188.
,, otto, 78.
,, town ruined by improvements, 123, 146, 187–9.
,, Magdalen Bridge, widened, 87.
,, Museum, and Dr. Acland, 177.
,, St. John's gardens, 123.
,, Schools, the new, 146.
,, Taylorian (Ruskin Art Schools and Galleries), catalogues to, 147.
,, author's plans for certificates of merit, etc., 27, 156, 190.
,, figure-study at, 1, 146.
,, limited room in, 146.
,, pictures, etc., in :—
Bewick's woodcuts, 135.
Burgmaier's woodcuts, *ib.*
legend on a harmonicon, 152.
drawing by Copley Fielding, 168.
'Sunset at Rome,' 165.
Tintoret, 'Doge Mocenigo,' 153.
Turner drawings, 2, 122.

PAIN, pleasure not its outcome, 14.
Painter, difficulty of finish, 55.
,, to paint what he sees, not what he wishes to see, 183.

Painting, manner of, compelled by realism, 33.
Palmerston, 'Punch' on, 140.
Paris, Louvre, Botticelli's frescoes in the, 69.
Parliament, Houses of, Watts' designs for frescoes, 56.
Paton, Sir Noel, fairy pictures of 'Titania,' 'Fairy Raid,' 99.
Pencil, the best instrument for fine work, 115.
Personal feelings, expressible only in poetry, 11.
Personification in art, 39.
Perugino, children by, 106.
,, crowns Gothic art, 65.
Peter, drowning of, 'Modern Painters' on the, 32.
Pets, children's, 91.
Photographs and art, 57.
,, of Burne-Jones' pictures, 56.
,, and portraiture, 54.
Physiognomy, study of, and character, 147.
Picardy, wood-carving of, 127.
Pictures, only recently made a common means of decoration, 88.
Pindar, myths of, 44.
Pisa, Niccola Pisano's pulpit at, 65.
Pity, *the* lesson to be learnt, 15.
Plato, myths used by, for his highest teaching, 44.
,, on finish in painting ("Laws" quoted), 55.
Pleasure, not the outcome of pain, 14.
Poetry, boldness of expression in great, 185.
,, the only means of giving personal feelings, 11.
,, perfect, precedes perfect painting, 62.
Political economy, author's paradoxes of, 125.
Pompeian art, specimen of, 64.
Poor, the, and beauty, 142.
,, ,, dwellings of, to be orderly, or there can be no art, 123.
,, ,, misery of, 13. See *Italy*.
Portraiture, all, is Gothic, 72.
,, great portraits must also be great pictures, 73
,, modern, desire to be painted as proud or grand, 81.
,, perfect examples of. See *Florence*, *Holbein*.
,, power of, a common gift, 73.
Power, the noblest, man's own strength, 118.
Praise. See *Criticism*.

Pre-Raphaelitism, modern, defined, 34, 36.
,, ,, dislike of, by practical people, 57.
,, ,, minuteness of work in, not essential, 34.
,, ,, personification and, 37.
,, ,, the school of, 5.
,, ,, truth of, 45.
Press, the public, its value, 94.
Price, everything has but one just, 125.
Priest, dislike of the word by English public, 23.
Priesthood of Western world, its character, 80.
Profession, choice of a, and means of livelihood, 189.
Progress, the direction more important than the distance reached, 63.
Prout, S., 159.
Public opinion and the press, 94.
'Punch,' the artists of, townsmen, 150.
,, the laws of beauty, 139.
,, Bedell, Sir Pompey, 148.
,, Bull, John, the farmer, *ib.*
,, 'defends his pudding,' 151.
,, children in, 143.
,, on the Continent, 150.
,, the founders of, 136.
,, girls in, 143.
,, illustrations to, best sketch in, 136, 141.
,, 'immortal periodical,' 139.
,, on manufactures, says but little, 148.
,, politics of, 140. See under *Gladstone* and others.
,, on the poor, does not give their beauty, 141.
,, as expressing public opinion, 148.
,, social types in, 141.
,, on society and wealth, 143.
,, quoted, 85.
,, See *Du Maurier*, *Leech*, *Tenniel*.
Puritan, old, view of the Bible, 6.
Pyrrhic dance, the, 80. See *Byron*.

RAILROADS and scenery, 208.
,, as subjects of landscape art, 119.
Raphael's children, 106.

Realism in art, 121.
,, its value as compelling belief, 31.
,, as affecting manner and minuteness of work, 33.
Religion and repose, 190.
Rembrandt's children, 107.
Renaissance, luxury of the, 106.
,, poison of the, 81.
Repose of mind, 190.
Resurrection, the, the mainspring of all lovely work, 15.
Rethel, Alfred, his 'Death the Avenger' and 'Barbarossa,' 100.
Retsch's 'Faust,' 'Leonora,' 'Poetry,' 101.
Reynolds, Sir J., 62.
,, ,, children by, 107.
,, ,, dress, painting of, 67.
,, ,, faults of, 195.
,, ,, formality in, 164.
,, ,, compared with Gainsborough, 193.
,, ,, greatness of, 65, 194.
,, ,, exhibition of his works at Academy and Grosvenor Gallery (1883), 194.
,, ,, his variety, *ib.*
,, ,, pictures by :—
'Mrs. Abington' as 'Miss Prue,' 194.
'Age of Innocence,' 6 .
'Cherubs' heads', 67.
'Mrs. Nesbitt' as 'Circe,' 194.
'Mrs. Pelham,' 66.
'Mrs. Sheridan' as 'St. Cecilia,' 194.
Richmond, George, old friend of author, 1.
,, Prof. W., at Oxford, 1.
,, ,, figure-study classes of, 145.
,, ,, resigns the chair, 1.
,, ,, portraits by, Grosvenor Gallery (1883), 59.
Richter, Ludwig, children by, 108.
,, ,, designs of, 29.
,, ,, outlines of, 53.
,, ,, 'Lord's Prayer,' 51.
,, ,, 'Wide Wide World,' 144.
Rivalry, evils of, 104.
Rivière, B., his 'Sympathy,' 63.

Robbia. See *Luca*.
Robson, 159.
,, inventive power small, 170.
,, temper of, 176.
,, 'outlines of Scotch scenery,' 177–8.
,, picture of, copied, 176.
Rolfe's engraving of 'Ida,' 115.
Romagna, the poor of, 28.
Roman Catholics and the Bible, 85.
Romance, of an artist in his subject, 159.
,, definition of, 38.
,, meaning of word, 3, 160.
Rome, the pomp of, 80.
,, sunset at (picture Oxford schools), 165.
Rossetti, D. G., anatomy of, 49.
,, ,, and the Bible, 6.
,, ,, his colour, 4, 7.
,, ,, not a chiaroscurist, 54.
,, ,, exhibition of his works (1883), 192.
,, ,, genius of, when highest, 4.
,, ,, a hero-worshipper, 58.
,, ,, Holman Hunt his disciple, 4.
,, ,, ,, ,, compared with him, 6.
,, ,, "material veracity" of, 5, 31.
,, ,, Marochetti's view of his drawings, 49.
,, ,, painting of, its faults, 7.
,, ,, poetical genius of, 5.
,, ,, and the romantic school, its chief force, 3.
,, ,, temper of, 7.
,, ,, works of :—
'Passover' (Oxford schools), 31.
'Virgin in House of St. John,' 5, 31.
Rubens, children of, 107.
,, and the Renaissance, 65, 107.

SACRIFICE, the doctrine of, 12.
St. Augustine in England, 151.
St. Cecilia, 37. See *Reynolds*.
St. Christopher, 85–7. See *Alexander*.

St. Columba in England, 151.
St. Genevieve, 85.
St. George, 37.
St. George's guild, drawings of, lent to Oxford, 147.
St. Ursula, Venice Academy, 71.
Satire, power of, 144. See *Leech*.
Scenery, destruction of, 156.
,, northern and southern, compared, 167.
,, and railroads, 208.
,, Scott's, Sir W., love of, *ib.*
Scepticism and science, 42.
Schaffhausen, railway over the falls of, 208.
Science, French book for a child on, 184.
,, modern, on pain and pleasure, 14.
,, and scepticism, 42.
,, suggestions for, 90.
Scotch mists, 167.
Scott, Sir W., influence of, on landscape art, 166.
,, ,, love of mountains, 174.
,, ,, scenery of, 167.
,, ,, romance of, 4.
,, ,, 'Monastery,' its faults, 98.
,, ,, 'White Lady of Avenel,' *ib.*
Severn, Mr. Arthur, picture of Westminster (1884), 209.
Shakspeare, 'Midsummer Night's Dream' on fairies, 97.
,, quoted, *ib.*
Sheridan, Mrs. See *Reynolds*.
Sibyl, a Tuscan, 84. See *Alexander*.
Sight, the unaided, and art, 118.
,, does not change in quality, 182.
,, and colour, *ib.*
,, a great painter's, authoritative, 183.
Simplon, the, railroad over, 208.
Sketch-book, no artist uses a block-book, 204 *n*.
Sky, the blue of the, and sunlight, 201 seq.
,, cyanometer, author's, 203.
,, after storm, described by Wordsworth, 184.
Smoke nuisance, the modern, *ib.*
Soul, the best questions of a true, 12.
South America, hideous illustrations of, 131.

Stanfield, as influenced by Turner, 158.
Storm Cloud, the, 199 *seqq*.
Strahan's 'Magazine for Youth,' June 1879, 101.
Strength, the noblest, that of unaided man, 118.
Suffering, accepted and involuntary, 13.
Sun, the description of (May 20, 1884), 201.
Sunset, the 'demoniac' beauty of the (Americanism), 132, 184.
Sunshine, author's love of, inexpressible, 10. See *Claude*, *Cuyp*, *Hunt*, *Turner*.
Symbolism in realistic art, Pre-Raphaelitism, 31–2.
Symbols do not give the dignity of the ideas they represent, 45, 48.
Symonds, Miss (Oxford), drawing by Copley Fielding in possession of, 179.
Sympathy, intellectual, 'no man can enter fully into the mind of another,' 46.

TADEMA, ALMA, classic in what sense, 61.
,, ,, marble painting of, 77.
,, ,, technical accuracy of, *ib*.
,, ,, tone of revolutionary rage in, 80.
,, ,, twilight of his pictures, 79.
,, ,, works of:—
Grosvenor Gallery Collection, 79.
Pyrrhic dance, *ib*.
Taine, M., on the growth of art, 211.
Taste, the formation of, 28.
Tendency, the direction more important than the distance reached, 65.
Teniers' 'Château at Perck,' National Gallery, 162.
Tenniel, his imagination, and Tintoret's, 153.
,, his power and tone, 139.
,, what he might have done, 153.
,, 'Punch' founded by, 136.
,, works of:—
Cartoons Nos. 38–48, 150.
'John Bull defends his pudding,' 151.
'Liberty and France,' 150.

Tennyson, his genius highest in 'Maud,' 'In Memoriam,' and Northern Farmer,' 4.
,, romantic, 4.
,, quoted :—
'Idylls of the King'—"Turn, fortune, turn thy wheel," 40.
'In Memoriam,' liv.—"The final goal of ill," 15.
Terror in art, 101.
Thebes, the seven against, 80.
Theseus, 160.
Tintoret, masses of, 153.
,, pictures by :—
the new addition to National Gallery, 162 *n.*
Doge Mocenigo (Oxford schools), 153.
Titian, drawing of trees by, 206.
Tobacco, 198.
Topffer, Swiss caricaturist, his life, 145.
,, his 'Histoire d'Albert,' *ib.*
Toys for children, what they like, 91.
Transparency defined, 137.
Tree-drawing, modern, as compared with Titian's, 206.
Truth, the, in Pre-Raphaelite art, 42.
,, in Turner, 121.
Turner, his character and genius, 157.
,, paints clouds, but never a flower, 196.
,, foregrounds of, no flower in any, 157.
,, his landscape, beyond all other, not representative of it, *ib.*
,, effect of, on contemporary art, 157–8.
,, minuteness in his work, 34.
,, sadness of, 157.
,, sight of, 183.
,, sunshine of, its bold conventionalism, 9.
,, truth, his magic in his, 121.
,, works of :—
'Loire,' 121.
National Gallery drawings, 35, 156.
Oxford, drawings at, 2, 56.
Tuscany, the poor of, 25, 84.

VALERIUS, 160.
Vanderneer, his 'Canal Scene' (National Gallery), 162 *n.*
,, the 'Evening Landscape' (National Gallery), *ib.*
Vandyke, children by, 107.
,, Gainsborough's last words on, 62.
,, and the Renaissance, 65, 164.
,, 'Draught of Fishes' by (National Gallery), 35, 162.
Vautier, Swiss artist, 57.
Venice, Academy, Carpaccio's S. Ursula, 71.
,, master of works at Ducal Palace (G. Boni), 19.
Virtues, the, and Greek art, 26.
Visions of great men, 101.
Vivisection, 20.
Vulgarity of selfishness, 161.

WAINSCOTING, old English, 127.
War, and Greek art, 78.
Water, effect on colour of a drop of, 181.
Water-colour, old English, its methods and labour, 172–3.
Watts, G. F., completeness of his work, 55.
,, ,, Greek feeling in, *ib.*
,, ,, hero-worship of, 58.
,, ,, Houses of Parliament frescoes, designs for, 56.
Wealth, evils of, 108.
Weather, good and bad, 169.
,, bad, worse in lowlands than in highlands, 206.
,, modern, its deterioration, and recent phenomena (May 20, 1884), 199 *seqq.*
,, the effect of it on artists, 204, 207.
Wilkie, children by, 108.
Wilson, Richard, the first sincere landscape artist, 166.
Women cannot paint, author's saying that, 21.
Wood-carving, mediæval, 128.
Woodcutting: American, 137.
,, ,, not meant to print blots, 133.
,, ,, cheap, 131.
,, ,, ease and danger of, 129–30.
,, ,, flesh tint, rendering of, 137.
,, ,, modern methods of, 136.
,, ,, sculpture and wood as material for, 128.

Woodcutting, transparency in, how given, 137.
,, ,, readily expresses ugliness or terror, 131.
Wordsworth, children of, 109.
,, love of mountains, 174.
,, Society, 209.
,, quoted :—
'Excursion,' Book ii., 174.
Sonnets—
"We live by admiration," 38.
"The world is too much with us," 95.
Work, goodness of, in proportion to our joy in it, 179.

YOUTH, praise of modern English, 154.

THE

PLEASURES OF ENGLAND

THE
PLEASURES OF ENGLAND

LECTURE I

THE PLEASURES OF LEARNING

BERTHA TO OSBURGA

Delivered 18*th and* 20*th October* 1884

1. IN the short review of the present state of English Art, given you last year, I left necessarily many points untouched, and others unexplained. The seventh lecture, which I did not think it necessary to read aloud, furnished you with some of the corrective statements of which, whether spoken or not, it was extremely desirable that you should estimate the balancing weight. These I propose in the present course farther to illustrate, and to arrive with you at, I hope, a

just—you would not wish it to be a flattering—estimate of the conditions of our English artistic life, past and present, in order that with due allowance for them we may determine, with some security, what those of us who have faculty ought to do, and those who have sensibility, to admire.

2. In thus rightly doing and feeling, you will find summed a wider duty, and granted a greater power, than the moral philosophy at this moment current with you has ever conceived; and a prospect opened to you besides, of such a Future for England as you may both hopefully and proudly labour for with your hands, and those of you who are spared to the ordinary term of human life, even see with your eyes, when all this tumult of vain avarice and idle pleasure, into which you have been plunged at birth, shall have passed into its appointed perdition.

3. I wish that you would read for introduction to the lectures I have this year arranged for you, that on the Future of England, which I gave to the cadets at Woolwich in the first year of my Professorship here, 1869; and which is now placed as the main

conclusion of the "Crown of Wild Olive": and with it, very attentively, the close of my inaugural lecture given here; for the matter, no less than the tenor of which, I was reproved by all my friends, as irrelevant and ill-judged;—which, nevertheless, is of all the pieces of teaching I have ever given from this chair, the most pregnant and essential to whatever studies, whether of Art or Science, you may pursue, in this place or elsewhere, during your lives.

4. The opening words of that passage I will take leave to read to you again,—for they must still be the ground of whatever help I can give you, worth your acceptance.

"There is a destiny now possible to us—the highest ever set before a nation to be accepted or refused. We are still undegenerate in race: a race mingled of the best northern blood. We are not yet dissolute in temper, but still have the firmness to govern, and the grace to obey. We have been taught a religion of pure mercy, which we must either now finally betray, or learn to defend by fulfilling. And we are rich in an inheritance of honour, bequeathed to us through

a thousand years of noble history, which it should be our daily thirst to increase with splendid avarice; so that Englishmen, if it be a sin to covet honour, should be the most offending souls alive. Within the last few years we have had the laws of natural science opened to us with a rapidity which has been blinding by its brightness; and means of transit and communication given to us, which have made but one kingdom of the habitable globe.

"One kingdom";—but who is to be its king? Is there to be no king in it, think you, and every man to do that which is right in his own eyes? Or only kings of terror, and the obscene empires of Mammon and Belial? Or will you, youths of England, make your country again a royal throne of kings; a sceptred isle; for all the world a source of light, a centre of peace; mistress of Learning and of the Arts;—faithful guardian of great memories in the midst of irreverent and ephemeral visions —faithful servant of time-tried principles, under temptation from fond experiments and licentious desires; and amidst the cruel and clamorous jealousies of the nations, worshipped

in her strange valour, of goodwill towards men?

5. The fifteen years that have passed since I spoke these words must, I think, have convinced some of my immediate hearers that the need for such an appeal was more pressing than they then imagined;—while they have also more and more convinced me myself that the ground I took for it was secure, and that the youths and girls now entering on the duties of active life are able to accept and fulfil the hope I then held out to them.

In which assurance I ask them to-day to begin the examination with me, very earnestly, of the question laid before you in that seventh of my last year's lectures, whether London,* as it is now, be indeed the natural, and therefore the heaven-appointed outgrowth of the inhabitation, these 1800 years, of the valley of the Thames by a progressively instructed and disciplined people; or if not, in what measure and manner the aspect and spirit of the great city may be possibly altered by your acts and thoughts.

* Ante, "The Art of England," § 198.

6. In my introduction to the Economist of Xenophon I said that every fairly educated European boy or girl ought to learn the history of five cities,—Athens, Rome, Venice, Florence, and London; that of London including, or at least compelling in parallel study, some knowledge also of the history of Paris.

A few words are enough to explain the reasons for this choice. The history of Athens, rightly told, includes all that need be known of Greek religion and arts. That of Rome, the victory of Christianity over Paganism; those of Venice and Florence sum the essential facts respecting the Christian arts of Painting, Sculpture, and Music; and that of London, in her sisterhood with Paris, the development of Christian Chivalry and Philosophy, with their exponent art of Gothic architecture.

Without the presumption of forming a distinct design, I yet hoped at the time when this division of study was suggested, with the help of my pupils, to give the outlines of their several histories during my work in Oxford. Variously disappointed and arrested, alike by difficulties of investigation and failure

of strength, I may yet hope to lay down for you, beginning with your own metropolis, some of the lines of thought in following out which such a task might be most effectively accomplished.

7. You observe that I speak of architecture as the chief exponent of the feelings both of the French and English races. Together with it, however, most important evidence of character is given by the illumination of manuscripts, and by some forms of jewellery and metallurgy: and my purpose in this course of lectures is to illustrate by all these arts the phases of national character which it is impossible that historians should estimate, or even observe, with accuracy, unless they are cognizant of excellence in the aforesaid modes of structural and ornamental craftsmanship.

8. In one respect, as indicated by the title chosen for this course, I have varied the treatment of their subject from that adopted in all my former books. Hitherto, I have always endeavoured to illustrate the personal temper and skill of the artist; holding the wishes or taste of his spectators at small

account, and saying of Turner you ought to like him, and of Salvator, you ought not, etc., etc., without in the least considering what the genius or instinct of the spectator might otherwise demand, or approve. But in the now attempted sketch of Christian history, I have approached every question from the people's side, and examined the nature, not of the special faculties by which the work was produced, but of the general instinct by which it was asked for, and enjoyed. Therefore I thought the proper heading for these papers should represent them as descriptive of the *Pleasures* of England, rather than of its *Arts*.

9. And of these pleasures, necessarily, the leading one was that of Learning, in the sense of receiving instruction;—a pleasure totally separate from that of finding out things for yourself,—and an extremely sweet and sacred pleasure, when you know how to seek it, and receive.

On which I am the more disposed, and even compelled, here to insist, because your modern ideas of Development imply that you must all turn out what you are to be, and

find out what you are to know, for yourselves, by the inevitable operation of your anterior affinities and inner consciences:—whereas the old idea of education was that the baby material of you, however accidentally or inevitably born, was at least to be by external force, and ancestral knowledge, bred; and treated by its Fathers and Tutors as a plastic vase, to be shaped or mannered as *they* chose, not as *it* chose, and filled, when its form was well finished and baked, with sweetness of sound doctrine, as with Hybla honey, or Arabian spikenard.

10. Without debating how far these two modes of acquiring knowledge—finding out, and being told—may severally be good, and in perfect instruction combined, I have to point out to you that, broadly, Athens, Rome, and Florence are self-taught, and internally developed; while all the Gothic races, without any exception, but especially those of London and Paris, are afterwards taught by these; and had, therefore, when they chose to accept it, the delight of being instructed, without trouble or doubt, as fast as they could read or imitate; and brought forward

to the point where their own northern instincts might wholesomely superimpose or graft some national ideas upon these sound instructions. Read over what I said on this subject in the third of my lectures last year (§ 62 *et seqq.*), and simplify that already brief statement further, by fastening in your mind Carlyle's general symbol of the best attainments of northern religious sculpture,—"three whale-cubs combined by boiling," and reflecting that the mental history of all northern European art is the modification of that graceful type, under the orders of the Athena of Homer and Phidias.

11. And this being quite indisputably the broad fact of the matter, I greatly marvel that your historians never, so far as I have read, think of proposing to you the question—what you might have made of yourselves *without* the help of Homer and Phidias: what sort of beings the Saxon and the Celt, the Frank and the Dane, might have been by this time, untouched by the spear of Pallas, unruled by the rod of Agricola, and sincerely the native growth, pure of root, and ungrafted in fruit of the clay of Isis, rock of Dovrefeldt, and

sands of Elbe? Think of it, and think chiefly what form the ideas, and images, of your natural religion might probably have taken, if no Roman missionary had ever passed the Alps in charity, and no English king in pilgrimage.

12. I have been of late indebted more than I can express to the friend who has honoured me by the dedication of his recently published lectures on 'Older England'; and whose eager enthusiasm and far collected learning have enabled me for the first time to assign their just meaning and value to the ritual and imagery of Saxon devotion. But while every page of Mr. Hodgett's book, and, I may gratefully say also, every sentence of his teaching, has increased and justified the respect in which I have always been by my own feeling disposed to hold the mythologies founded on the love and knowledge of the natural world, I have also been led by them to conceive, far more forcibly than hitherto, the power which the story of Christianity possessed, first heard through the wreaths of that cloudy superstition, in the substitution, for its vaporescent allegory of a positive and

literal account of a real Creation, and an instantly present, omnipresent, and compassionate God.

Observe, there is no question whatever in examining this influence, how far Christianity itself is true, or the transcendental doctrines of it intelligible. Those who brought you the story of it believed it with all their souls to be true,—and the effect of it on the hearts of your ancestors was that of an unquestionable, infinitely lucid message straight from God, doing away with all difficulties, grief, and fears for those who willingly received it, nor by any, except wilfully and obstinately vile persons, to be, by any possibility, denied or refused.

13. And it was precisely, observe, the vivacity and joy with which the main fact of Christ's life was accepted which gave the force and wrath to the controversies instantly arising about its nature.

Those controversies vexed and shook, but never undermined, the faith they strove to purify, and the miraculous presence, errorless precept, and loving promises of their Lord were alike undoubted, alike rejoiced in, by

every nation that heard the word of Apostles. The Pelagian's assertion that immortality could be won by man's will, and the Arian's that Christ possessed no more than man's nature, never for an instant — or in any country — hindered the advance of the moral law and intellectual hope of Christianity. Far the contrary; the British heresy concerning Free Will, though it brought bishop after bishop into England to extinguish it, remained an extremely healthy and active element in the British mind down to the days of John Bunyan and the guide Great Heart, and the calmly Christian justice and simple human virtue of Theodoric were the very roots and first burgeons of the regeneration of Italy.* But of the degrees in which it was possible for any barbarous nation to receive during the

* Gibbon, in his 37th chapter, makes Ulphilas also an Arian, but might have forborne, with grace, his own definition of orthodoxy: —and you are to observe generally that at this time the teachers who admitted the inferiority of Christ to the Father as touching his Manhood, were often counted among Arians, but quite falsely. Christ's own words, "My Father is greater than I," end that controversy at once. Arianism consists not in asserting the subjection of the Son to the Father, but in denying the subjected Divinity.

first five centuries, either the spiritual power of Christianity itself, or the instruction in classic art and science which accompanied it, you cannot rightly judge, without taking the pains, and they will not, I think, be irksome, of noticing carefully, and fixing permanently in your minds, the separating characteristics of the greater races, both in those who learned and those who taught.

14. Of the Huns and Vandals we need not speak. They are merely forms of Punishment and Destruction. Put them out of your minds altogether, and remember only the names of the immortal nations, which abide on their native rocks, and plough their unconquered plains, at this hour.

Briefly, in the north, — Briton, Norman, Frank, Saxon, Ostrogoth, Lombard; briefly, in the south,—Tuscan, Roman, Greek, Syrian, Egyptian, Arabian.

15. Now of these races, the British (I avoid the word Celtic, because you would expect me to say Keltic; and I don't mean to, lest you should be wanting me next to call the patroness of music St. Kekilia), the British, including Breton, Cornish, Welsh, Irish, Scot,

and Pict, are, I believe, of all the northern races, the one which has deepest love of external nature;—and the richest inherent gift of pure music and song, as such; separated from the intellectual gift which raises song into poetry. They are naturally also religious, and for some centuries after their own conversion are one of the chief evangelizing powers in Christendom. But they are neither apprehensive nor receptive; —they cannot understand the classic races, and learn scarcely anything from them; perhaps better so, if the classic races had been more careful to understand *them*.

16. Next, the Norman is scarcely more apprehensive than the Celt, but he is more constructive, and uses to good advantage what he learns from the Frank. His main characteristic is an energy, which never exhausts itself in vain anger, desire, or sorrow, but abides and rules, like a living rock:— where he wanders, he flows like lava, and congeals like granite.

17. Next, I take in this first sketch the Saxon and Frank together, both pre-eminently apprehensive, both docile exceedingly,

imaginative in the highest, but in life active more than pensive, eager in desire, swift of invention, keenly sensitive to animal beauty, but with difficulty rational, and rarely, for the future, wise. Under the conclusive name of Ostrogoth, you may class whatever tribes are native to central Germany, and develope themselves, as time goes on, into that power of the German Cæsars which still asserts itself as an empire against the licence and insolence of modern republicanism,—of which races, though this general name, no description can be given in rapid terms.

18. And lastly, the Lombards, who, at the time we have to deal with, were sternly indocile, gloomily imaginative, — of almost Norman energy, and differing from all the other western nations chiefly in this notable particular, that while the Celt is capable of bright wit and happy play, and the Norman, Saxon, and Frank all alike delight in caricature, the Lombards, like the Arabians, never jest.

19. These, briefly, are the six barbaric nations who are to be taught: and of whose native arts and faculties, before they receive any tutorship from the south, I find no

well-sifted account in any history:—but thus much of them, collecting your own thoughts and knowledge, you may easily discern—they were all, with the exception of the Scots, practical workers and builders in wood; and those of them who had coasts, first rate sea-boat builders, with fine mathematical instincts and practice in that kind far developed, necessarily good sail-weaving, and sound fur-stitching, with stout ironwork of nail and rivet; rich copper and some silver work in decoration — the Celts developing peculiar gifts in linear design, but wholly incapable of drawing animals or figures;—the Saxons and Franks having enough capacity in that kind, but no thought of attempting it; the Normans and Lombards still farther remote from any such skill. More and more, it seems to me wonderful that under your British block-temple, grimly extant on its pastoral plain, or beside the first crosses engraved on the rock of Whithorn — you English and Scots do not oftener consider what you might or could have come to, left to yourselves.

20. Next, let us form the list of your tutor nations, in whom it generally pleases you to

look at nothing but the corruptions. If we could get into the habit of thinking more of our own corruptions and more of *their* virtues, we should have a better chance of learning the true laws alike of art and destiny. But, the safest way of all, is to assure ourselves that true knowledge of any thing or any creature is only of the good of it; that its nature and life are in that, and that what is diseased,—that is to say, unnatural and mortal,—you must cut away from it in contemplation, as you would in surgery.

Of the six tutor nations, two, the Tuscan and Arab, have no effect on early Christian England. But the Roman, Greek, Syrian, and Egyptian act together from the earliest times; you are to study the influence of Rome upon England in Agricola, Constantius, St. Benedict, and St. Gregory; of Greece upon England in the artists of Byzantium and Ravenna; of Syria and Egypt upon England in St. Jerome, St. Augustine, St. Chrysostom, and St. Athanase.

21. St. Jerome, in central Bethlehem; St. Augustine, Carthaginian by birth, in truth a converted Tyrian, Athanase; Egyptian,

symmetric and fixed as an Egyptian aisle; Chrysostom, golden mouth of all; these are, indeed, every one teachers of all the western world, but St. Augustine especially of lay, as distinguished from monastic, Christianity to the Franks, and finally to us. His rule, expanded into the treatise of the City of God, is taken for guide of life and policy by Charlemagne, and becomes certainly the fountain of Evangelical Christianity, distinctively so called, (and broadly the lay Christianity of Europe, since, in the purest form of it, that is to say, the most merciful, charitable, variously applicable, kindly wise.) The greatest type of it, as far as I know, is St. Martin of Tours, whose character is sketched, I think in the main rightly, in the Bible of Amiens; and you may bind together your thoughts of its course by remembering that Alcuin, born at York, dies in the Abbey of St. Martin, at Tours; that as St. Augustine was in his writings Charlemagne's Evangelist in faith, Alcuin was, in living presence, his master in rhetoric, logic, and astronomy, with the other physical sciences.

22. A hundred years later than St. Augustine, comes the rule of St. Benedict—the

Monastic rule, virtually, of European Christianity, ever since—and theologically the Law of Works, as distinguished from the Law of Faith. St. Augustine and all the disciples of St. Augustine tell Christians what they should feel and think: St. Benedict and all the disciples of St. Benedict tell Christians what they should say and do.

In the briefest, but also the perfectest distinction, the disciples of St. Augustine are those who open the door to Christ—"If any man hear my voice"; but the Benedictines those to whom Christ opens the door—"To him that knocketh it shall be opened."

23. Now, note broadly the course and action of this rule, as it combines with the older one. St. Augustine's, accepted heartily by Clovis, and, with various degrees of understanding, by the kings and queens of the Merovingian dynasty, makes seemingly little difference in their conduct, so that their profession of it remains a scandal to Christianity to this day; and yet it lives, in the true hearts among them, down from St. Clotilde to her great granddaughter Bertha, who in becoming Queen of Kent, builds under its chalk downs her own

little chapel to St. Martin, and is the first effectively and permanently useful missionary to the Saxons, the beginner of English Erudition,—the first laid corner stone of beautiful English character.

24. I think henceforward you will find the memorandum of dates which I have here set down for my own guidance more simply useful than those confused by record of unimportant persons and inconsequent events, which form the indices of common history.

From the year of the Saxon invasion 449, there are exactly 400 years to the birth of Alfred, 849. You have no difficulty in remembering those cardinal years. Then, you have Four great men and great events to remember, at the close of the fifth century. Clovis, and the founding of Frank Kingdom; Theodoric and the founding of the Gothic Kingdom; Justinian and the founding of Civil law; St. Benedict and the founding of Religious law.

25. Of Justinian, and his work, I am not able myself to form any opinion—and it is, I think, unnecessary for students of history to

form any, until they are able to estimate clearly the benefits, and mischief, of the civil law of Europe in its present state. But to Clovis, Theodoric, and St. Benedict, without any question, we owe more than any English historian has yet ascribed, — and they are easily held in mind together, for Clovis ascended the Frank throne in the year of St. Benedict's birth, 481. Theodoric fought the battle of Verona, and founded the Ostrogothic Kingdom in Italy twelve years later, in 493, and thereupon married the sister of Clovis. That marriage is always passed in a casual sentence, as if a merely political one, and while page after page is spent in following the alternations of furious crime and fatal chance, in the contests between Fredegonde and Brunehaut, no historian ever considers whether the great Ostrogoth who wore in the battle of Verona the dress which his mother had woven for him, was likely to have chosen a wife without love! — or how far the perfectness, justice, and temperate wisdom of every ordinance of his reign was owing to the sympathy and counsel of his Frankish queen.

26. You have to recollect, then, thus far, only three cardinal dates:—

449. Saxon invasion.

481. Clovis reigns and St. Benedict is born.

493. Theodoric conquers at Verona.

Then, roughly, a hundred years later, in 590, Ethelbert, the fifth from Hengist, and Bertha, the third from Clotilde, are king and queen of Kent. I cannot find the date of their marriage, but the date, 590, which you must recollect for cardinal, is that of Gregory's accession to the pontificate, and I believe Bertha was then in middle life, having persevered in her religion firmly, but inoffensively, and made herself beloved by her husband and people. She, in England, Theodolinda in Lombardy, and St. Gregory in Rome:—in their hands, virtually lay the destiny of Europe.

Then the period from Bertha to Osburga, 590 to 849—say 250 years—is passed by the Saxon people in the daily more reverent learning of the Christian faith, and daily more peaceful and skilful practice of the humane arts and duties which it invented and inculcated.

27. The statement given by Sir Edward Creasy of the result of these 250 years of lesson is, with one correction, the most simple and just that I can find.

"A few years before the close of the sixth century, the country was little more than a wide battle-field, where gallant but rude warriors fought with each other, or against the neighbouring Welsh or Scots; unheeding and unheeded by the rest of Europe, or, if they attracted casual attention, regarded with dread and disgust as the fiercest of barbarians and the most untameable of pagans. In the eighth century, England was looked up to with admiration and gratitude, as superior to all the other countries of Western Europe in piety and learning, and as the land whence the most zealous and successful saints and teachers came forth to convert and enlighten the still barbarous regions of the continent."

28. This statement is broadly true; yet the correction it needs is a very important one. England, — under her first Alfred of Northumberland, and under Ina of Wessex, is indeed during these centuries the most learned, thoughtful, and progressive of

European states. But she is not a missionary power. The missionaries are always to her, not from her:—for the very reason that she is learning so eagerly, she does not take to preaching. Ina founds his Saxon school at Rome not to teach Rome, nor convert the Pope, but to drink at the source of knowledge, and to receive laws from direct and unquestioned authority. The missionary power was wholly Scotch and Irish, and that power was wholly one of zeal and faith, not of learning. I will ask you, in the course of my next lecture, to regard it attentively; to-day, I must rapidly draw to the conclusions I would leave with you.

29. It is more and more wonderful to me as I think of it, that no effect whatever was produced on the Saxon, nor on any other healthy race of the North, either by the luxury of Rome, or by her art, whether constructive or imitative. The Saxon builds no aqueducts—designs no roads, rounds no theatres in imitation of her,—envies none of her vile pleasures,—admires, so far as I can judge, none of her far-carried realistic art. I suppose that it needs intelligence of a

more advanced kind to see the qualities of complete sculpture: and that we may think of the Northern intellect as still like that of a child, who cares to picture its own thoughts in its own way, but does not care for the thoughts of older people, or attempt to copy what it feels too difficult. This much at least is certain, that for one cause or another, everything that now at Paris or London our painters most care for and try to realize of ancient Rome, was utterly innocuous and unattractive to the Saxon: while his mind was frankly open to the direct teaching of Greece and to the methods of bright decoration employed in the Byzantine Empire: for these alone seemed to his fancy suggestive of the glories of the brighter world promised by Christianity. Jewellery, vessels of gold and silver, beautifully written books, and music, are the gifts of St. Gregory alike to the Saxon and Lombard; all these beautiful things being used, not for the pleasure of the present life, but as the symbols of another; while the drawings in Saxon manuscripts, in which, better than in any other remains of their life, we can read the people's character, are rapid

endeavours to express for themselves, and convey to others, some likeness of the realities of sacred event in which they had been instructed. They differ from every archaic school of former design in this evident correspondence with an imagined reality. All previous archaic art whatsoever is symbolic and decorative—not realistic. The contest of Herakles with the Hydra on a Greek vase is a mere sign that such a contest took place, not a picture of it, and in drawing that sign the potter is always thinking of the effect of the engraved lines on the curves of his pot, and taking care to keep out of the way of the handle;—but a Saxon monk would scratch his idea of the Fall of the angels or the Temptation of Christ over a whole page of his manuscript in variously explanatory scenes, evidently full of inexpressible vision, and eager to explain and illustrate all that he felt or believed.

30. Of the progress and arrest of these gifts, I shall have to speak in my next address; but I must regretfully conclude to-day with some brief warning against the complacency which might lead you to regard them

as either at that time entirely original in the Saxon race, or at the present day as signally characteristic of it. That form of complacency is exhibited in its most amiable but, therefore, most deceptive guise, in the passage with which the late Dean of Westminster concluded his lecture at Canterbury in April 1854, on the subject of the landing of Augustine. I will not spoil the emphasis of the passage by comment as I read, but must take leave afterwards to intimate some grounds for abatement in the fervour of its self-gratulatory ecstasy.

31. "Let any one sit on the hill of the little church of St. Martin, and look on the view which is there spread before his eyes. Immediately below are the towers of the great abbey of St. Augustine, where Christian learning and civilization first struck root in the Anglo-Saxon race; and within which now, after a lapse of many centuries, a new institution has arisen, intended to carry far and wide, to countries of which Gregory and Augustine never heard, the blessings which they gave to us. Carry your view on—and there rises high above all the magnificent pile

of our cathedral, equal in splendour and state to any, the noblest temple or church that Augustine could have seen in ancient Rome, rising on the very ground which derives its consecration from him. And still more than the grandeur of the outward buildings that rose from the little church of Augustine and the little palace of Ethelbert have been the institutions of all kinds of which these were the earliest cradle. From Canterbury, the first English Christian city,—from Kent, the first English Christian kingdom—has by degrees arisen the whole constitution of Church and State in England which now binds together the whole British Empire. And from the Christianity here established in England has flowed, by direct consequence, first the Christianity of Germany; then, after a long interval, of North America; and lastly, we may trust, in time, of all India and all Australasia. The view from St. Martin's Church is indeed one of the most inspiriting that can be found in the world; there is none to which I would more willingly take any one who doubted whether a small beginning could lead to a great and lasting good;—none which carries us more

vividly back into the past, or more hopefully forward into the future."

32. To this Gregorian canticle in praise of the British constitution, I grieve, but am compelled, to take these following historical objections. The first missionary to Germany was Ulphilas, and what she owes to these islands she owes to Iona, not to Thanet. Our missionary offices to America as to Africa, consist I believe principally in the stealing of land, and the extermination of its proprietors by intoxication. Our rule in India has introduced there, Paisley instead of Cashmere shawls: in Australasia our Christian aid supplies, I suppose, the pious farmer with convict labour. And although, when the Dean wrote the above passage, St. Augustine's and the cathedral were—I take it on trust from his description—the principal objects in the prospect from St. Martin's Hill, I believe even the cheerfullest of my audience would not now think the scene one of the most inspiriting in the world. For recent progress has entirely accommodated the architecture of the scene to the convenience of the missionary workers above enumerated; to the peculiar necessities

of the civilization they have achieved. For the sake of which the cathedral, the monastery, the temple, and the tomb, of Bertha, contract themselves in distant or despised subservience under the colossal walls of the county gaol.

LECTURE II

THE PLEASURES OF FAITH

ALFRED TO THE CONFESSOR

Delivered 25th and 27th October 1884

33. I WAS forced in my last lecture to pass by altogether, and to-day can only with momentary definition notice, the part taken by Scottish missionaries in the Christianizing of England and Burgundy. I would pray you therefore, in order to fill the gap which I think it better to leave distinctly, than close confusedly, to read the histories of St. Patrick, St. Columba, and St. Columban, as they are given you by Montalembert in his 'Moines d'Occident.' You will find in his pages all the essential facts that are known, encircled with a nimbus of enthusiastic sympathy which I hope you will like better to see them through, than distorted by the blackening fog of contemptuous

rationalism. But although I ask you thus to make yourselves aware of the greatness of my omission, I must also certify you that it does not break the unity of our own immediate subject. The influence of Celtic passion and art both on Northumbria and the Continent, beneficent in all respects while it lasted, expired without any permanent share in the work or emotion of the Saxon and Frank. The book of Kells, and the bell of St. Patrick, represent sufficiently the peculiar character of Celtic design; and long since, in the first lecture of the 'Two Paths,' I explained both the modes of skill, and points of weakness, which rendered such design unprogressive. Perfect in its peculiar manner, and exulting in the faultless practice of a narrow skill, it remained century after century incapable alike of inner growth, or foreign instruction; inimitable, yet incorrigible; marvellous, yet despicable, to its death. Despicable, I mean, only in the limitation of its capacity, not in its quality or nature. If you make a Christian of a lamb or a squirrel—what can you expect of the lamb but jumping—what of the squirrel, but pretty spirals, traced with his tail? He

won't steal your nuts any more, and he'll say his prayers like this—*; but you cannot make a Beatrice's griffin, and emblem of all the Catholic Church, out of him.

34. You will have observed, also, that the plan of these lectures does not include any reference to the Roman Period in England; of which you will find all I think necessary to say, in the part called *Valle Crucis* of 'Our Fathers have told us.' But I must here warn you, with reference to it, of one gravely false prejudice of Montalembert. He is entirely blind to the conditions of Roman virtue, which existed in the midst of the corruptions of the Empire, forming the characters of such Emperors as Pertinax, Carus, Probus, the second Claudius, Aurelian, and our own Constantius; and he denies, with abusive violence, the power for good, of Roman Law, over the Gauls and Britons.

35. Respecting Roman national character, I will simply beg you to remember, that both St. Benedict and St. Gregory are Roman patricians, before they are either monk or pope; respecting its influence on Britain, I

* Making a sign.

think you may rest content with Shakespeare's estimate of it. Both Lear and Cymbeline belong to this time, so difficult to our apprehension, when the Briton accepted both Roman laws and Roman gods. There is indeed the born Kentish gentleman's protest against them in Kent's—

> "Now, by Apollo, king,
> Thou swear'st thy gods in vain;"

but both Cordelia and Imogen are just as thoroughly Roman ladies, as Virgilia or Calphurnia.

36. Of British Christianity and the Arthurian Legends, I shall have a word or two to say in my lecture on "Fancy," in connection with the similar romance which surrounds Theodoric and Charlemagne: only the worst of it is, that while both Dietrich and Karl are themselves more wonderful than the legends of them, Arthur fades into intangible vision:—this much, however, remains to this day, of Arthurian blood in us, that the richest fighting element in the British army and navy is British native,—that is to say, Highlander, Irish, Welsh, and Cornish.

37. Content, therefore (means being now given you for filling gaps,) with the estimates given you in the preceding lecture of the sources of instruction possessed by the Saxon capital, I pursue to-day our question originally proposed, what London might have been by this time, if the nature of the flowers, trees, and children, born at the Thames-side, had been rightly understood and cultivated.

38. Many of my hearers can imagine far better than I, the look that London must have had in Alfred's and Canute's days.* I have not, indeed, the least idea myself what its buildings were like, but certainly the groups

* Here Alfred's Silver Penny was shown and commented on, thus:—Of what London was like in the days of faith, I can show you one piece of artistic evidence. It is Alfred's silver penny struck in London mint. The character of a coinage is quite conclusive evidence in national history, and there is no great empire in progress, but tells its story in beautiful coins. Here in Alfred's penny, a round coin with L.O.N.D.I.N.I.A. struck on it, you have just the same beauty of design, the same enigmatical arrangement of letters, as in the early inscription, which it is "the pride of my life" to have discovered at Venice. This inscription ("the first words that Venice ever speaks aloud") is, it will be remembered, on the Church of St. Giacomo di Rialto, and runs, being interpreted—"Around this temple, let the merchant's law be just, his weights true, and his covenants faithful."

of its shipping must have been superb; small, but entirely seaworthy vessels, manned by the best seamen in the then world. Of course, now, at Chatham and Portsmouth we have our ironclads,—extremely beautiful and beautifully manageable things, no doubt—to set against this Saxon and Danish shipping; but the Saxon war-ships lay here at London shore —bright with banner and shield and dragon prow,—instead of these you may be happier, but are not handsomer, in having, now, the coal-barge, the penny steamer, and the wherry full of shop boys and girls. I dwell however for a moment only on the naval aspect of the tidal waters in the days of Alfred, because I can refer you for all detail on this part of our subject to the wonderful opening chapter of Dean Stanley's History of Westminster Abbey, where you will find the origin of the name of London given as "The City of Ships." He does not, however, tell you, that there were built, then and there, the biggest war-ships in the world. I have often said to friends who praised my own books that I would rather have written that chapter than any one of them; yet if I *had* been able

to write the historical part of it, the conclusions drawn would have been extremely different. The Dean indeed describes with a poet's joy the River of wells, which rose from those "once consecrated springs which now lie choked in Holywell and Clerkenwell, and the rivulet of Ulebrig which crossed the Strand under the Ivy bridge"; but it is only in the spirit of a modern citizen of Belgravia that he exults in the fact that "the great arteries of our crowded streets, the vast sewers which cleanse our habitations, are fed by the life-blood of those old and living streams; that underneath our tread the Tyburn, and the Holborn, and the Fleet, and the Wall Brook, are still pursuing their ceaseless course, still ministering to the good of man, though in a far different fashion than when Druids drank of their sacred springs, and Saxons were baptized in their rushing waters, ages ago."

39. Whatever sympathy you may feel with these eloquent expressions of that entire complacency in the present, past, and future, which peculiarly animates Dean Stanley's writings, I must, in this case, pray you to

observe that the transmutation of holy wells into sewers has, at least, destroyed the charm and utility of the Thames as a salmon stream, and I must ask you to read with attention the succeeding portions of the chapter which record the legends of the river fisheries in their relation to the first Abbey of Westminster; dedicated by its builders to St. Peter, not merely in his office of corner-stone of the Church, nor even figuratively as a fisher of men, but directly as a fisher of fish:—and which maintained themselves, you will see, in actual ceremony down to 1382, when a fisherman still annually took his place beside the Prior, after having brought in a salmon for St. Peter, which was carried in state down the middle of the refectory.

40. But as I refer to this page for the exact word, my eye is caught by one of the sentences of Londonian * thought which constantly pervert the well-meant books of pious England. "We see also," says the Dean, "the union of innocent fiction with worldly craft, which marks so many of the legends

* Not *Londinian.*

both of Pagan and Christian times." I might simply reply to this insinuation that times which have no legends differ from the legendary ones merely by uniting guilty, instead of innocent, fiction, with worldly craft; but I must farther advise you that the legends of these passionate times are in no wise, and in no sense, fiction at all; but the true record of impressions made on the minds of persons in a state of eager spiritual excitement, brought into bright focus by acting steadily and frankly under its impulses. I could tell you a great deal more about such things than you would believe, and therefore, a great deal more than it would do you the least good to hear;—but this much any who care to use their common sense modestly, cannot but admit, that unless they choose to try the rough life of the Christian ages, they cannot understand its practical consequences. You have all been taught by Lord Macaulay and his school that because you have Carpets instead of rushes for your feet; and Feather-beds instead of fern for your backs; and Kickshaws instead of beef for your eating; and Drains instead of Holy Wells for your

drinking;—that, therefore, you are the Cream of Creation, and every one of you a seven-headed Solomon. Stay in those pleasant circumstances and convictions if you please; but don't accuse your roughly bred and fed fathers of telling lies about the aspect the earth and sky bore to *them*,—till you have trodden the earth as they, barefoot, and seen the heavens as they, face to face. If you care to see and to know for yourselves, you may do it with little pains; you need not do any great thing, you needn't keep one eye open and the other shut for ten years over a microscope, nor fight your way through icebergs and darkness to knowledge of the *celestial* pole. Simply, do as much as king after king of the Saxons did,—put rough shoes on your feet and a rough cloak on your shoulders, and walk to Rome and back. Sleep by the roadside, when it is fine,—in the first outhouse you can find, when it is wet; and live on bread and water, with an onion or two, all the way; and if the experiences which you will have to relate on your return do not, as may well be, deserve the name of spiritual; at all events you will not be disposed to let other

people regard them either as Poetry or Fiction.

41. With this warning, presently to be at greater length insisted on, I trace for you, in Dean Stanley's words, which cannot be bettered except in the collection of their more earnest passages from among his interludes of graceful but dangerous qualification,—I trace, with only such omission, the story he has told us of the foundation of that Abbey, which, he tells you, was the Mother of London, and has ever been the shrine and the throne of English faith and truth.

"The gradual formation of a monastic body, indicated in the charters of Offa and Edgar, marks the spread of the Benedictine order throughout England, under the influence of Dunstan. The 'terror' of the spot, which had still been its chief characteristic in the charter of the wild Offa, had, in the days of the more peaceful Edgar, given way to a dubious 'renown.' Twelve monks is the number traditionally said to have been established by Dunstan. A few acres further up the river formed their chief property, and their monastic character was sufficiently recognized to have given to the

old locality of the 'terrible place' the name of the 'Western Monastery,' or 'Minster of the West.'"

The Benedictines then—twelve Benedictine monks—thus begin the building of existent Christian London. You know I told you the Benedictines are the Doing people, as the disciples of St. Augustine the Sentimental people. The Benedictines find no terror in their own thoughts—face the terror of places—change it into beauty of places,—make this terrible place, a Motherly Place—Mother of London.

42. This first Westminster, however, the Dean goes on to say, "seems to have been overrun by the Danes, and it would have had no further history but for the combination of circumstances which directed hither the notice of Edward the Confessor."

I haven't time to read you all the combination of circumstances. The last clinching circumstance was this—

"There was in the neighbourhood of Worcester, 'far from men in the wilderness, on the slope of a wood, in a cave deep down in the grey rock,' a holy hermit 'of great age,

living on fruits and roots.' One night, when after reading in the Scriptures 'how hard are the pains of hell, and how the enduring life of Heaven is sweet and to be desired,' he could neither sleep nor repose, St. Peter appeared to him, 'bright and beautiful, like to a clerk,' and warned him to tell the King that he was released from his vow; that on that very day his messengers would return from Rome;" (that is the combination of circumstances—bringing Pope's order to build a church to release the King from his vow of pilgrimage); "that 'at Thorney, two leagues from the city,' was the spot marked out where, in an ancient church, 'situated low,' he was to establish a perfect Benedictine monastery, which should be 'the gate of heaven, the ladder of prayer, whence those who serve St. Peter there, shall by him be admitted into Paradise.' The hermit writes the account of the vision on parchment, seals it with wax, and brings it to the King, who compares it with the answer of the messengers, just arrived from Rome, and determines on carrying out the design as the Apostle had ordered.

43. "The ancient church, 'situated low,'

indicated in this vision the one whose attached monastery had been destroyed by the Danes, but its little church remained, and was already dear to the Confessor, not only from the lovely tradition of its dedication by the spirit of St. Peter;" (you must read that for yourselves;) "but also because of two miracles happening there to the King himself.

"The first was the cure of a cripple, who sat in the road between the Palace and 'the Chapel of St. Peter,' which was 'near,' and who explained to the Chamberlain Hugolin that, after six pilgrimages to Rome in vain, St. Peter had promised his cure if the King would, on his own royal neck, carry him to the Monastery. The King immediately consented; and, amidst the scoffs of the court, bore the poor man to the steps of the High Altar. There the cripple was received by Godric the sacristan, and walked away on his own restored feet, hanging his stool on the wall for a trophy.

"Before that same High Altar was also believed to have been seen one of the Eucharistical portents, so frequent in the Middle

Ages. A child, 'pure and bright like a spirit,' appeared to the King in the sacramental elements. Leofric, Earl of Mercia, who, with his famous countess, Godiva, was present, saw it also.

"Such as these were the motives of Edward. Under their influence was fixed what has ever since been the local centre of the English monarchy."

44. "Such as these were the *motives* of Edward," says the Dean. Yes, certainly; but such as these also, first, were the acts and visions of Edward. Take care that you don't slip away, by the help of the glycerine of the word "motives," into fancying that all these tales are only the after colours and pictorial metaphors of sentimental piety. They are either plain truth or black lies; take your choice,—but don't tickle and treat yourselves with the prettiness or the grotesqueness of them, as if they were Anderssen's fairy tales. Either the King did carry the beggar on his back, or he didn't; either Godiva rode through Coventry, or she didn't; either the Earl Leofric saw the vision of the bright child at the altar—or he lied like

a knave. Judge, as you will; but do not Doubt.

45. "The Abbey was fifteen years in building. The King spent upon it one-tenth of the property of the kingdom. It was to be a marvel of its kind. As in its origin it bore the traces of the fantastic and childish" (I must pause, to ask you to substitute for these blameful terms, 'fantastic and childish,' the better ones of 'imaginative and pure') "character of the King and of the age; in its architecture it bore the stamp of the peculiar position which Edward occupied in English history between Saxon and Norman. By birth he was a Saxon, but in all else he was a foreigner. Accordingly the Church at Westminster was a wide-sweeping innovation on all that had been seen before. 'Destroying the old building,' he says in his charter, 'I have built up a new one from the very foundation.' Its fame as a 'new style of composition' lingered in the minds of men for generations. It was the first cruciform church in England, from which all the rest of like shape were copied—an expression of the increasing hold which, in the tenth century,

the idea of the Crucifixion had laid on the imagination of Europe. The massive roof and pillars formed a contrast with the rude wooden rafters and beams of the common Saxon churches. Its very size—occupying, as it did, almost the whole area of the present building—was in itself portentous. The deep foundations, of large square blocks of grey stone, were duly laid; the east end was rounded into an apse; a tower rose in the centre, crowned by a cupola of wood. At the western end were erected two smaller towers, with five large bells. The hard strong stones were richly sculptured; the windows were filled with stained glass; the roof was covered with lead. The cloisters, chapter-house, refectory, dormitory, the infirmary, with its spacious chapel, if not completed by Edward, were all begun, and finished in the next generation on the same plan. This structure, venerable as it would be if it had lasted to our time, has almost entirely vanished. Possibly one vast dark arch in the southern transept, certainly the substructures of the dormitory, with their huge pillars, 'grand and regal at the bases and capitals,'

the massive, low-browed passage leading from the great cloister to Little Dean's Yard, and some portions of the refectory, and of the infirmary chapel, remain as specimens of the work which astonished the last age of the Anglo-Saxon and the first age of the Norman monarchy."

46. Hitherto I have read to you with only supplemental comment. But in the next following passage, with which I close my series of extracts, sentence after sentence occurs, at which as I read, I must raise my hand, to mark it for following deprecation, or denial.

"In the centre of Westminster Abbey thus lies its Founder, and such is the story of its foundation. Even apart from the legendary elements in which it is involved, it is impossible not to be struck by the fantastic character of all its circumstances. We seem to be in a world of poetry." (I protest, No.) "Edward is four centuries later than Ethelbert and Augustine; but the origin of Canterbury is commonplace and prosaic compared with the origin of Westminster." (Yes, that's true.) "We can hardly imagine a figure

more incongruous to the soberness of later times than the quaint, irresolute, wayward prince whose chief characteristics have just been described. His titles of Confessor and Saint belong not to the general instincts of Christendom; but to the most transitory feelings of the age." (I protest, No.) "His opinions, his prevailing motives, were such as in no part of modern Europe would now be shared by any educated teacher or ruler." (That's true enough.) "But in spite of these irreconcilable differences, there was a solid ground for the charm which he exercised over his contemporaries. His childish and eccentric fancies have passed away;" (I protest, No;) "but his innocent faith and his sympathy with his people are qualities which, even in our altered times, may still retain their place in the economy of the world. Westminster Abbey, so we hear it said, sometimes with a cynical sneer, sometimes with a timorous scruple, has admitted within its walls many who have been great without being good, noble with a nobleness of the earth earthy, worldly with the wisdom of this world. But it is a

counterbalancing reflection, that the central tomb, round which all those famous names have clustered, contains the ashes of one who, weak and erring as he was, rests his claims of interment here, not on any act of power or fame, but only on his artless piety and simple goodness. He, towards whose dust was attracted the fierce Norman, and the proud Plantagenet, and the grasping Tudor, and the fickle Stuart, even the Independent Oliver, the Dutch William, and the Hanoverian George, was one whose humble graces are within the reach of every man, woman, and child of every time, if we rightly part the immortal substance from the perishable form."

47. Now I have read you these passages from Dean Stanley as the most accurately investigatory, the most generously sympathetic, the most reverently acceptant account of these days, and their people, which you can yet find in any English history. But consider now, point by point, where it leaves you. You are told, first, that you are living in an age of poetry. But the days of poetry are those of Shakespeare and Milton, not of Bede: nay, for their especial wealth in

melodious theology and beautifully rhythmic and pathetic meditation, perhaps the days which have given us 'Hiawatha,' 'In Memoriam,' 'The Christian Year,' and the 'Soul's Diary' of George Macdonald, may be not with disgrace compared with those of Caedmon. And nothing can be farther different from the temper, nothing less conscious of the effort, of a poet, than any finally authentic document to which you can be referred for the relation of a Saxon miracle.

48. I will read you, for a perfectly typical example, an account of one from Bede's 'Life of St. Cuthbert.' The passage is a favourite one of my own, but I do not in the least anticipate its producing upon you the solemnizing effect which I think I could command from reading, instead, a piece of 'Marmion,' 'Manfred,' or 'Childe Harold.'

. . . "He had one day left his cell to give advice to some visitors; and when he had finished, he said to them, 'I must now go in again, but do you, as you are inclined to depart, first take food; and when you have cooked and eaten that goose which is

hanging on the wall, go on board your vessel in God's name and return home.' He then uttered a prayer, and, having blessed them, went in. But they, as he had bidden them, took some food; but having enough provisions of their own, which they had brought with them, they did not touch the goose.

"But when they had refreshed themselves they tried to go on board their vessel, but a sudden storm utterly prevented them from putting to sea. They were thus detained seven days in the island by the roughness of the waves, and yet they could not call to mind what fault they had committed. They therefore returned to have an interview with the holy father, and to lament to him their detention. He exhorted them to be patient, and on the seventh day came out to console their sorrow, and to give them pious exhortations. When, however, he had entered the house in which they were stopping, and saw that the goose was not eaten, he reproved their disobedience with mild countenance and in gentle language: 'Have you not left the goose still hanging in its place? What wonder is it that the storm has prevented

your departure? Put it immediately into the caldron, and boil and eat it, that the sea may become tranquil, and you may return home.'

"They immediately did as he commanded; and it happened most wonderfully that the moment the kettle began to boil the wind began to cease, and the waves to be still. Having finished their repast, and seeing that the sea was calm, they went on board, and to their great delight, though with shame for their neglect, reached home with a fair wind. Now this, as I have related, I did not pick up from any chance authority, but I had it from one of those who were present, a most reverend monk and priest of the same monastery, Cynemund, who still lives, known to many in the neighbourhood for his years and the purity of his life."

49. I hope that the memory of this story, which, thinking it myself an extremely pretty one, I have given you, not only for a type of sincerity and simplicity, but for an illustration of obedience, may at all events quit you, for good and all, of the notion that the believers and witnesses of miracle were poetical persons.

Saying no more on the head of that allegation, I proceed to the Dean's second one, which I cannot but interpret as also intended to be injurious,—that they were artless and childish ones; and that because of this rudeness and puerility, their motives and opinions would not be shared by any statesmen of the present day.

50. It is perfectly true that Edward the Confessor was himself in many respects of really childish temperament; not therefore, perhaps, as I before suggested to you, less venerable. But the age of which we are examining the progress, was by no means represented or governed by men of similar disposition. It was eminently productive of —it was altogether governed, guided, and instructed by—men of the widest and most brilliant faculties, whether constructive or speculative, that the world till then had seen; men whose acts became the romance, whose thoughts the wisdom, and whose arts the treasure, of a thousand years of futurity.

51. I warned you at the close of last lecture against the too agreeable vanity of supposing that the Evangelization of the world began

at St. Martin's, Canterbury. Again and again you will indeed find the stream of the Gospel contracting itself into narrow channels, and appearing, after long-concealed filtration, through veins of unmeasured rock, with the bright resilience of a mountain spring. But you will find it the only candid, and therefore the only wise, way of research, to look in each era of Christendom for the minds of culminating power in all its brotherhood of nations; and, careless of local impulse, momentary zeal, picturesque incident, or vaunted miracle, to fasten your attention upon the force of character in the men, whom, over each newly-converted race, Heaven visibly sets for its shepherds and kings, to bring forth judgment unto victory. Of these I will name to you, as messengers of God and masters of men, five monks and five kings; in whose arms during the range of swiftly gainful centuries which we are following, the life of the world lay as a nursling babe. Remember, in their successive order, — of monks, St. Jerome; St. Augustine, St. Martin, St. Benedict, and St. Gregory; of kings,—and your national vanity may be surely enough appeased

in recognizing two of them for Saxon,—Theodoric, Charlemagne, Alfred, Canute, and the Confessor. I will read three passages to you, out of the literal words of three of these ten men, without saying whose they are, that you may compare them with the best and most exalted you have read expressing the philosophy, the religion, and the policy of to-day,—from which I admit, with Dean Stanley, but with a far different meaning from his, that they are indeed separate for evermore.

52. I give you first, for an example of Philosophy, a single sentence, containing all —so far as I can myself discern—that it is possible for us to know, or well for us to believe, respecting the world and its laws.

"Of God's universal Providence, ruling all, and comprising all.

"Wherefore the great and mighty God; He that made man a reasonable creature of soul and body, and He that did neither let him pass unpunished for his sin, nor yet excluded him from mercy; He that gave, both unto good and bad, essence with the

stones, power of production with the trees, senses with the beasts of the field, and understanding with the angels; He from whom is all being, beauty, form, and order, number, weight, and measure; He from whom all nature, mean and excellent, all seeds of form, all forms of seed, all motion, both of forms and seeds, derive and have being; He that gave flesh the original beauty, strength, propagation, form and shape, health and symmetry; He that gave the unreasonable soul, sense, memory, and appetite; the reasonable, besides these, phantasy, understanding, and will; He, I say, having left neither heaven, nor earth, nor angel, nor man, no, nor the most base and contemptible creature, neither the bird's feather, nor the herb's flower, nor the tree's leaf, without the true harmony of their parts, and peaceful concord of composition:—It is in no way credible that He would leave the kingdoms of men and their bondages and freedom loose and uncomprised in the laws of His eternal providence."*

* From St. Augustine's 'Citie of God,' Book V., ch. xi. (English trans., printed by George Eld, 1610.)

53. This for the philosophy.* Next, I take for example of the Religion of our ancestors, a prayer, personally and passionately offered to the Deity conceived as you have this moment heard.

"O Thou who art the Father of that Son which has awakened us, and yet urgeth us out of the sleep of our sins, and exhorteth us that we become Thine;" (note you that, for apprehension of what Redemption means, against your base and cowardly modern notion of 'scaping whipping. Not to take away the Punishment of Sin, but by His Resurrection to raise us out of the sleep of sin itself! Compare the legend at the feet of the Lion of the Tribe of Judah in the golden Gospel of Charles le Chauve †:—

"HIC LEO SURGENDO PORTAS CONFREGIT AVERNI
QUI NUNQUAM DORMIT, NUSQUAM DORMITAT IN ÆVUM;")

"to Thee, Lord, I pray, who art the supreme

* Here one of the "Stones of Westminster" was shown and commented on.

† At Munich: the leaf has been exquisitely drawn and legend communicated to me by Professor Westwood. It is written in gold on purple. (See below, §§ 102 and 110 n. Ed. 1898.)

truth; for all the truth that is, is truth from Thee. Thee I implore, O Lord, who art the highest wisdom. Through Thee are wise all those that are so. Thou art the true life, and through Thee are living all those that are so. Thou art the supreme felicity, and from Thee all have become happy that are so. Thou art the highest good, and from Thee all beauty springs. Thou art the intellectual light, and from Thee man derives his understanding.

"To Thee, O God, I call and speak. Hear, O hear me, Lord! for Thou art my God and my Lord; my Father and my Creator; my ruler and my hope; my wealth and my honour; my house, my country, my salvation, and my life! Hear, hear me, O Lord! Few of Thy servants comprehend Thee. But Thee alone I *love*,* indeed, above all other things. Thee I seek: Thee I will follow: Thee I am ready to serve. Under Thy power I desire to abide, for Thou alone art the Sovereign of all. I pray Thee to command me as Thou wilt."

54. You see this prayer is simply the

* Meaning—not that he is of those few, but that, without comprehending, at least, as a dog, he can love.

expansion of that clause of the Lord's Prayer which most men eagerly omit from it,—*Fiat voluntas tua.* In being so, it sums the Christian prayer of all ages. See now, in the third place, how far this king's letter I am going to read to you sums also Christian Policy.

"Wherefore I render high thanks to Almighty God, for the happy accomplishment of all the desires which I have set before me, and for the satisfying of my every wish.

"Now therefore, be it known to you all, that to Almighty God Himself I have, on my knees, devoted my life, to the end that in all things I may do justice, and with justice and rightness rule the kingdoms and peoples under me; throughout everything preserving an impartial judgment. If, heretofore, I have, through being, as young men are, impulsive or careless, done anything unjust, I mean, with God's help, to lose no time in remedying my fault. To which end I call to witness my counsellors, to whom I have entrusted the counsels of the kingdom, and I charge them that by no means, be it through fear of me, or the favour of any other powerful

personage, to consent to any injustice, or to suffer any to shoot out in any part of my kingdom. I charge all my viscounts and those set over my whole kingdom, as they wish to keep my friendship or their own safety, to use no unjust force to any man, rich or poor; let all men, noble and not noble, rich and poor alike, be able to obtain their rights under the law's justice; and from that law let there be no deviation, either to favour the king or any powerful person, nor to raise money for me. I have no need of money raised by what is unfair. I also would have you know that I go now to make peace and firm treaty by the counsels of all my subjects, with those nations and people who wished, had it been possible for them to do so, which it was not, to deprive us alike of kingdom and of life. God brought down their strength to nought: and may He of His benign love preserve us on our throne and in honour. Lastly, when I have made peace with the neighbouring nations, and settled and pacified all my dominions in the East, so that we may nowhere have any war or enmity to fear, I mean to come to

England this summer, as soon as I can fit out vessels to sail. My reason, however, in sending this letter first is to let all the people of my kingdom share in the joy of my welfare: for as you yourselves know, I have never spared myself or my labour; nor will I ever do so, where my people are really in want of some good that I can do them."

55. What think you now, in candour and honour, you youth of the latter days,—what think you of these types of the thought, devotion, and government, which not in words, but pregnant and perpetual fact, animated these which you have been accustomed to call the Dark Ages?

The Philosophy is Augustine's; the Prayer Alfred's; and the Letter Canute's.

And, whatever you may feel respecting the beauty or wisdom of these sayings, be assured of one thing above all, that they are sincere; and of another, less often observed, that they are joyful.

56. Be assured, in the first place, that they are sincere. The ideas of diplomacy and priestcraft are of recent times. No false

knight or lying priest ever prospered, I believe, in any age, but certainly not in the dark ones. Men prospered then, only in following openly-declared purposes, and preaching candidly beloved and trusted creeds.

And that they did so prosper, in the degree in which they accepted and proclaimed the Christian Gospel, may be seen by any of you in your historical reading, however partial, if only you will admit the idea that it could be so, and was likely to be so. You are all of you in the habit of supposing that temporal prosperity is owing either to worldly chance or to worldly prudence; and is never granted in any visible relation to states of religious temper. Put that treacherous doubt away from you, with disdain; take for basis of reasoning the noble postulate, that the elements of Christian faith are sound,—instead of the base one, that they are deceptive; reread the great story of the world in that light, and see what a vividly real, yet miraculous tenor, it will then bear to you.

57. Their faith then, I tell you first, was sincere; I tell you secondly that it was, in a degree few of us can now conceive, joyful.

We continually hear of the trials, sometimes of the victories, of Faith,—but scarcely ever of its pleasures. Whereas, at this time, you will find that the chief delight of all good men was in the recognition of the goodness and wisdom of the Master, who had come to dwell with them upon earth. It is almost impossible for you to conceive the vividness of this sense in them; it is totally impossible for you to conceive the comfort, peace, and force of it. In everything that you now do or seek, you expose yourselves to countless miseries of shame and disappointment, because in your doing you depend on nothing but your own powers, and in seeking choose only your own gratification. You cannot for the most part conceive of any work but for your own interests, or the interests of others about whom you are anxious in the same faithless way; everything about which passion is excited in you or skill exerted is some object of material life, and the idea of doing anything except for your own praise or profit has narrowed itself into little more than the precentor's invitation to the company with little voice and less practice to "sing to the praise and glory of God."

58. I have said that you cannot imagine the feeling of the energy of daily life applied in the real meaning of those words. You cannot imagine it, but you *can* prove it. Are any of you willing, simply as a philosophical experiment in the greatest of sciences, to adopt the principles and feelings of these men of a thousand years ago for a given time, say for a year? It cannot possibly do you any harm to try, and you cannot possibly learn what is true in these things, without trying. If after a year's experience of such method you find yourself no happier than before, at least you will be able to support your present opinions at once with more grace and more modesty; having conceded the trial it asked for, to the opposite side. Nor in acting temporarily on a faith you do not see to be reasonable, do you compromise your own integrity more, than in conducting, under a chemist's directions, an experiment of which he foretells inexplicable consequences. And you need not doubt the power you possess over your own minds to do this. Were faith not voluntary, it could not be praised, and would not be rewarded.

59. If you are minded thus to try, begin each day with Alfred's prayer,—fiat voluntas tua; resolving that you will stand to it, and that nothing that happens in the course of the day shall displease you. Then set to any work you have in hand with the sifted and purified resolution that ambition shall not mix with it, nor love of gain, nor desire of pleasure more than is appointed for you; and that no anxiety shall touch you as to its issue, nor any impatience nor regret if it fail. Imagine that the thing is being done through you, not by you; that the good of it may never be known, but that at least, unless by your rebellion or foolishness, there can come no evil into it, nor wrong chance to it. Resolve also with steady industry to do what you can for the help of your country and its honour, and the honour of its God; and that you will not join hands in its iniquity, nor turn aside from its misery; and that in all you do and feel you will look frankly for the immediate help and direction, and to your own consciences, expressed approval, of God. Live thus, and believe, and with swiftness of answer proportioned to the frankness of the

trust, most surely the God of hope will fill you with all joy and peace in believing.

60. But, if you will not do this, if you have not courage nor heart enough to break away the fetters of earth, and take up the sensual bed of it, and walk; if you say that you are *bound* to win this thing, and become the other thing, and that the wishes of your friends,—and the interests of your family,—and the bias of your genius,—and the expectations of your college,—and all the rest of the bow-wow-wow of the wild dog-world, must be attended to, whether you like it or no,—then, at least, for shame give up talk about being free or independent creatures; recognize yourselves for slaves in whom the thoughts are put in ward with their bodies, and their hearts manacled with their hands: and then at least also, for shame, if you refuse to believe that ever there were men who gave their souls to God,—know and confess how surely there are those who sell them to His adversary.

LECTURE III

THE PLEASURES OF DEED

ALFRED TO CŒUR DE LION

Delivered 1st and 3rd November 1884

61. IT was my endeavour, in the preceding lecture, to vindicate the thoughts and arts of our Saxon ancestors from whatever scorn might lie couched under the terms applied to them by Dean Stanley,—'fantastic,' and 'childish.' To-day my task must be carried forward, first, in asserting the grace in fantasy, and the force in infancy, of the English mind, before the Conquest, against the allegations contained in the final passage of Dean Stanley's description of the first founded Westminster; a passage which accepts and asserts, more distinctly than any other equally brief statement I have met with, the to my mind extremely disputable theory, that the Norman invasion was in every respect a sanitary,

moral, and intellectual blessing to England, and that the arrow which slew her Harold was indeed the Arrow of the Lord's deliverance.

62. "The Abbey itself," says Dean Stanley, —"the chief work of the Confessor's life,— was the portent of the mighty future. When Harold stood beside his sister Edith, on the day of the dedication, and signed his name with hers as witness to the Charter of the Abbey, he might have seen that he was sealing his own doom, and preparing for his own destruction. The solid pillars, the ponderous arches, the huge edifice, with triple tower and sculptured stones and storied windows, that arose in the place and in the midst of the humble wooden churches and wattled tenements of the Saxon period, might have warned the nobles who were present that the days of their rule were numbered, and that the *avenging*, *civilizing*, *stimulating* hand of another and a mightier race was at work, which would change the whole face of their language, their manners, their Church, and their commonwealth. The Abbey, so far exceeding the demands of the *dull and stagnant*

minds of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, was founded not only in faith, but in hope: in the hope that England had yet a glorious career to run; that the line of her sovereigns would not be broken, even when the race of Alfred had ceased to reign."

There must surely be some among my hearers who are startled, if not offended, at being told in the terms which I emphasized in this sentence, that the minds of our Saxon fathers were, although fantastic, dull, and, although childish, stagnant; that farther, in their fantastic stagnation, they were savage, —and in their innocent dullness, criminal; so that the future character and fortune of the race depended on the critical advent of the didactic and disciplinarian Norman baron, at once to polish them, stimulate, and chastise.

63. Before I venture to say a word in distinct arrest of this judgment, I will give you a chart, as clear as the facts observed in the two previous lectures allow, of the state and prospects of the Saxons, when this violent benediction of conquest happened to them: and especially I would rescue, in the measure that justice bids, the memory even of their

Pagan religion from the general scorn in which I used Carlyle's description of the idol of ancient Prussia as universally exponent of the temper of Northern devotion. That Triglaph, or Triglyph Idol, (derivation of Triglaph wholly unknown to me — I use Triglyph only for my own handiest epithet), last set up, on what is now St. Mary's hill in Brandenburg, in 1023, belonged indeed to a people wonderfully like the Saxons,—geographically their close neighbours,—in habits of life, and aspect of native land, scarcely distinguishable from them,—in Carlyle's words, a "strong-boned, iracund, herdsman and fisher people, highly averse to be interfered with, in their religion especially, and inhabiting a moory flat country, full of lakes and woods, but with plenty also of alluvial mud, grassy, frugiferous, apt for the plough" — in all things like the Saxons, except, as I read the matter, in that 'aversion to be interfered with' which you modern English think an especially Saxon character in you,—but which is, on the contrary, you will find on examination, by no means Saxon; but only Wendisch, Czech, Serbic, Sclavic, — other

hard names I could easily find for it among the tribes of that vehemently heathen old Preussen — "resolutely worshipful of places of oak trees, of wooden or stone idols, of Bangputtis, Patkullos, and I know not what diabolic dumb blocks." Your English "dislike to be interfered with" is in absolute fellowship with these, but only gathers itself in its places of Stalks, or chimneys, instead of oak trees, round its idols of iron, instead of wood, diabolically *vocal* now; strident, and sibilant, instead of dumb.

64. Far other than these, their neighbour Saxons, Jutes and Angles! — tribes between whom the distinctions are of no moment whatsoever, except that an English boy or girl may with grace remember that 'Old England,' exactly and strictly so called, was the small district in the extreme south of Denmark, totally with its islands estimable at sixty miles square of dead flat land. Directly south of it, the definitely so-called Saxons held the western shore of Holstein, with the estuary of the Elbe, and the sea-mark isle, Heligoland. But since the principal temple of Saxon worship was close to

Leipsic,* we may include under our general term, Saxons, the inhabitants of the whole level district of North Germany, from the Gulf of Flensburg to the Hartz; and, eastward, all the country watered by the Elbe as far as Saxon Switzerland.

65. Of the character of this race I will not here speak at any length: only note of it this essential point, that their religion was at once more practical and more imaginative than that of the Norwegian peninsula; the Norse religion being the conception rather of natural than moral powers, but the Saxon, primarily of moral, as the lords of natural—their central divine image, Irminsul,† holding the standard of peace in her right hand, a balance in her left. Such a religion may degenerate into mere slaughter and rapine; but it has the making in it of the noblest men.

More practical at all events, whether for good or evil, in this trust in a future reward for courage and purity, than the mere Scandinavian awe of existing Earth and Cloud,

* Turner, vol. i., p. 223.

† Properly plural 'Images'—Irminsul and Irminsula.

the Saxon religion was also more imaginative, in its nearer conception of human feeling in divine creatures. And when this wide hope and high reverence had distinct objects of worship and prayer, offered to them by Christianity, the Saxons easily became pure, passionate, and thoughtful Christians; while the Normans, to the last, had the greatest difficulty in apprehending the Christian teaching of the Franks, and still deny the power of Christianity, even when they have become inveterate in its form.

Quite the deepest-thoughted creatures of the then animate world, it seems to me, these Saxon ploughmen of the sand or the sea, with their worshipped deity of Beauty and Justice, a red rose on her banner, for best of gifts, and in her right hand, instead of a sword, a balance, for due doom, without wrath,—of retribution in her left. Far other than the Wends, though stubborn enough, they too, in battle rank,—seven times rising from defeat against Charlemagne, and unsubdued but by death—yet, by no means in that John Bull's manner of yours, 'averse to be interfered with,' in their opinions, or their religion. Eagerly

docile on the contrary—joyfully reverent—instantly and gratefully acceptant of whatever better insight or oversight a stranger could bring them, of the things of God or man.

66. And let me here ask you especially to take account of that origin of the true bearing of the Flag of England, the Red Rose. Her own madness defiled afterwards alike the white and red, into images of the paleness, or the crimson, of death; but the Saxon Rose was the symbol of heavenly beauty and peace.

I told you in my first lecture that one swift requirement in our school would be to produce a beautiful map of England, including old Northumberland, giving the whole country, in its real geography, between the Frith of Forth and Straits of Dover, and with only six sites of habitation given, besides those of Edinburgh and London,—namely, those of Canterbury and Winchester, York and Lancaster, Holy Island and Melrose; the latter instead of Iona, because, as we have seen, the influence of St. Columba expires with the advance of Christianity, while that of Cuthbert of Melrose connects itself with the most sacred feelings of the entire Northumbrian kingdom, and

Scottish border, down to the days of Scott—wreathing also into its circle many of the legends of Arthur. Will you forgive my connecting the personal memory of having once had a wild rose gathered for me, in the glen of Thomas the Rhymer, by the daughter of one of the few remaining Catholic houses of Scotland, with the pleasure I have in reading to you this following true account of the origin of the name of St. Cuthbert's birthplace ;—the rather because I owe it to friendship of the same date, with Mr. Cockburn Muir, of Melrose.

67. "To those who have eyes to read it," says Mr. Muir, "the name 'Melrose' is written full and fair, on the fair face of all this reach of the valley. The name is anciently spelt Mailros, and later, Malros, never Mulros; ('Mul' being the Celtic word taken to mean 'bare'). Ros is Rose; the forms Meal or Mol imply great quantity or number. Thus Malros means the place of many roses.

"This is precisely the notable characteristic of the neighbourhood. The wild rose is indigenous. There is no nook nor cranny, no bank nor brae, which is not, in the time

of roses, ablaze with their exuberant loveliness. In gardens, the cultured rose is so prolific that it spreads literally like a weed. But it is worth suggestion that the word may be of the same stock as the Hebrew *rôsh* (translated rôs by the Septuagint), meaning *chief*, *principal*, while it is also the name of *some* flower; but of *which* flower is now unknown. Affinities of *rôsh* are not far to seek; Sanskrit, *Raj*(a). *Ra*(ja)*ni*; Latin, *Rex*, *Reg*(ina)."

I leave it to Professor Max Muller to certify or correct for you the details of Mr. Cockburn's research,*—this main head of it

* I had not time to quote it fully in the lecture; and in my ignorance, alike of Keltic and Hebrew, can only submit it here to the reader's examination. "The ancient Cognizance of the town confirms this etymology beyond doubt, with customary heraldic precision. The shield bears a *Rose*; with a *Maul*, as the exact phonetic equivalent for the expletive. If the herald had needed to express 'bare promontory,' quite certainly he would have managed it somehow. Not only this, the Earls of Haddington were first created Earls of *Melrose* (1619); and their Shield, quarterly, is charged, for Melrose, in 2nd and 3rd (fesse wavy between) three *Roses* gu.

"Beyond this ground of certainty, we may indulge in a little excursus into lingual affinities of wide range. The root *mol* is clear enough. It is of the same stock as the Greek *mála*, Latin *mul*(*tum*), and Hebrew *m'la*. But, *Rose?* We

I can positively confirm, that in old Scotch, —that of Bishop Douglas,—the word 'Rois' stands alike for King, and Rose.

68. Summing now the features I have too shortly specified in the Saxon character,—its imagination, its docility, its love of knowledge, and its love of beauty, you will be prepared to accept my conclusive statement, that they gave rise to a form of Christian faith which appears to me, in the present state of my knowledge, one of the purest and most intellectual ever attained in Christendom;—never yet understood, partly because of the extreme rudeness of its expression in the art of manuscripts, and partly because, on account of its very purity, it sought no expression in architecture, being a religion of daily life, and humble lodging. For these two practical reasons, first;—and for this more weighty

call her Queen of Flowers, and since before the Persian poets made much of her, she was everywhere *Regina Florum*. Why should not the name mean simply the Queen, the Chief? Now, so few who know Keltic know also Hebrew, and so few who know Hebrew know also Keltic, that few know the surprising extent of the affinity that exists—clear as day—between the Keltic and the Hebrew vocabularies. That the word *Rose* may be a case in point is not hazardously speculative."

third, that the intellectual character of it is at the same time most truly, as Dean Stanley told you, childlike; showing itself in swiftness of imaginative apprehension, and in the fearlessly candid application of great principles to small things. Its character in this kind may be instantly felt by any sympathetic and gentle person who will read carefully the book I have already quoted to you, the Venerable Bede's life of St. Cuthbert; and the intensity and sincerity of it in the highest orders of the laity, by simply counting the members of Saxon Royal families who ended their lives in monasteries.

69. Now, at the very moment when this faith, innocence, and ingenuity were on the point of springing up into their fruitage, comes the Northern invasion; of the real character of which you can gain a far truer estimate by studying Alfred's former resolute contest with and victory over the native Norman in his paganism, than by your utmost endeavours to conceive the character of the afterwards invading Norman, disguised, but not changed, by Christianity. The Norman could not, in the nature of him,

become a *Christian* at all; and he never did;—he only became, at his best, the enemy of the Saracen. What he was, and what alone he was capable of being, I will try to-day to explain.

70. And here I must advise you that in all points of history relating to the period between 800 and 1200, you will find M. Viollet le Duc, incidentally throughout his 'Dictionary of Architecture,' the best-informed, most intelligent, and most thoughtful of guides. His knowledge of architecture, carried down into the most minutely practical details,—(which are often the most significant), and embracing, over the entire surface of France, the buildings even of the most secluded villages; his artistic enthusiasm, balanced by the acutest sagacity, and his patriotism, by the frankest candour, render his analysis of history during that active and constructive period the most valuable known to me, and certainly, in its field, exhaustive. Of the later nationality his account is imperfect, owing to his professional interest in the mere *science* of architecture, and comparative insensibility to the power of sculpture;—but of

the time with which we are now concerned, whatever he tells you must be regarded with grateful attention.

71. I introduce, therefore, the Normans to you, on their first entering France, under his descriptive terms of them.*

"As soon as they were established on the soil, these barbarians became the most hardy and active builders. Within the space of a century and a half, they had covered the country on which they had definitely landed, with religious, monastic, and civil edifices, of an extent and richness then little common. It is difficult to suppose that they had brought from Norway the elements of art,† but they were possessed by a persisting and penetrating spirit; their brutal force did not want for grandeur. Conquerors, they raised castles to assure their domination; they soon recognized the Moral force of the clergy, and endowed it richly. Eager always to attain their end, when once they saw it, they *never left one of their enterprises unfinished*, and in that

* Article "Architecture," vol. i., p. 138.

† They *had* brought some, of a variously Charybdic, Serpentine, and Diabolic character.—J. R.

they differed completely from the Southern inhabitants of Gaul. Tenacious extremely, they were perhaps the only ones among the barbarians established in France who had ideas of order; the only ones who knew how to preserve their conquests, and compose a state. They found the remains of the Carthaginian arts on the territory where they planted themselves, they mingled with those their national genius, positive, grand, and yet supple."

72. Supple, 'Delié,'—capable of change and play of the mental muscle, in the way that savages are not. I do not, myself, grant this suppleness to the Norman, the less because another sentence of M. le Duc's, occurring incidentally in his account of the archivolt, is of extreme counter-significance, and wide application. "The Norman arch," he says, "is *never derived from traditional classic forms*, but only from mathematical arrangement of line." Yes; that is true: the Norman arch is never derived from classic forms. The cathedral,* whose aisles you saw or might have seen, yesterday, interpenetrated with light, whose vaults you might have heard

* Of Oxford, during the afternoon service.

prolonging the sweet divisions of majestic sound, would have been built in that stately symmetry by Norman law, though never an arch at Rome had risen round her field of blood,—though never her Sublician bridge had been petrified by her Augustan pontifices. But the *decoration*, though not the structure of those arches, they owed to another race,* whose words they stole without understanding, though three centuries before, the Saxon understood, and used, to express the most solemn majesty of his Kinghood,—

"EGO EDGAR, TOTIVS ALBIONIS"—

not Rex, that would have meant the King of Kent or Mercia, not of England,—no, nor Imperator; that would have meant only the profane power of Rome, but *BASILEVS*, meaning a King who reigned with sacred authority given by Heaven and Christ.

73. With far meaner thoughts, both of themselves and their powers, the Normans set themselves to build impregnable military walls, and sublime religious ones, in the best possible practical ways; but they no more

* See the concluding section of the lecture.

made books of their church fronts than of their bastion flanks; and cared, in the religion they accepted, neither for its sentiments nor its promises, but only for its immediate results on national order.

As I read them, they were men wholly of this world, bent on doing the most in it, and making the best of it that they could;—men, to their death, of *Deed*, never pausing, changing, repenting, or anticipating, more than the completed square, *ἄνευ ψόγου*, of their battle, their keep, and their cloister. Soldiers before and after everything, they learned the lockings and bracings of their stones primarily in defence against the battering-ram and the projectile, and esteemed the pure circular arch for its distributed and equal strength more than for its beauty. "I believe again," says M. le Duc,* "that the feudal castle never arrived at its perfectness till after the Norman invasion, and that this race of the North was the first to apply a defensive system under unquestionable laws, soon followed by the nobles of the Continent, after they had, at their own expense, learned their superiority."

* Article "Château," vol. iii., p. 65.

74. The next sentence is a curious one. I pray your attention to it. "The defensive system of the Norman is born of a profound sentiment of *distrust* and *cunning*, *foreign to the character of the Frank*." You will find in all my previous notices of the French, continual insistance upon their natural Franchise, and also, if you take the least pains in analysis of their literature down to this day, that the idea of falseness is to them indeed more hateful than to any other European nation. To take a quite cardinal instance. If you compare Lucian's and Shakespeare's Timon with Molière's Alceste, you will find the Greek and English misanthropes dwell only on men's *ingratitude* to *themselves*, but Alceste, on their *falsehood to each other*.

Now hear M. le Duc farther:

"The castles built between the tenth and twelfth centuries along the Loire, Gironde, and Seine, that is to say, along the lines of the Norman invasions, and in the neighbourhood of their possessions, have a peculiar and uniform character which one finds neither in central France, nor in Burgundy, nor can there be any need for us to throw light on (*faire*

ressortir) the superiority of the warrior spirit of the Normans, during the later times of the Carlovingian epoch, over the spirit of the chiefs of Frank descent, established on the Gallo-Roman soil." There's a bit of honesty in a Frenchman for you!

75. I have just said that they valued religion chiefly for its influence of order in the present world: being in this, observe, as nearly as may be the exact reverse of modern believers, or persons who profess to be such, —of whom it may be generally alleged, too truly, that they value religion with respect to their future bliss rather than their present duty; and are therefore continually careless of its direct commands, with easy excuse to themselves for disobedience to them. Whereas the Norman, finding in his own heart an irresistible impulse to action, and perceiving himself to be set, with entirely strong body, brain, and will, in the midst of a weak and dissolute confusion of all things, takes from the Bible instantly into his conscience every exhortation to Do and to Govern; and becomes, with all his might and understanding, a blunt and rough servant, knecht, or knight of God, liable

to much misapprehension, of course, as to the services immediately required of him, but supposing, since the whole make of him, outside and in, is a soldier's, that God meant him for a soldier, and that he is to establish, by main force, the Christian faith and works all over the world so far as he comprehends them; not merely with the Mahometan indignation against spiritual error, but with a sound and honest soul's dislike of material error, and resolution to extinguish *that*, even if perchance found in the spiritual persons to whom, in their office, he yet rendered total reverence.

76. Which force and faith in him I may best illustrate by merely putting together the broken paragraphs of Sismondi's account of the founding of the Norman Kingdom of Sicily: virtually contemporary with the conquest of England.

"The Normans surpassed all the races of the west in their ardour for pilgrimages. They would not, to go into the Holy Land, submit to the monotony * of a long sea voyage

* I give Sismondi's idea as it stands, but there was no question in the matter of monotony or of danger. The journey was made on foot because it was the most laborious way, and the most humble.

—the rather that they found not on the Mediterranean the storms or dangers they had rejoiced to encounter on their own sea. They traversed by land the whole of France and Italy, trusting to their swords to procure the necessary subsistence,* if the charity of the faithful did not enough provide for it with alms. The towns of Naples, Amalfi, Gaeta, and Bari, held constant commerce with Syria; and frequent miracles, it was believed, illustrated the Monte Cassino, (St. Benedict again!) on the road of Naples, and the Mount of Angels (Garganus) above Bari." (Querceta Gargani — verily, laborant; *now*, et orant.) "The pilgrims wished to visit during their journey the monasteries built on these two mountains, and therefore nearly always, either going or returning to the Holy Land, passed through Magna Græcia.

"In one of the earliest years of the eleventh century, about forty of these religious travellers, having returned from the Holy Land, chanced to have met together in Salerno at the moment when a small Saracen fleet came to insult the

* See farther on, § 80, the analogies with English arrangements of the same kind.

town, and demand of it a military contribution. The inhabitants of South Italy, at this time, abandoned to the delights of their enchanted climate, had lost nearly all military courage. The Salernitani saw with astonishment forty Norman knights, after having demanded horses and arms from the Prince of Salerno, order the gates of the town to be opened, charge the Saracens fearlessly, and put them to flight. The Salernitani followed, however, the example given them by these brave warriors, and those of the Mussulmans who escaped their swords were forced to re-embark in all haste.

77. "The Prince of Salerno, Guaimar III., tried in vain to keep the warrior-pilgrims at his court: but at his solicitation other companies established themselves on the rocks of Salerno and Amalfi, until, on Christmas Day, 1041, (exactly a quarter of a century before the coronation here at Westminster of the Conqueror,) they gathered their scattered forces at Aversa,* twelve groups of them under twelve chosen counts, and all under the Lombard Ardoin, as commander-in-chief." Be so good as to note that,—a marvellous

* In Lombardy, south of Pavia.

key-note of historical fact about the unjesting Lombards. I cannot find the total Norman number: the chief contingent, under William of the Iron Arm, the son of Tancred of Hauteville, was only of three hundred knights; the Count of Aversa's troop, of the same number, is named as an important part of the little army — admit it for ten times Tancred's, three thousand men in all. At Aversa, these three thousand men form, coolly on Christmas Day, 1041, the design of— well, I told you they didn't *design* much, only, now we're here, we may as well, while we're about it,—overthrow the Greek empire! That was their little game! — a Christmas mumming to purpose. The following year, the whole of Apulia was divided among them.

78. I will not spoil, by abstracting, the magnificent following history of Robert Guiscard, the most wonderful soldier of that or any other time: I leave you to finish it for yourselves, only asking you to read together with it, the sketch, in Turner's history of the Anglo-Saxons, of Alfred's long previous war with the Norman Hasting; pointing out to you for foci of character in each contest,

the culminating incidents of naval battle. In Guiscard's struggle with the Greeks, he encounters for their chief naval force the Venetian fleet under the Doge Domenico Selvo. The Venetians are at this moment undoubted masters in all naval warfare; the Normans are worsted easily the first day,—the second day, fighting harder, they are defeated again, and so disastrously that the Venetian Doge takes no precautions against them on the third day, thinking them utterly disabled. Guiscard attacks him again on the third day, with the mere wreck of his own ships, and defeats the tired and amazed Italians finally!

79. The sea-fight between Alfred's ships and those of Hasting, ought to be still more memorable to us. Alfred, as I noticed in last lecture, had built war ships nearly twice as long as the Normans', swifter, and steadier on the waves. Six Norman ships were ravaging the Isle of Wight; Alfred sent nine of his own to take them. The King's fleet found the Northmen's embayed, and three of them aground. The three others *engaged Alfred's nine, twice their size*; two of the

Viking ships were taken, but the third escaped, with only five men! A nation which verily took its pleasures in its Deeds.

80. But before I can illustrate farther either their deeds or their religion, I must for an instant meet the objection which I suppose the extreme probity of the nineteenth century must feel acutely against these men, — that they all lived by thieving.

Without venturing to allude to the *raison d'être* of the present French and English Stock Exchanges, I will merely ask any of you here, whether of Saxon or Norman blood, to define for himself what he means by the "possession of India." I have no doubt that you all wish to keep India in order, and in like manner I have assured you that Duke William wished to keep England in order. If you will read the lecture on the life of Sir Herbert Edwardes, which I hope to give in London after finishing this course,* you will see how a Christian British officer

* This was prevented by the necessity for the re-arrangement of my terminal Oxford lectures: I am now preparing that on Sir Herbert for publication in a somewhat expanded form. [See now 'Bibl. Past.,' vol. iv., "A Knight's Faith." Ed. 1898.]

can, and does, verily, and with his whole heart, keep in order such part of India as may be entrusted to him, and in so doing, secure our Empire. But the silent feeling and practice of the nation about India is based on quite other motives than Sir Herbert's. Every mutiny, every danger, every terror, and every crime, occurring under, or paralyzing, our Indian legislation, arises directly out of our national desire to live on the loot of India, and the notion always entertained by English young gentlemen and ladies of good position, falling in love with each other without immediate prospect of establishment in Belgrave Square, that they can find in India, instantly on landing, a bungalow ready furnished with the loveliest fans, china, and shawls,—ices and sherbet at command,—four-and-twenty slaves succeeding each other hourly to swing the punkah, and a regiment with a beautiful band to "keep order" outside, all round the house.

81. Entreating your pardon for what may seem rude in these personal remarks, I will further entreat you to read my account of the death of Cœur de Lion in the third number

of 'Fors Clavigera'—and also the scenes in 'Ivanhoe' between Cœur de Lion and Locksley; and commending these few passages to your quiet consideration, I proceed to give you another anecdote or two of the Normans in Italy, twelve years later than those given above, and, therefore, only thirteen years before the battle of Hastings.

Their division of South Italy among them especially, and their defeat of Venice, had alarmed everybody considerably,—especially the Pope, Leo IX., who did not understand this manifestation of their piety. He sent to Henry III. of Germany, to whom he owed his Popedom, for some German knights, and got five hundred spears; gathered out of all Apulia, Campania, and the March of Ancona, what Greek and Latin troops were to be had, to join his own army of the patrimony of St. Peter; and the holy Pontiff, with this numerous army, but no general, began the campaign by a pilgrimage with all his troops to Monte Cassino, in order to obtain, if it might be, St. Benedict for general.

82. Against the Pope's collected masses, with St. Benedict, their contemplative but at

first inactive general, stood the little army of Normans,—certainly not more than the third of their number—but with Robert Guiscard for captain, and under him his brother, Humphrey of Hauteville, and Richard of Aversa. Not in fear, but in devotion, they prayed the Pope 'avec instance,'—to say on what conditions they could appease his anger, and live in peace under him. But the Pope would hear of nothing but their evacuation of Italy. Whereupon, they had to settle the question in the Norman manner.

The two armies met in front of Civitella, on Waterloo day, 18th June, thirteen years, as I said, before the battle of Hastings. The German knights were the heart of the Pope's army, but they were only five hundred; the Normans surrounded *them* first, and slew them, nearly to a man—and then made extremely short work with the Italians and Greeks. The Pope, with the wreck of them, fled into Civitella; but the townspeople dared not defend their walls, and thrust the Pope himself out of their gates—to meet, alone, the Norman army.

He met it, *not* alone, St. Benedict being

with him now, when he had no longer the strength of man to trust in.

The Normans, as they approached him, threw themselves on their knees,—covered themselves with dust, and implored his pardon and his blessing.

83. There's a bit of poetry—if you like,—but a piece of steel-clad fact also, compared to which the battles of Hastings and Waterloo both, were mere boys' squabbles.

You don't suppose, you British schoolboys, that *you* overthrew Napoleon—*you?* Your prime Minister folded up the map of Europe at the thought of him. Not you, but the snows of Heaven, and the hand of Him who dasheth in pieces with a rod of iron. He casteth forth His ice like morsels,—who can stand before His cold?

But, so far as you have indeed the right to trust in the courage of your own hearts, remember also—it is not in Norman nor Saxon, but in Celtic race that your real strength lies. The battles both of Waterloo and Alma were won by Irish and Scots—by the terrible Scots Greys, and by Sir Colin's Highlanders. Your 'thin red line,' was kept steady

at Alma only by Colonel Yea's swearing at them.

84. But the old Pope, alone against a Norman army, wanted nobody to swear at him. Steady enough he, having somebody to bless him, instead of swear at him. St. Benedict, namely; whose (memory shall we say?) helped him now at his pinch in a singular manner,—for the Normans, having got the old man's forgiveness, vowed themselves his feudal servants; and for seven centuries afterwards the whole kingdom of Naples remained a fief of St. Peter,—won for him thus by a single man, unarmed, against three thousand Norman knights, captained by Robert Guiscard!

A day of deeds, gentlemen, to some purpose,—*that* 18th of June, anyhow.

85. Here, in the historical account of Norman character, I must unwillingly stop for to-day—because, as you choose to spend your University money in building ball-rooms instead of lecture-rooms, I dare not keep you much longer in this black hole, with its nineteenth century ventilation. I try your patience—and tax your breath—only for a

few minutes more in drawing the necessary corollaries respecting Norman art.*

How far the existing British nation owes its military prowess to the blood of Normandy and Anjou, I have never examined its genealogy enough to tell you;—but this I can tell you positively, that whatever constitutional order or personal valour the Normans enforced or taught among the nations they conquered, they did not at first attempt with their own hands to rival them in any of their finer arts, but used both Greek and Saxon sculptors, either as slaves, or hired workmen, and more or less therefore chilled and degraded the hearts of the men thus set to servile, or at best, hireling, labour.

86. In 1874, I went to see Etna, Scylla, Charybdis, and the tombs of the Norman Kings at Palermo; surprised, as you may imagine, to find that there wasn't a stroke

* Given at much greater length in the lecture, with diagrams from Iffley and Poictiers, without which the text of them would be unintelligible. The sum of what I said was a strong assertion of the incapacity of the Normans for any but the rudest and most grotesque sculpture,—Poictiers being, on the contrary, examined and praised as Gallic-French—not Norman.

nor a notion of Norman work in them. They are, every atom, done by Greeks, and are as pure Greek as the temple of Ægina; but more rich and refined. I drew with accurate care, and with measured profile of every moulding, the tomb built for Roger II. (afterwards Frederick II. was laid in its dark porphyry). And it is a perfect type of the Greek-Christian form of tomb—temple over sarcophagus, in which the pediments rise gradually, as time goes on, into acute angles—get pierced in the gable with foils, and their sculptures thrown outside on their flanks, and become at last in the fourteenth century, the tombs of Verona. But what is the meaning of the Normans employing these Greek slaves for their work in Sicily (within thirty miles of the field of Himera)? Well, the main meaning is that though the Normans could build, they couldn't carve, and were wise enough not to try to, when they couldn't, as you do now all over this intensely comic and tragic town: but, here in England, they only employed the Saxon with a grudge, and therefore being more and more driven to use barren mouldings without sculpture, gradually

developed the structural forms of archivolt, which breaking into the lancet, brighten and balance themselves into the symmetry of Early English Gothic.

87. But even for the first decoration of the archivolt itself, they were probably indebted to the Greeks in a degree I never apprehended, until by pure happy chance, a friend gave me the clue to it just as I was writing the last pages of this lecture.

In the generalization of ornament attempted in the first volume of the 'Stones of Venice,' I supposed the Norman zigzag (and with some practical truth) to be derived from the angular notches with which the blow of an axe can most easily decorate, or at least vary, the solid edge of a square fillet. My good friend, and supporter, and for some time back the single trustee of St. George's Guild, Mr. George Baker, having come to Oxford on Guild business, I happened to show him the photographs of the front of Iffley church, which had been collected for this lecture; and immediately afterwards, in taking him through the schools, stopped to show him the Athena of Ægina as one of the most

important of the Greek examples lately obtained for us by Professor Richmond. The statue is (rightly) so placed that in looking up to it, the plait of hair across the forehead is seen in a steeply curved arch. "Why," says Mr. Baker, pointing to it, "there's the Norman arch of Iffley." Sure enough, there it exactly was: and a moment's reflection showed me how easily, and with what instinctive fitness, the Norman builders, looking to the Greeks as their absolute masters in sculpture, and recognizing also, during the Crusades, the hieroglyphic use of the zigzag, for water, by the Egyptians, might have adopted this easily attained decoration at once as the sign of the element over which they reigned, and of the power of the Greek Goddess who ruled both it and them.

88. I do not in the least press your acceptance of such a tradition, nor for the rest, do I care myself whence any method of ornament is derived, if only, as a stranger, you bid it reverent welcome. But much probability is added to the conjecture by the indisputable transition of the Greek egg and arrow moulding into the floral cornices of Saxon and

other twelfth century cathedrals in Central France. These and other such transitions and exaltations I will give you the materials to study at your leisure, after illustrating in my next lecture the forces of religious imagination by which all that was most beautiful in them was inspired.

LECTURE IV

THE PLEASURES OF FANCY

CŒUR DE LION TO ELIZABETH

Delivered 8th and 10th November 1884

89. IN using the word "Fancy," for the mental faculties of which I am to speak to-day, I trust you, at your leisure, to read the Introductory Note to the second volume of 'Modern Painters' in the small new edition,* which gives sufficient reason for practically including under the single term Fancy, or Fantasy, all the energies of the Imagination, —in the terms of the last sentence of that preface,—"the healthy, voluntary, and necessary,† action of the highest powers of the human mind, on subjects properly demanding and justifying their exertion."

* [*i.e.* the separate edition of 1883. See now the complete edition and the small complete edition. Ed. 1898.]

† Meaning that all healthy minds possess imagination, and use it at will, under fixed laws of truthful perception and memory.

90. I must farther ask you to read, in the same volume, the close of the chapter 'Of Imagination Penetrative,' §§ 29–33, of which the gist, which I must give as the first principle from which we start in our to-day's inquiry, is that "Imagination, rightly so called, has no food, no delight, no care, no perception, except of truth; it is for ever looking under masks, and burning up mists; no fairness of form, no majesty of seeming, will satisfy it; the first condition of its existence is incapability of being deceived."* In that sentence, which is a part, and a very valuable part, of the original book, I still adopted and used unnecessarily the ordinary distinction between Fancy and Imagination—Fancy concerned with lighter things, creating fairies or centaurs, and Imagination creating men; and I was in the habit always of implying by the meaner word Fancy, a voluntary Fallacy, as Wordsworth does in those lines to his wife, making of her a mere lay figure for the drapery of his fancy—

> Such if thou wert, in all men's view
> An universal show,
> What would my Fancy have to do,
> My feelings to bestow.

---

* Vide § 29.

AMERICAN LIBRARY

But you will at once understand the higher and more universal power which I now wish you to understand by the Fancy, including all imaginative energy, correcting these lines of Wordsworth's to a more worthy description of a true lover's happiness. When a boy falls in love with a girl, you say he has taken a fancy for her; but if he love her rightly, that is to say for her noble qualities, you ought to say he has taken an imagination for her; for then he is endued with the new light of love which sees and tells of the mind in her,—and this neither falsely nor vainly. His love does not bestow, it discovers, what is indeed most precious in his mistress, and most needful for his own life and happiness. Day by day, as he loves her better, he discerns her more truly; and it is only the truth of his love that does so. Falsehood to her, would at once disenchant and blind him.

91. In my first lecture of this year,* I pointed out to you with what extreme simplicity and reality the Christian faith must have presented itself to the Northern Pagan's mind, in its distinction from his former confused and

* Ante, § 12 *et seqq.*

monstrous mythology. It was also in that simplicity and tangible reality of conception, that this Faith became to them, and to the other savage nations of Europe, Tutress of the real power of their imagination; and it became so, only in so far as it indeed conveyed to them statements which, however in some respects mysterious, were yet most literally and brightly *true*, as compared with their former conceptions. So that while the blind cunning of the savage had produced only misshapen logs or scrawls; the *seeing* imagination of the Christian painters created, for them and for all the world, the perfect types of the Virgin and of her Son; which became, indeed, Divine, by being, with the most affectionate truth, human.

92. And the association of this truth in loving conception, with the general honesty and truth of the character, is again conclusively shown in the feelings of the lover to his mistress; which we recognize as first reaching their height in the days of chivalry. The truth and faith of the lover, and his piety to Heaven, are the foundation, in his character, of all the joy in imagination which he can receive from the conception of his lady's—

now no more mortal—beauty. She is indeed transfigured before him; but the truth of the transfiguration is greater than that of the lightless aspect she bears to others. When therefore, in my next lecture, I speak of the Pleasures of Truth, as distinct from those of the Imagination,—if either the limits or clearness of brief title had permitted me, I should have said, *untransfigured* truth;—meaning on the one side, truth which we have not heart enough to transfigure, and on the other, truth of the lower kind which is incapable of transfiguration. One may look at a girl till one believes she is an angel; because, in the best of her, she *is* one; but one can't look at a cockchafer till one believes it is a girl.

93. With this warning of the connection which exists between the honest intellect and the healthy imagination; and using henceforward the shorter word 'Fancy' for all inventive vision, I proceed to consider with you the meaning and consequences of the frank and eager exertion of the fancy on Religious subjects, between the twelfth and sixteenth centuries.

Its first, and admittedly most questionable action, the promotion of the group of martyr saints of the third century to thrones of uncontested dominion in heaven, had better be distinctly understood, before we debate of it, either with the Iconoclast or the Rationalist. This apotheosis by the Imagination is the subject of my present lecture. To-day I only describe it,—in my next lecture I will discuss it.

94. Observe, however, that in giving such a history of the mental constitution of nascent Christianity, we have to deal with, and carefully to distinguish, two entirely different orders in its accepted hierarchy:—one, scarcely founded at all on personal characters or acts, but mythic or symbolic; often merely the revival, the baptized resuscitation of a Pagan deity, or the personified omnipresence of a Christian virtue;—the other, a senate of Patres Conscripti of real persons, great in genius, and perfect, humanly speaking, in holiness; who by their personal force and inspired wisdom, wrought the plastic body of the Church into such noble form as in each of their epochs it was able to receive; and on

the right understanding of whose lives, nor less of the affectionate traditions which magnified and illumined their memories, must absolutely depend the value of every estimate we form, whether of the nature of the Christian Church herself, or of the directness of spiritual agency by which she was guided.*

An important distinction, therefore, is to be noted at the outset, in the objects of this Apotheosis, according as they are, or are not, real persons.

95. Of these two great orders of Saints, the first, or mythic, belongs—speaking broadly—to the southern or Greek Church alone.

The Gothic Christians, once detached from the worship of Odin and Thor, abjure from their hearts all trust in the elements, and all worship of ideas. They will have their Saints in flesh and blood, their Angels in plume and armour; and nothing incorporeal or invisible. In all the Religious sculpture beside Loire and Seine, you will not find either of the

* If the reader believes in no spiritual agency, still his understanding of the first letters in the Alphabet of History depends on his comprehending rightly the tempers of the people who *did*.

great rivers personified; the dress of the highest seraph is of true steel or sound broadcloth, neither flecked by hail, nor fringed by thunder; and while the ideal Charity of Giotto at Padua presents her heart in her hand to God, and tramples at the same instant on bags of gold, the treasures of the world, and gives only corn and flowers; that on the west porch of Amiens is content to clothe a beggar with a piece of the staple manufacture of the town.

On the contrary, it is nearly impossible to find in the imagery of the Greek Church, under the former exercise of the Imagination, a representation either of man or beast which purports to represent *only* the person, or the brute. Every mortal creature stands for an Immortal Intelligence or Influence: a Lamb means an Apostle, a Lion an Evangelist, an Angel the Eternal justice or benevolence; and the most historical and indubitable of Saints are compelled to set forth, in their vulgarly apparent persons, a Platonic myth or an Athanasian article.

96. I therefore take note first of the mythic saints in succession, whom this treatment of

them by the Byzantine Church made afterwards the favourite idols of all Christendom.

I. The most mythic is of course St. Sophia; the shade of the Greek Athena, passing into the 'Wisdom' of the Jewish Proverbs and Psalms, and the Apocryphal 'Wisdom of Solomon.' She always remains understood as a personification only; and has no direct influence on the mind of the unlearned multitude of Western Christendom, except as a godmother,—in which kindly function she is more and more accepted as times go on; her healthy influence being perhaps greater over sweet vicars' daughters in Wakefield—when Wakefield *was*,—than over the prudentest of the rarely prudent Empresses of Byzantium.

II. Of St. Catharine of Egypt there are vestiges of personal tradition which may perhaps permit the supposition of her having really once existed, as a very lovely, witty, proud, and 'fanciful' girl. She afterwards becomes the Christian type of the Bride, in the 'Song of Solomon,' involved with an ideal of all that is purest in the life of a nun, and brightest in the death of a martyr. It is

scarcely possible to overrate the influence of the conceptions formed of her, in ennobling the sentiments of Christian women of the higher orders;—to their practical common sense, as the mistresses of a household or a nation, her example may have been less conducive.

97. III. St. Barbara, also an Egyptian, and St. Catharine's contemporary, though the most practical of the mythic saints, is also, after St. Sophia, the least corporeal: she vanishes far away into the 'Inclusa Danae,' and her "Turris aenea" becomes a myth of Christian safety, of which the Scriptural significance may be enough felt by merely looking out the texts under the word "Tower," in your concordance; and whose effectual power, in the fortitudes alike of matter and spirit, was in all probability made impressive enough to all Christendom, both by the fortifications and persecutions of Diocletian. I have endeavoured to mark her general relations to St. Sophia in the little imaginary dialogue between them, given in the eighth lecture of the 'Ethics of the Dust.'

Afterwards, as Gothic architecture becomes

dominant, and at last beyond question the most wonderful of all temple-building, St. Barbara's Tower is, of course, its perfected symbol and utmost achievement; and whether in the coronets of countless battlements worn on the brows of the noblest cities, or in the Lombard bell-tower on the mountains, and the English spire on Sarum plain, the geometric majesty of the Egyptian maid became glorious in harmony of defence, and sacred with precision of symbol.

As the buildings which showed her utmost skill were chiefly exposed to lightning, she is invoked in defence from it; and our petition in the Litany, against sudden death, was written originally to her. The blasphemous corruptions of her into a patroness of cannon and gunpowder, are among the most ludicrous, (because precisely contrary to the original tradition,) as well as the most deadly, insolences and stupidities of Renaissance Art.

98. IV. St. Margaret of Antioch was a shepherdess; the St. Geneviève of the East; the type of feminine gentleness and simplicity. Traditions of the resurrection of Alcestis perhaps mingle in those of her contest with

the dragon; but at all events, she differs from the other three great mythic saints, in expressing the soul's victory over temptation or affliction, by Christ's miraculous help, and without any special power of its own. She is the saint of the meek and of the poor; her virtue and her victory are those of all gracious and lowly womanhood; and her memory is consecrated among the gentle households of Europe; no other name, except those of Jeanne and Jeanie, seems so gifted with a baptismal fairy power of giving grace and peace.

I must be forgiven for thinking, even on this canonical ground, not only of Jeanie Deans, and Margaret of Branksome; but of Meg — Merrilies. My readers will, I fear, choose rather to think of the more doubtful victory over the Dragon, won by the great Margaret of German literature.

99. V. With much more clearness and historic comfort we may approach the shrine of St. Cecilia; and even on the most prosaic and realistic minds — such as my own — a visit to her house in Rome has a comforting and establishing effect, which reminds one of

the carter in 'Harry and Lucy,' who is convinced of the truth of a plaustral catastrophe at first incredible to him, as soon as he hears the name of the hill on which it happened. The ruling conception of her is deepened gradually by the enlarged study of Religious music; and is at its best and highest in the thirteenth century, when she rather resists than complies with the already tempting and distracting powers of sound; and we are told that "cantantibus organis, Cecilia virgo in corde suo soli Domino decantabat, dicens, 'Fiat, Domine, cor meum et corpus meum immaculatum, ut non confundar.'"

("While the instruments played, Cecilia the virgin sang in her heart only to the Lord, saying, Oh Lord, be my heart and body made stainless, that I be not confounded.")

This sentence occurs in my great Service-book of the convent of Beau-pré, written in 1290, and it is illustrated with a miniature of Cecilia sitting silent at a banquet, where all manner of musicians are playing. I need not point out to you how the law, not of sacred music only, so called, but of *all* music, is determined by this sentence; which means

in effect that unless music exalt and purify, it is not under St. Cecilia's ordinance, and it is not, virtually, music at all.

Her confessed power at last expires amidst a hubbub of odes and sonatas; and I suppose her presence at a Morning Popular is as little anticipated as desired. Unconfessed, she is of all the mythic saints for ever the greatest; and the child in its nurse's arms, and every tender and gentle spirit which resolves to purify in itself,—as the eye for seeing, so the ear for hearing,—may still, whether behind the Temple veil,* or at the fireside, and by the wayside, hear Cecilia sing.

100. It would delay me too long just now

* "But, standing in the lowest place,
And mingled with the work-day crowd,
A poor man looks, with lifted face,
And hears the Angels cry aloud.

"He seeks not how each instant flies,
One moment is Eternity;
His spirit with the Angels cries
To Thee, to Thee, continually.

"What if, Isaiah-like, he know
His heart be weak, his lips unclean,
His nature vile, his office low,
His dwelling and his people mean?

to trace in specialty farther the functions of the mythic, or, as in another sense they may be truly called, the universal, Saints: the next greatest of them, St. Ursula, is essentially British, — and you will find enough about her in 'Fors Clavigera'; the others, I will simply give you in entirely authoritative order from the St. Louis' Psalter, as he read and thought of them.

The proper Service-book of the thirteenth century consists first of the pure Psalter; then of certain essential passages of the Old Testament — invariably the Song of Miriam at the Red Sea and the last song of Moses; —ordinarily also the 12th of Isaiah and the prayer of Habakkuk; while St. Louis' Psalter has also the prayer of Hannah, and that of

> "To such the Angels spake of old—
> To such of yore, the glory came;
> These altar fires can ne'er grow cold:
> Then be it his, that cleansing flame."

These verses, part of a very lovely poem, "To Thee all Angels cry aloud," in the 'Monthly Packet' for September 1873, are only signed 'Veritas.' The volume for that year (the 16th) is well worth getting, for the sake of the admirable papers in it by Miss Sewell, on questions of the day; by Miss A. C. Owen, on Christian Art; and the unsigned Cameos from English History.

Hezekiah (Isaiah xxxviii. 10–20); the Song of the Three Children; the Benedictus, the Magnificat, and the Nunc Dimittis. Then follows the Athanasian Creed; and then, as in all Psalters after their chosen Scripture passages, the collects to the Virgin, the Te Deum, and Service to Christ, beginning with the Psalm 'The Lord reigneth'; and then the collects to the greater individual saints, closing with the Litany, or constant prayer for mercy to Christ, and all saints; of whom the order is,—Archangels, Patriarchs, Apostles, Disciples, Innocents, Martyrs, Confessors, Monks, and Virgins. Of women the Magdalen *always* leads; St. Mary of Egypt usually follows, but *may* be the last. Then the order varies in every place, and prayer-book, no recognizable supremacy being traceable; except in relation to the place, or person, for whom the book was written. In St. Louis', St. Geneviève (the last saint to whom he prayed on his death-bed) follows the two Maries; then come — memorable for you best, as easiest, in this six-foil group,— Saints Catharine, Margaret, and Scolastica, Agatha, Cecilia, and Agnes; and then ten

more, whom you may learn or not as you like: I note them now only for future reference,—more lively and easy for your learning,—by their French names,

Felicité,

Colombe,

Christine,

—

Aurée, Honorine,

—

Radegonde,

Praxède,

Euphémie,

—

Bathilde, Eugénie.

101. Such was the system of Theology into which the Imaginative Religion of Europe was crystallized, by the growth of its own best faculties, and the influence of all accessible and credible authorities, during the period between the eleventh and fifteen centuries

inclusive. Its spiritual power is completely represented by the angelic and apostolic dynasties, and the women-saints in Paradise; for of the men-saints, beneath the apostles and prophets, none but St. Christopher, St. Nicholas, St. Anthony, St. James, and St. George, attained anything like the influence of Catharine or Cecilia; for the very curious reason, that the men-saints were much more true, real, and numerous. St. Martin was reverenced all over Europe, but definitely, as a man, and the Bishop of Tours. So St. Ambrose at Milan, and St. Gregory at Rome, and hundreds of good men more, all over the world; while the really good women remained, though not rare, inconspicuous. The virtues of French Clotilde, and Swiss Berthe, were painfully borne down in the balance of visible judgment, by the guilt of the Gonerils, Regans, and Lady Macbeths, whose spectral procession closes only with the figure of Eleanor in Woodstock maze; and in dearth of nearer objects, the daily brighter powers of fancy dwelt with more concentrated devotion on the stainless ideals of the earlier maid-martyrs. And observe,

even the loftier fame of the men-saints above named, as compared with the rest, depends on precisely the same character of indefinite personality; and on the representation, by each of them, of a moral idea which may be embodied and painted in a miraculous legend; credible, as history, even then, only to the vulgar; but powerful over them, nevertheless, exactly in proportion to the degree in which it can be pictured and fancied as a living creature. Consider even yet in these days of mechanism, how the dullest John Bull cannot with perfect complacency adore *himself*, except under the figure of Britannia or the British Lion; and how the existence of the popular jest-book, which might have seemed secure in its necessity to our weekly recreation, is yet virtually centred on the imaginary animation of a puppet, and the imaginary elevation to reason of a dog. But in the Middle Ages, this action of the Fancy, now distorted and despised, was the happy and sacred tutress of every faculty of the body and soul; and the works and thoughts of art, the joys and toils of men, rose and flowed on in the bright air of it, with the

aspiration of a flame, and the beneficence of a fountain.

102. And now, in the rest of my lecture, I had intended to give you a broad summary of the rise and fall of English art, born under this code of theology, and this enthusiasm of duty;—of its rise, from the rude vaults of Westminster, to the finished majesty of Wells;—and of its fall, from that brief hour of the thirteenth century, through the wars of the Bolingbroke, and the pride of the Tudor, and the lust of the Stewart, to expire under the mocking snarl and ruthless blow of the Puritan. But you know that I have always, in my most serious work, allowed myself to be influenced by those Chances, as they are now called,—but to my own feeling and belief, guidances, and even, if rightly understood, commands,—which, as far as I have read history, the best and sincerest men think providential. Had this lecture been on common principles of art, I should have finished it as I intended, without fear of its being the worse for my consistency. But it deals, on the contrary, with a subject, respecting which every sentence I

write, or speak, is of importance in its issue; and I allowed, as you heard, the momentary observation of a friend, to give an entirely new cast to the close of my last lecture. Much more, I feel it incumbent upon me in this one, to take advantage of the most opportune help, though in an unexpected direction, given me by my constant tutor, Professor Westwood. I went to dine with him, a day or two ago, mainly—being neither of us, I am thankful to say, blue-ribanded—to drink his health on his recovery from his recent accident. Whereupon he gave me a feast of good talk, old wine, and purple manuscripts. And having had as much of all as I could well carry, just as it came to the good-night, out he brings, for a finish, this leaf of manuscript in my hand, which he has lent me to show you,—a leaf of the Bible of Charles the Bald!

A leaf of it, at least, as far as you or I could tell, for Professor Westwood's copy is just as good, in all the parts finished, as the original; and, for all practical purpose, I show you here in my hand a leaf of the Bible which your own King Alfred saw with

his own bright eyes, and from which he learned his child-faith in the days of dawning thought!

103. There are few English children who do not know the story of Alfred, the king, letting the cakes burn, and being chidden by his peasant hostess. How few English children — nay, how few perhaps of their educated, not to say learned, elders—reflect upon, if even they know, the far different scenes through which he had passed when a child!

Concerning his father, his mother, and his own childhood, suppose you were to teach your children first these following main facts, before you come to the toasting of the muffin?

His father, educated by Helmstan, Bishop of Winchester, had been offered the throne of the great Saxon kingdom of Mercia in his early youth; had refused it, and entered, as a novice under St. Swithin, the monastery at Winchester. From St. Swithin, he received the monastic habit, and was appointed by Bishop Helmstan one of his sub-deacons!

"The quiet seclusion which Ethelwulph's

slow * capacity and meek temper coveted" was not permitted to him by fate. The death of his elder brother left him the only living representative of the line of the West Saxon princes. His accession to the throne became the desire of the people. He obtained a dispensation from the Pope to leave the cloister; assumed the crown of Egbert; and retained Egbert's prime minister, Alstan, Bishop of Sherborne, who was the Minister in peace and war, the Treasurer, and the Counsellor, of the kings of England, over a space, from first to last, of fifty years.

Alfred's mother, Osburga, must have been married for love. She was the daughter of Oslac, the king's cup-bearer. Extolled for her piety and understanding, she bore the king four sons; dying before the last, Alfred, was five years old, but leaving him St. Swithin for his tutor. How little do any of us think, in idle talk of rain or no rain on St. Swithin's day, that we speak of the man whom Alfred's father obeyed as a monk, and whom his mother chose for his guardian!

* Turner, quoting William of Malmesbury, "Crassioris et hebetis ingenii,"—meaning that he had neither ardour for war, nor ambition for kinghood.

104. Alfred, both to father and mother, was the best beloved of their children. On his mother's death, his father sent him, being then five years old, with a great retinue through France and across the Alps, to Rome; and there the Pope anointed him King, (heir-apparent to the English throne), at the request of his father.

Think of it, you travellers through the Alps by tunnels, that you may go to balls at Rome, or hells at Monaco. Here is another manner of journey, another goal for it, appointed for your little king. At twelve, he was already the best hunter among the Saxon youths. Be sure he could sit his horse at five. Fancy the child, with his keen genius, and holy heart, riding with his Saxon chiefs beside him, by the Alpine flowers under Velan or Sempione, and down among the olives to Pavia, to Perugia, to Rome; there, like the little fabled Virgin, ascending the temple steps, and consecrated to be King of England by the great Leo, Leo of the Leonine city, the saviour of Rome from the Saracen.

105. Two years afterwards, he rode again to Rome beside his father; the West Saxon

king bringing presents to the Pope, a crown of pure gold weighing four pounds, a sword adorned with pure gold, two golden images,* four Saxon silver dishes; and giving a gift of gold to all the Roman clergy and nobles,† and of silver to the people.

No idle sacrifices or symbols, these gifts of courtesy! The Saxon King rebuilt on the highest hill that is bathed by Tiber, the Saxon street and school, the Borgo,‡ of whose miraculously arrested burning, Raphael's fresco preserves the story to this day. And further he obtained from Leo the liberty of all Saxon men from bonds in penance;—a first phase

* Turner, Book IV.,—not a vestige of hint from the stupid Englishman, what the Pope wanted with crown, sword, or image! My own guess would be, that it meant an offering of the entire household strength, in war and peace, of the Saxon nation,—their crown, their sword, their household gods, Irminsul and Irminsula, their feasting, and their robes.

† Again, what does this mean? Gifts of honour to the Pope's immediate attendants—silver to all Rome? Does the modern reader think this is buying little Alfred's consecration too dear, or that Leo is selling the Holy Ghost?

‡ "Quæ in eorum lingua Burgus dicitur,—the place where it was situated was called the Saxon street, Saxonum vicum" (Anastasius, quoted by Turner). There seems to me some evidence in the scattered passages I have not time to collate, that at this time the Saxon Burg, or tower, of a village, included the idea of its school.

this of Magna Charta, obtained more honourably, from a more honourable person, than that document, by which Englishmen of this day suppose they live, move, and have being.

106. How far into Alfred's soul, at seven years old, sank any true image of what Rome was, and had been; of what her Lion Lord was, who had saved her from the Saracen, and her Lion Lord had been, who had saved her from the Hun; and what this Spiritual Dominion was, and was to be, which could make and unmake kings, and save nations, and put armies to flight; I leave those to say, who have learned to reverence childhood. This, at least, is sure, that the days of Alfred were bound each to each, not only by their natural piety, but by the actual presence and appeal to his heart, of all that was then in the world most noble, beautiful, and strong against Death.

In this living Book of God he had learned to read, thus early; and with perhaps nobler ambition than of getting the prize of a gilded psalm-book at his mother's knee, as you are commonly told of him. What sort of psalm-book it was, however, you may see from

this leaf in my hand. For, as his father and he returned from Rome that year, they stayed again at the Court of Charlemagne's grandson, whose daughter, the Princess Judith, Ethelwulph was wooing for Queen of England, (not queen-consort, merely, but crowned queen, of authority equal to his own.) From whom Alfred was like enough to have had a reading lesson or two out of her father's Bible; and like enough, the little prince, to have stayed her hand at this bright leaf of it, the Lion-leaf, bearing the symbol of the Lion of the tribe of Judah.

107. You cannot, of course, see anything but the glittering from where you sit; nor even if you afterwards look at it near, will you find a figure the least admirable or impressive to you. It is not like Landseer's Lions in Trafalgar Square; nor like Tenniel's in 'Punch'; still less like the real ones in Regent's Park. Neither do I show it you as admirable in any respect of art, other than that of skilfullest illumination. I show it you, as the most interesting Gothic type of the imagination of Lion; which, after the Roman Eagle, possessed the minds of all

European warriors; until, as they themselves grew selfish and cruel, the symbols which at first meant heaven-sent victory, or the strength and presence of some Divine spirit, became to them only the signs of their own pride or rage: the victor raven of Corvus sinks into the shamed falcon of Marmion, and the lion-heartedness which gave the glory and the peace of the gods to Leonidas, casts the glory and the might of kinghood to the dust before Chalus.*

That death, 6th April, 1199, ended the advance of England begun by Alfred, under the pure law of Religious Imagination. She began, already, in the thirteenth century, to be decoratively, instead of vitally, religious. The history of the Religious Imagination expressed between Alfred's time and that of Cœur de Lion, in this symbol of the Lion only, has material in it rather for all my seven lectures than for the closing section of one; but I must briefly specify to you the main sections of it. I will keep clear of my

* 'Fors Clavigera,' March, 1871, p. 19. Yet read the preceding pages, and learn the truth of the lion heart, while you mourn its pride. Note especially his absolute law against usury.

favourite number seven, and ask you to recollect the meaning of only Five, Mythic Lions.

108. First of all, in Greek art, remember to keep yourselves clear about the difference between the Lion and the Gorgon.

The Gorgon is the power of evil in heaven, conquered by Athena, and thenceforward becoming her ægis, when she is herself the inflictor of evil. Her helmet is then the helmet of Orcus.

But the Lion is the power of death on earth, conquered by Heracles, and becoming thenceforward both his helmet and ægis. All ordinary architectural lion sculpture is derived from the Heraclean.

Then the Christian Lions are, first, the Lion of the Tribe of Judah—Christ Himself as Captain and Judge: "He shall rule the nations with a rod of iron," (the opposite power of His adversary, is rarely intended in sculpture unless in association with the serpent—"inculcabis supra leonem et aspidem"); secondly, the Lion of St. Mark, the power of the Gospel going out to conquest; thirdly, the Lion of St. Jerome, the wrath of the brute creation changed into love by the kindness

of man; and, fourthly, the Lion of the Zodiac, which is the Lion of Egypt and of the Lombardic pillar-supports in Italy; these four, if you remember, with the Nemean Greek one, five altogether, will give you, broadly, interpretation of nearly all Lion symbolism in great art. How they degenerate into the British door knocker, I leave you to determine for yourselves, with such assistances as I may be able to suggest to you in my next lecture;* but, as the grotesqueness of human history plans it, there is actually a connection between that last degradation of the Leonine symbol, and its first and noblest significance.

109. You see there are letters round this golden Lion of Alfred's spelling-book, which his princess friend was likely enough to spell for him. They are two Latin hexameters:—

Hic Leo, surgendo, portas confregit Averni
Qui nunquam dormit, nusquam dormitat, in ævum.

(This Lion, rising, burst the gates of Death: This, who sleeps not, nor shall sleep, for ever.)

* [Delivered November 15 and 17, 1884, but not published. Ed. 1898.]

Now here is the Christian change of the Heraclean conquest of Death into Christ's Resurrection. Samson's bearing away the gates of Gaza is another like symbol, and to the mind of Alfred, taught, whether by the Pope Leo for his schoolmaster, or by the great-granddaughter of Charlemagne for his schoolmistress, it represented, as it did to all the intelligence of Christendom, Christ in His own first and last, Alpha and Omega, description of Himself,—

"I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore, and *have the keys* of Hell and of Death." And in His servant St. John's description of Him—

"Who is the Faithful Witness and the First-begotten of the dead, and the Prince of the kings of the earth."

110. All this assuredly, so far as the young child, consecrated like David, the youngest of his brethren, conceived his own new life in Earth and Heaven,—he understood already in the Lion symbol. But of all this I had no thought * when I chose the prayer of

* The reference to the Bible of Charles le Chauve was added to my second lecture (§ 53), in correcting the press, and mistakenly put into the text instead of the notes.

Alfred as the type of the Religion of his era, in its dwelling, not on the deliverance from the punishment of sin, but from the poisonous sleep and death of it. Will you ever learn that prayer again,—youths who are to be priests, and knights, and kings of England, in these the latter days? when the gospel of Eternal Death is preached here in Oxford to you for the Pride of Truth? and "the mountain of the Lord's House" has become a Golgotha, and the "new song before the throne" sunk into the rolling thunder of the death rattle of the Nations, crying, "O Christ, where is Thy Victory!"

NOTES

1. *The Five Christmas Days.* (These were drawn out on a large and conspicuous diagram.)

These days, as it happens, sum up the History of their Five Centuries.

Christmas Day, 496. Clovis baptized.
„ „ 800. Charlemagne crowned.
„ „ 1041. Vow of the Count of Aversa (§ 77).
„ „ 1066. The Conqueror crowned.
„ „ 1130. Roger II. crowned King of the Two Sicilies.

2. For conclusion of the whole matter two pictures were shown and commented on—the two most perfect pictures in the world.

(1) A small piece from Tintoret's Paradiso in the Ducal Palace, representing the group of St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, St. Gregory, St. Augustine, and behind St. Augustine his mother watching him, her chief joy even in Paradise.

(2) The Arundel Society's reproduction of the Altar-piece by Giorgione in his native hamlet of Castel Franco. The Arundel Society has done more for us than we have any notion of.

INDEX

INDEX

The references are not to the page, but to the numbered paragraphs.

AGRICOLA, 11, 20.
Alcuin, born at York, dies at Tours, 21.
Alfred the Great, 51.
,, ,, childhood and parentage, 103 *seqq.*, 106.
,, ,, journey to Rome, crowned by Leo IX., 104.
,, ,, penny of, 38 *n.*
,, ,, prayer of, 53–55.
,, ,, sea-fight *v.* Hasting, 79.
,, of Northumberland, 28.
Alma, battle of, won by Scotch and Irish, 83.
Alstan, Bishop of Sherborne, 103.
Amiens, realistic figure of Charity in the cathedral, 95.
ἄνευ ψόγου, of battle, 73.
Arabian influence on European thought, 20.
Architecture of English and French races, 6–7.
Archivolt, decoration of Norman, 87.
Arianism, 13 and *n.*
Arrow moulding and French cathedrals, 88.
Arthur, King, legends of, 36, 66.
Arundel Society, good work of, note ii. (p. 398).
Athena, ægis and helmet of, 108.
,, influence of, on European thought, 11.
,, of Ægina, cast at Oxford, 87.
Athens, history of, to be studied, 6.
Aurelian, Emperor, 34.
Australia, convict labour in, 32.

Author :—
admiration of Stanley's 'Westminster,' 38.
art-teaching based on the personality of the artist, 8.
Beau-pré missal (1290) owned by, 99.
in Rome, St. Cecilia's house, *ib.*
in Sicily (1874), 86.
in Venice, discovers inscription there, 38 *n.*
lectures of, his gestures, 34.
,, reading of poetry in, 48.
not a teetotaler, 102.
professorship, 1869–78, its disappointments, 6.
respect for so-called chances, 102.
wild rose from Thomas the Rhymer's glen, 66.
works of :—
'Art of England,' § 62, 10.
,, ,, Lect. vii., 1.
'Bible of Amiens,' on S. Martin, 21.
'Bibl. Past. IV., Economist,' pref., 6.
'Crown of Wild Olive,' 3.
'Ethics of the Dust,' on SS. Sophia and Barbara, 97
'Fors Clavigera,' 1870, Letter iii., on Richard I., 81.
,, ,, 1871, Letter xix., 107 *n.*
Lecture on Fancy, 36.
,, ,, Sir H. Edwardes, 80 *n.*
,, ,, not given in London (1885), and why, *ib.*
Lectures on Art, 3–4.
'Modern Painters,' II., on Imagination Penetrative, 90.
,, ,, Introd. note on Fancy, 89.
'Our Fathers have told us,' "Valle Crucis," 34.
'Pleasures of England,' aim of, 1, 6–7.
,, ,, how different from author's other art-teaching, 8.
,, ,, title and import of, *ib.*
'Stones of Venice,' I., on Norman zigzag, 87.
'Two Paths' on Celtic design, 33.
Aversa, Count of, 77.
,, ,, his vow, note ii. (p. 398).

BAKER, Mr. George, of St. George's Guild, 87.
Basileus, Rex and, of Edgar of England, 72.

Beatrice's griffin, 33.
Beau-pré missal (1290), 99.
Bede's 'Life of St. Cuthbert,' story of the goose, 48 *seqq.*, 68.
Benedictines, the, are *doers*, 41.
,, ,, in London, *ib.*
See s. *St. Benedict.*
Bertha, Queen, of Kent, 23, 26.
,, ,, of Switzerland, 101.
Bible, the, of Charles the Bald, 102-3.
,, ,, Song of Solomon, type of the bride in, 96.
See s. *St. Catharine of Egypt.*
,, ,, *Quoted or referred to:—*

Psalm ii. 9.	Dash in pieces with a rod of iron, 83.
,, cxlvii. 17.	He casteth forth His ice like morsels, *ib.*
Isaiah ii. 2.	The mountain of the Lord's house, 110.
Matt. vii. 8.	To him that knocketh . . ., 22.
,, ix. 5–6.	Arise, take up thy bed and walk, 60
,, xii. 20.	Send forth judgment unto victory, 51.
,, xiv. 28.	My Father is greater than I, 13 *n.*
Rom. xv. 13.	Joy and peace in believing, 59.
1 Cor. xv. 55.	O grave . . . where is thy victory? 110.
Rev. i. 5.	Who is the faithful witness . . . of the earth, 109.
,, i. 18.	I am He that liveth . . . keys of hell and death, *ib.*
,, iii. 20.	If any man hear My voice, 22.
,, xii. 5.	Rule all nations with a rod of iron, 108.
,, xiv. 3.	New song before the throne, 110.

Bolingbroke, wars of, 102.
Breeding, old ideas of, 9.
Britannia, a necessary symbol, 101.
British Lion, a necessary symbol, *ib.*
,, races, their nature and gifts, 15.
Brunehaut, 25.
Bull, John, "averse to be interfered with," 65.
Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 13.
Burg and "Borgo," 105 and *n.*
Burgundy, early Scotch missionaries in, 33.
Byron, 'Childe Harold,' 48.
,, 'Manfred,' *ib.*
Byzantium, 20.

CAMPBELL, Sir Colin, 83.
Canonization of martyrs, 93.

Canterbury Cathedral, foundation of, 46.
,, St. Martin's church at, 32, 51.
,, ,, ,, view from it, 31–32.
Canute, 51.
,, letter to his people, 54–55.
Caricature, nations who delight in, 18.
Carlyle, quoted, "three whale cubs," 10, 63.
,, his views of early Prussian character, 63.
Carus, Emperor, 34.
Cassino, Monte, storming of, 81 *seqq.*
Castelfranco, Giorgione's fresco at, note ii. (p. 398).
Castles, French (Viollet le Duc), 74.
,, Norman, 73.
Celtic art, influence and nature of early, 33.
Celts, the, 17–19.
Chalus, 107.
Chances, so called, 102.
Charlemagne, Alcuin and St. Augustine teach, 21.
,, Augustine followed by, *ib.*
,, coronation of, note i. (p. 398).
,, legends of, 36, 51.
,, Saxons and, 65.
Charles the Bald, his Bible, 102–3.
,, ,, ,, leaf of, described, 106–7.
,, ,, golden gospel of, 53.
Chatham ironclads, 38.
Chivalry, conception of love by, 92.
Christianity, account of God and creation by, 12.
,, belief in and controversies over, equally strong, 13.
,, its faith sound, 56.
,, result on imagination of Northern Europe, 91.
,, sincerity and joy of early Christians, 56 *seqq.*
,, the duty of England to, 4.
Christmas days, five, note i. (p. 398).
Civitella, Leo IX. and the Normans before, 82.
Claudius II., Emperor, 34.
Clotilde, 101.
Clovis, accepts St. Augustine's teaching, 23, 24–5.
,, baptized, note i. (p. 398).
Communication, increased methods of, 4.

Constantius, Emperor, 20, 34.
Cornish races, 36.
Corvus, "victor raven" of, 107.
Creasy, Sir E., quoted, 27.

DARK Ages, philosophy, policy, and prayer of the, 55.
Denmark, old England part of, 64.
Development, modern ideas of, 9.
Devil, modern selling of our souls to the, 60.
Dietrich, 36. See s. *Theodoric*.
Diocletian, fortifications and persecutions of, 97.
Douglas, Bishop, use of "rois" (king and rose), 67.
Dunstan, his monks in London, 41.

EAGLE, the Roman, 107.
Edgar, King, βασίλευς of Albion, 72.
Edgeworth, Miss, 'Harry and Lucy,' the carter in, 99.
Edith, sister of Harold the Saxon, 62.
Education, history of what cities to be studied, 6.
,, theories of, old and new, 9.
Edward the Confessor, founds Westminster Abbey, 42 *seqq*.
,, ,, ,, motives in so doing, 44.
,, ,, Stanley on, 46.
,, ,, temperament of, childish, 50–51.
Edwardes, Sir Henry, in India, lecture on, 80.
Egypt, influence of, on England, 20.
,, lion of, 108.
Eld, George, translation of St. Augustine's 'Citie of God,' 52 *n*.
Eleanor, Queen, 101.
England, architecture, early Gothic, 86.
,, art of, its rise and fall, 102.
,, character, "aversion to interference," 63.
,, future of, 2–3.
,, ,, author's Woolwich lecture on, referred to, 4.
,, ,, author's 'Lectures on Art' on, referred to, 4.
,, history, main dates of early, 24 *seqq*.
,, map of, planned by author, 66.
,, old, part of Denmark, 64.
,, position of, 500–700 A.D., 27 *seqq*.

England, position of, not a missionary power then, 28.
,, Roman period not referred to in 'Pleasures of England,' 34.
,, Rose flag of, 66.
,, Scotch missionaries in early, 33.
,, soldiers and sailors of, the best, of what races, 36.
,, strength of, in her Celtic races, 83.
,, youth of, her hope, 5.
Ethelbert, King of Kent, 26.
Ethelwulph (father of Alfred the Great), his character, 103.
,, gifts to the Pope, 105. See s. *Judith.*
Europe, art and knowledge of, whence derived, 10.
,, destiny of, by whom formed, 27.
,, early, its great nations, 14.
,, theology and religion of, 1000–1500, 101.
,, thought of, and classical influence, 11.

FAITH, pleasures as well as trials of, 57. See s. *Christianity.*
Fancy, action of, in the Middle Ages, 101.
,, use of term, as including all energies of the imagination, 89.
,, ,, or as a lighter kind of imagination, 90.
,, ,, "taking a fancy" for some one, *ib.*
Florence, history of, to be studied, 6.
Franks, character of the race, 17–18.
,, "franchise," 74.
,, kingdom of the, founded, 25.
,, teach the Normans Christianity, 65.
Fredegonde, 25.
Free will, doctrine of, 13.
Freedom, and slavery to others' wishes, 60.
French religious sculpture, realistic, 95.

GERMAN Empire, and modern republicanism, 17.
,, race, its character, *ib.*
Gibbon, 'Decline and Fall,' chap. xxxvii., on Arianism, 13 *n.*
Giorgione's fresco at Castelfranco, note ii. (p. 398).
Giotto's "Charity," at Padua, 95.
God, act to His, not our own glory, 58.
,, seek His help, 59.

Godiva, Lady, 43.
Goethe's 'Faust,' Margaret, 98.
Goldsmith, 'Vicar of Wakefield,' Sophia in, 96.
Goose, legend of St. Cuthbert and the, 48 *seqq.*
Gorgon and lion distinct, 108.
Gothic nations, taught by classical ones, 10.
,, sculpture, and Greek, real and ideal, 94-95.
Greece, art of, and Saxon art, 39.
,, egg-ornament, and French cathedrals, 88.
,, empire of, its overthrow, 77 *seqq.*
,, influence on England of, 20.
,, tomb at Palermo, form and type, 86.
See s. *Gothic sculpture.*
Guiscard, Robert, and Leo IX., 82.
,, ,, and the Greeks, 78.

HAROLD, the last of the Saxons, 61.
,, Westminster Abbey dedicated, 62.
Hasting, war of, *v.* Alfred, 79.
Heligoland, 64.
Helmstan, Bishop of Winchester, 103.
Henry III. of Germany, 81.
Hercules, lion of, 108.
History, must be read with sympathy, 94 *n.*
,, subjects suggested for modern, 11, 19.
,, usual faults of, 24.
,, what cities to study, 6.
Hodgett's 'Older England,' 12.
Holstein, 64.
Horace (Od. iii. 16. 1), 'Inclusam Danäem,' etc., 97.
Huns, character of the, 14.
Hymns, "sing to praise and glory of God," 58.

IFFLEY Church, 85 *n.*
Imagination, based on *truth*, 90.
,, of Northern Europe, and Christianity, 91.
,, truth and, transfigured and not, 92.
Ina of Wessex, 28-29.
India, English work in, 32.
,, what its possession means, 80.

Infidelity, no excuse for not understanding belief of others, 94 *n.*
,, of modern life, 110.
Ingratitude, falsity and (English and Frank), 74.
Interference, English dislike of, 63.
Irish art, early, 33.
,, race, 36.
Irminsul, Saxon goddess, 65.
Ironclads, 38. See s. *Ships.*
Italy, regeneration of, and Theodoric, 13.

JEAN and Jeanie, beauty of the name, 98.
Judah, the lion of, 108.
Judith, princess of France, wooed by Ethelwulph, 106.
Justinian, 24–25.

KEBLE, 'Christian Year,' 47.
Kells, book of, 33.
Kings, five, of early Christendom, 51.
Knight and "knecht," 75.
Knocker, modern lion-, 108.
Knowledge, how to be gained, 10.
,, true, only of the good in things, 20.

LATIN, pronunciation of *C* as *K*, 15.
Learning, the pleasure of, 9.
Legends, are not fiction, 40.
,, facts and, 43.
,, not mere poetical stories, 49.
Leo IX., Pope, Monte Cassino and, 81.
,, ,, Normans at Civitella and, 82.
See s. *Alfred the Great.*
Leonidas, 107.
Life, high motives in, 59.
Lion, the, as a Gothic symbol, 107.
,, drawings, etc., of lions, *ib.*
,, gorgon and, distinct, 108.
,, mythic, *ib. seqq.*
,, symbolism, *ib.*
Litany, petition *v.* sudden death, originally addressed to St. Barbara, 97.

Lombard race, character of, never jests, 18.
London, early, shipping at, 38.
,, history of, to be studied, 6.
,, modern, is it natural and God-appointed? 5.
,, rivers and springs of old and modern, 38.
,, what it might have been like, 37.
Longfellow's 'Hiawatha,' 47.
Lord's Prayer, "Thy will be done," 54, 59.
See s. *Alfred the Great.*
Love, falling in, "taking a fancy," 90.
,, of God, Alfred the Great's prayer, 53 *n.*
Lucian's 'Timon,' 74.

MACAULAY, on modern progress, 40.
Macdonald, George, 'Diary of an Old Soul,' 47.
Margaret, beauty of the name, 98.
Marriage, modern ideas of establishment in, 80.
Martyr-saints, origin of, 93.
Melrose, etymology of, 67.
Merovingian, Christianity accepted by, 23.
Missals, as evidence of national character, 7.
Missionary power, early, in Britain, 28.
,, work, English, 32.
Modernism, the religion of, one of rewards, 75.
,, the tumult of, will pass away, 2.
See s. *Infidelity, Marriage.*
Molière's 'Alceste,' 74.
Montalembert's 'Moines d'Occident,' 33.
,, prejudices, 34.
'Monthly Packet' (1873), poem and article in, praised, 99 *n.*
Muir (Cockburn), on etymology of Melrose, 66 *seqq.*
Muller, Professor Max, 67.
Munich, golden gospel of Charles the Bald at, 53 *n.*
Music, 72.
,, must exalt and purify, 99.

NAPLES, placed in fief to the Pope, 84.
Natural, the, is the divine, 5.
Nemean Lion, 108.

Normans, architecture of, how far derivative, 72.
,, ,, the arch not from classic forms, *ib.*
,, ,, zigzag, its origin, 87.
,, art, from Norway, 71 *n.*
,, ,, Greeks employed by, 85 *seqq.*
,, ,, sculpture, rude and grotesque, 85 *n.*
,, Conquest, an unmixed good? 61 *seqq.*, 69 *seqq.*
,, Franks and, 74.
,, in Italy, 81.
,, pilgrimages, 76.
,, power in Sicily (Sismondi), *ib.*
,, race of, its character, 16–20, 69 *seqq.*, 73.
,, religion, got Christianity from the Franks, 65.
,, ,, valued by them, 73, 75.
,, soldiers above everything, 73.
,, Viollet de Duc on the, 71.
Norse and Saxon religion, 65.
Northern Europe, imagination of, and Christianity, 91.
,, races, influence of Greek and Roman art on, 29.

ORCUS, Athena's helmet of, 108.
Osburga, Alfred the Great's mother, 103.
Ostrogoths, character of the race, 17.
'Our Fathers have told us,' "Valle Crucis," 34.
Owen, Miss A. C., on 'Christian Art,' 99 *n.*
Oxford architecture, 86.
,, Cathedral service, 72.
,, expenditure on ball-rooms, not lecture-rooms, 85.

PALERMO, tombs at, 86.
Paris, history of, to be studied, 6.
Pelagian heresy, the, 13.
Pertinax, Emperor, 34.
Philosophy, modern moral, 2.
,, of early Christendom (St. Augustine), 51–52.
Pilgrimage, on foot because humble, 76 *n.*
Poetry, the best days of English, 47.
Poictiers Cathedral, Gallic French, not Norman, 85 *n.*
Prayer-book, thirteenth century, described, 100.
See s. *Hymns*, *Litany*, *Lord's Prayer.*

Probus, Emperor, 34.
Prosperity, to what due, 56.
Providences or chances? 102.
Prussia, Carlyle on character of early people of, 63.
,, Triglaph idol of old, 63.
'Punch,' 101.
Puritans, art and the, 102.

RAILWAY travelling, tunnelled Alps, 104.
Raphael's fresco of the burning of the Borgo, 105.
Rationalism, the fog of contemptuous, 33.
Ravenna, art of, 20.
Realism, of Greek and early Northern art, 29.
Redemption, doctrine of, early Christian, 53.
Religion, modern, one of rewards, 75.
Renaissance art, on St. Barbara, 97.
Republicanism, modern, and the German Empire, 17.
Resolutions, noble, 59.
Resurrection, and victory of the Lion, 109.
Rex, rose and, 67.
Richard Cœur de Lion, 81.
Richmond, Professor W. B., 87.
Roger II. of Sicily, note i. (p. 398).
Roman Empire, noble characters under, instanced, 34.
,, history, to be studied, 6.
,, law, good influence of, over Britons and Gauls, *ib.*
,, national character, 35.
,, northern races as affected by art and luxury of, 29.
Rome, St. Cecilia's house at, 99.
,, the Borgo built by Alfred the Great's father, 105.
Rose, the rose-flag of England, 66.
,, etymology of, 67.
,, wild, at Melrose, *ib.*

ST. AMBROSE, 101.
St. Anthony, *ib.*
St. Athanase, his influence on England, 20–21.
St. Augustine, his influence on England, *ib.*
,, the father of lay Christianity, 21.
,, landing of (Dean Stanley), 31 *seqq.*

St. Augustine, sentimental, disciples of, 41.
,, and his mother, 51; note ii. (p. 398).
,, quoted, 'Citie of God,' 52.
St. Barbara, origin, etc., of, 97.
,, tower of, 97.
St. Benedict, 20.
,, monastic Christianity and, 22, 24.
,, Roman origin of, 35, 51, 76.
,, Leo IX. and, 82, 84.
St. Catharine of Egypt, origin, etc., of, 96.
St. Cecilia, origin, etc., of, 99.
,, her law of music, *ib.*
St. Christopher, 101.
St. Chrysostom, influence on England of, 20-21.
St. Clotilde, 23.
St. Columba, 33, 66.
St. Columban, 33.
St. Cuthbert, story of goose (Bede's 'Life'), 48 *seqq.*
,, of Melrose, 66, 68.
St. Geneviève, 98.
St. George, 101.
St. Gregory, 20.
,, becomes pope, 26, 51.
,, Roman, 35, 101.
St. James, 101.
St. Jerome, influence on England of, 20-21, 51.
,, lion of, 108.
St. Louis' psalter described, saints and prayers in, 100.
St. Margaret of Antioch, origin of, 98.
St. Mark's lion, 108.
St. Martin, 21, 51.
,, church of, Canterbury, 23.
,, worship of, 101.
St. Nicolas, *ib.*
St. Patrick, bell of, 33.
St. Sophia, origin, etc., of, 96.
St. Swithin, King Alfred's tutor, 103.
St. Ursula, 100.
Saints, Christian, mythical and real, 93 *seqq.*
,, five, of early Christendom, 51.

Saints, list of, in St. Louis' psalter, 101.
,, women-, of more influence than men-, *ib.*
,, worship of, on what dependent, *ib.*
Salerno, the Normans and, 77.
Salmon, in the Thames in old days, 39.
Salvator Rosa, depreciated, 8.
Saxons, architecture of, none, 68.
,, character of, 17–18, 61 *seqq.*
,, ,, (averse to interference), 63, 65, 68.
,, Charlemagne and the, 65.
,, geographical scope of the, 64.
,, Jutes, and Angles, need not be distinguished, *ib.*
,, MS. of drawings in, 29.
,, ,, rudeness of, 68.
,, religion of, 63.
,, ,, and Norse religion, 65.
,, ,, pure Christianity, 68.
,, Rose of, of what symbolic, 66.
Science, recent progress of ('Lectures on Art,' quoted), 4.
Scotch missionaries, work of early, 33.
,, art, influence of early, *ib.*
Scott, Sir Walter :—
novels of :—
'Guy Mannering,' Meg Merrilies, 98.
'Heart of Midlothian,' Jeanie Deans, *ib.*
'Ivanhoe,' Richard Cœur de Lion, 81.
poems of :—
'Lay of Last Minstrel,' Margaret of Branksome, 98.
'Marmion,' 48.
,, falcon of, 107.
Selfishness of modern aims, 57.
Selvo, Doge Domenico, *v.* Guiscard, 78.
Sewell, Miss, papers by, in 'Monthly Packet,' 99 *n.*
Shakespeare :—
his estimate of Roman influence on Britain, 35.
plays of :—
'Cymbeline,' Imogen a Roman, *ib.*
'Hamlet,' "Which of us should 'scape whipping," 53.
'Henry V.,' "If it be a sin to covet honour," 4.
'Richard II.,' "A royal throne of kings," etc., *ib.*

Shakespeare—plays of (*continued*) :—
'Julius Cæsar,' Calphurnia, 35.
'Lear,' Cordelia a Roman, *ib.*
,, Goneril and Regan, 101.
'Macbeth,' Lady Macbeth, *ib.*
'Timon,' 74.
'Virgilia,' 35.
Ships, old English, and modern ironclads, 38.
Sicily, Norman power in (Sismondi), 76.
,, ,, tomb, Greek work, 86.
Sincerity of the Dark Ages insisted on, 56.
Singing. See s. *Hymns.*
Sismondi, on the Normans in Sicily, 76 *seq.*
Slavery to "what is expected of us," 60.
Stanley, Dean, lecture at Canterbury (1854), 30.
,, ,, on Saxon character (childish, dull, fantastic, stagnant), 61 seq.
,, ,, "Westminster Abbey," author's admiration of, 38.
,, ,, ,, ,, on fictions and legends, 40.
,, ,, ,, ,, referred to, 41, 62.
Stewarts, lust of the, 102.
Stock Exchange, principles (!) of the, 80.
Submission to God's will, 59.

TANCRED of Hauteville, 77.
Teetotalism, 102.
Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' 47.
Thames, old, a salmon stream, 39.
Theodolinda, 26.
Theodoric, 13, 24-25.
,, legends of, 36, 51.
Theology of Europe, 1000–1500, 101.
'Timon,' of Lucian and Shakespeare, 74.
Tintoret, 'Paradise' of, note ii. (p. 398).
Triglaph, idol of Prussia, 63.
Truth, imagination transfigures, 92.
Tudor pride, 102.
Tutor-nations, the six, 20.

Turner's 'Anglo-Saxons' (I. 223), 64.
,, ,, on Alfred, 78.
,, ,, on Ethelwulph, 103 *n.*
,, ,, on the father of Alfred, 105 *nn.*

ULPHILAS, not an Arian, 13 *n*, 32.
Usury, Richard I., his law *v.*, 107 *n.*

VANDALS, nature of the, 14.
Venice, history of, to be studied, 6.
,, S. Giacomo di Rialto, author finds inscription on, 38 *n.*
Verona, battle of, 493 A.D., 25.
Viollet le Duc, his value as an historian, 70.
,, quoted (i. 138), on the Normans, 71.
,, ,, on feudal castles, 73.
,, ,, on Frank and Norman character, 74.
,, ,, on French castles, *ib.*

WATERLOO, battle of, won by Scotch and Irish, 83.
Wells Cathedral, 102.
Western world, great teachers of the, 21.
Westminster Abbey dedicated to S. Peter, 39, 62.
,, ,, founded, etc., 41–47. See s. *Stanley.*
Westwood, Professor, on gospel of Charles the Bald, 53, 102–3.
Whithorn, crosses on rock of, 19.
William the Conqueror crowned, note i. (p. 398).
Wordsworth quoted, 'Lines to his Wife,' "Such if thou wert," etc., 90.
Work, our daily, to be done with submission to God's will, 59.
World, "the bow-wow-wow of their wild dog-," 60.

YEA, Colonel, at Alma, 83.
Yonge, Miss C., 'Cameos from English History,' 99 *n.*

ZODIAC, the "lion" of the, 108.

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & Co.
Edinburgh & London